THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Lord and Lady Baltimore Cakes—make them for your next party. One takes the egg whites, the other the yolks.

Lady Baltimore
(White Cake)

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful Crisco
¾ cupful cold water
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
2½ cupfuls flour
2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
6 whites of eggs

For the Filling

1 cupful sugar
⅔ cupful boiling water
2 whites of eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
Pinch cream of tartar
½ cupful chopped candied cherries
½ cupful chopped candied pineapple

For cake. Cream Crisco and sugar together. Sift together three times dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add vanilla, beat mixture well, then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide into two Criscoed and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

For filling. Put sugar and water into sauce pan, stir till boiling, add cream of tartar, then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F.; pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pouring in a steady stream and very slowly, adding, while beating, vanilla, cherries and pineapple, beat till thick and divide between and on top of cake.

Sufficient for one large layer cake.

Lord Baltimore
(Yellow Cake)

Exactly the same as "Lady Baltimore", except that you use the six egg yolks in the batter, and use ½ cupful chopped raisins, same of chopped nut meats, and 5 chopped figs instead of the cherries and pineapple in the frosting. Confectioners' sugar icing may be used instead of boiled frosting if desired.

THE expert cook knows that when she attempts to economize by reducing the number of eggs in a fine cake recipe, she forfeits the fine, feathery, moist texture of the perfect cake. She knows that bread flour, instead of pastry flour, tends to make the cake coarse-grained and bread-like.

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THE HOLDER-DOWN

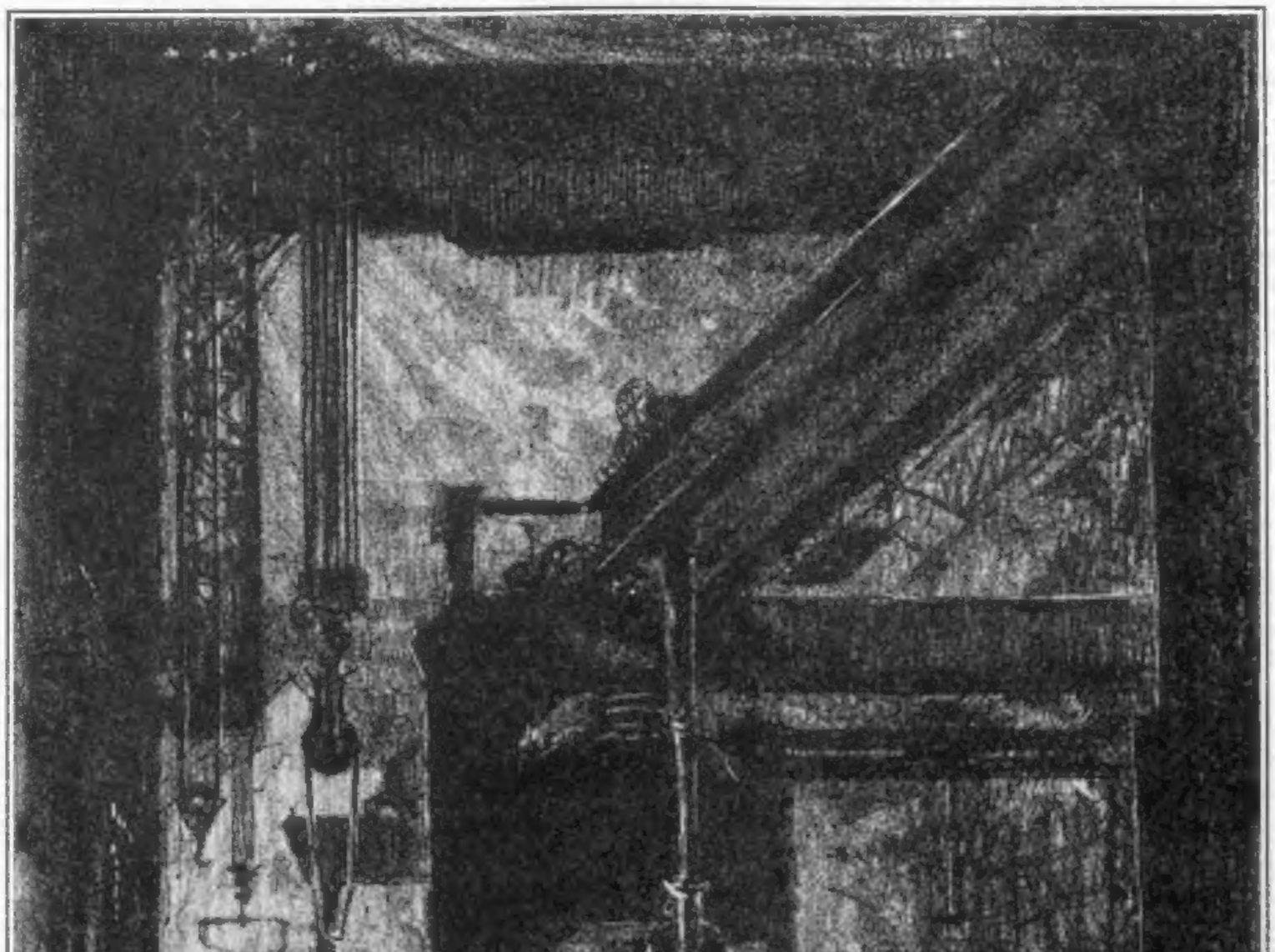
By R. G. KIRK

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER

THE forty-four-inch mill gloats. When the forty-four-inch mill gloats all Ironville knows it, and the half of Iron County round about. Hoh-ha! Hoh-ha! Hoh-ha! roars out the hill-shaking laughter of the forty-four-inch mill's engine; and the tonnage men smile. Mill hands grin when the forty-four-inch mill buckles down; and the old pay envelope fattens. And Steve Tokazh, one-time construction laborer, but now pit craneman in the mill he helped to build, puffs a black pipe at ease behind his kitchen stove, and after many days of weary idleness watches his woman pack his bucket for the night turn.

"Dis time," says Steve contentedly to his woman, as he sits listening to the welcome throb of that mighty exhaust as it rolls once more up over Ironville's hills, "dis time plenty got job."

When the forty-four-inch mill gloats all Ironville knows it. But no one in Ironville knows just why it gloats; no one except Steve Tokazh, and Steve gloats with it. Steve knows what holds the forty-four-inch mill down. So does Linc Jones; but Linc no longer resides in Ironville, Pennsylvania; and Linc hears that gloating only in terrified dreams. Linc Jones long since, spurning with lightest foot a pinnacle here and there, fled the deep snort of the forty-four-inch mill's engine exhaust, shook the soot of Ironville out of his clothes and departed that place, hitting an easy seventy-two, going no man knows whither.



When the forty-four-inch mill gloats the long roof trusses quiver, and the huge laughter that soars up unto the dim and dusty steel interlacings far above makes the wide expanse of corrugated roofing pull at its clips and rivets. A radiant ingot, gold from a golden soaking pit, comes lumbering unwillingly up the long roll train, dripping a yellow sweat of fear for the crushing squeeze as of forty-four hundred grizzly bears that awaits it. And with a roar as of forty-four hundred grizzly bears the forty-four-inch mill pounces upon it and snatches it into its annihilating embrace with a brute guffaw that threatens to lift a square of the rippled metal loose from the dim roof purlins and send it planing out over the Susquehanna a quarter mile to the west on a gust of that merciless merriment.

The forty-four-inch mill gloats; unleashes its terrific torrent of power without reserve, without tremor of hesitation, with a wild free Cyclopean fling and joy in its strength. The forty-four-inch mill knows what holds it down. Under the forty-four-inch mill's bed plates rest the sweat and moil of men. Under the forty-four-inch mill there lies buried the whole front of a limestone cliff, blown down and run splitting and crackling through mighty rock-crusher jaws. The end, plowed out of a sand hill by a big steam shovel's teeth, rests there beneath the forty-four-inch mill, jumbled and juggled into the voids of that crushed-up cliff. The red breaths of a dozen long, slow-turning cement kilns hide, frozen to adamant now, beneath the heaving thews of the forty-four-inch mill's engine. All these and many other things lie buried, hidden beneath those thick base castings. Mr. Steve Tokazh knows what one of them is; knows it in spite of the fact that he never has actually seen it resting there, crouching and huddled. Linc Jones knows too; but Linc has seen it.

Steve hears the forty-four-inch mill gloat, and Steve gloats with it. Steve is a Magyar, Steve is, and he always did hate a Horvat. Linc is a black man, Linc who hears the forty-four-inch mill gloating only in wide nightmares, in which he runs and runs and runs with big flat feet of lead, and up to his thighs in glue, a gray and hideous Lukka Uszlak crouching behind him, ready to spring. And the unfair part of it is that Linc, the black man, never hated Lukka Uszlak or any other Croatian. Horvat or Magyar, Serbski or Slovene, Polack or Czech, they all were hunkies to Linc, and he treated them all with a kindly and tolerant contempt. Steve Tokazh, as good a hater as any Magyar that ever came out of the Don, is the one that nightmares should chase.

The forty-four-inch mill plays with an eight-thousand pound gob of steel as a cat will play with a mouse; lets it get so far away, and then with a terrible pur snatches it back again to torture. Smashes it down. Squashes it out. Squeezes it, mauls it, stretches it, throttles it, squirting its writhing length out on the roll train at last with clatter and din and roaring. And the roll train, a merciless, riotous, racketing ally to the gloating mill, jams the hapless bloom back into the clutch of the rolls again. Shriek if you will, you red one. Scream with the voice of all of Dante's damned. Squirm. Writhe. Cringe. Crawl. Leap frantically out of that horrid embrace. The roll train awaits you, pitiless, cackling glee. Back you go. Until at last, wearied of you, the forty-four-inch mill whirls you contemptuously out of reach, where the carrier rolls take your lengthened shape along to draw you out still farther on the rack of the thirty-six-inch mill; even to let the twenty-four-inch mill have its way with you; until, at last, a straight and redly glowing angle iron, you ease your long torture to blackness out on the hot beds. Long before

you have come to rest the forty-four-inch mill has chuckled uproarious deviltry more than once at sight of his other ally, the pit crane, dipping a taloned arm down into the bright hell of a soaking pit, groping about for another miserable, yellow-sweating victim.

Well may the forty-four-inch mill chuckle. He knows what holds him down.

Beneath the forty-four-inch mill, all unseen by those who come to gaze wide-eyed at his giant labors, all unthought of by the very men who govern with little levers his catastrophic forces, there is something. The forty-four-inch mill knows what it is, and gloats; knows that beneath its heavy bed plates lie two months of toil by hundreds of grimy men. Dark men and fair men, big men and little men, Slav and Saxon, bohunk and wop, thinking men and brute men, but tough men all; doers, you manicured dance-hall dandies, down to the meanest of them. Beneath those thick base plates lie two months of profanity sweet to the ears of fighting men with a man's-size, outdoor job to do. Two months of loose-banked excavation sliding in. Two months of mad pumping against the Susquehanna, the deceitful, man-eating old hussy, dimpling guilelessly in the icy sunlight a quarter mile away, but sending a mighty unstoppable subterranean stream through gravel strata into the foundation pit. Two months of puffing cranes and creaking derricks and grinding concrete mixers; and clattering switch engines shunting out muck, and shunting in empties, and shunting out muck, and shunting in sand and cement and stone and lumber for braces and forms. Two months of frozen water pipes, and wet sand coming in from the banks congealed stone solid in the cars. Two months of laborers huddled exasperatingly over ridiculous fires, inactive as so many winter-torpid snakes, only to be prodded into activity by a tall shock-headed young boss who kicks out their smoldering scraps of rotten railroad ties and warms them up with a burst of eloquence hot enough to melt down the front of a glacier. All this noise and bluster and sweat and worry and ordered confusion and harmless blasphemy are now done, now crystallized solid and sweet in the monolith that lies hidden under the forty-four-inch mill's wide ground plates, now covered and backfilled, and tamped in and tucked away from the sight and the thoughts of men, silent as great forces many times are—silent and still—holding the forty-four-inch-mill down.

The forty-four-inch-mill engine is a monster. A great good-natured monster, glorying in his task. All that he asks is that something or somebody steady him. His thick steel limbs lash to and fro in quiet almost as perfect as that of the mountain of masonry under him. Except for his giant laugh he goes through his labors in silence. The mill that he drives is the noisy thing. Whir of the roll trains' myriad gears; roar and thump of the blooms on the train; earthquake jar and bang as the manipulator reaches iron arms up out of steaming and mysterious blackness and flops the huge ingots over; smash and clash that seem to threaten the life of the whole enormous unit as worn universal joints take up their slack in reverse. But the engine itself runs sweet. Slow start from rest; a pair of lashing thrusts of thick piston rods; a slow fan up and down of massive connection arms—and he's reached full speed. To get that whole gigantic mechanism into articulate motion; that were aplenty. Once going, let 'er go. Enough accomplished by pygmy men. Besides, who's going to stop it?

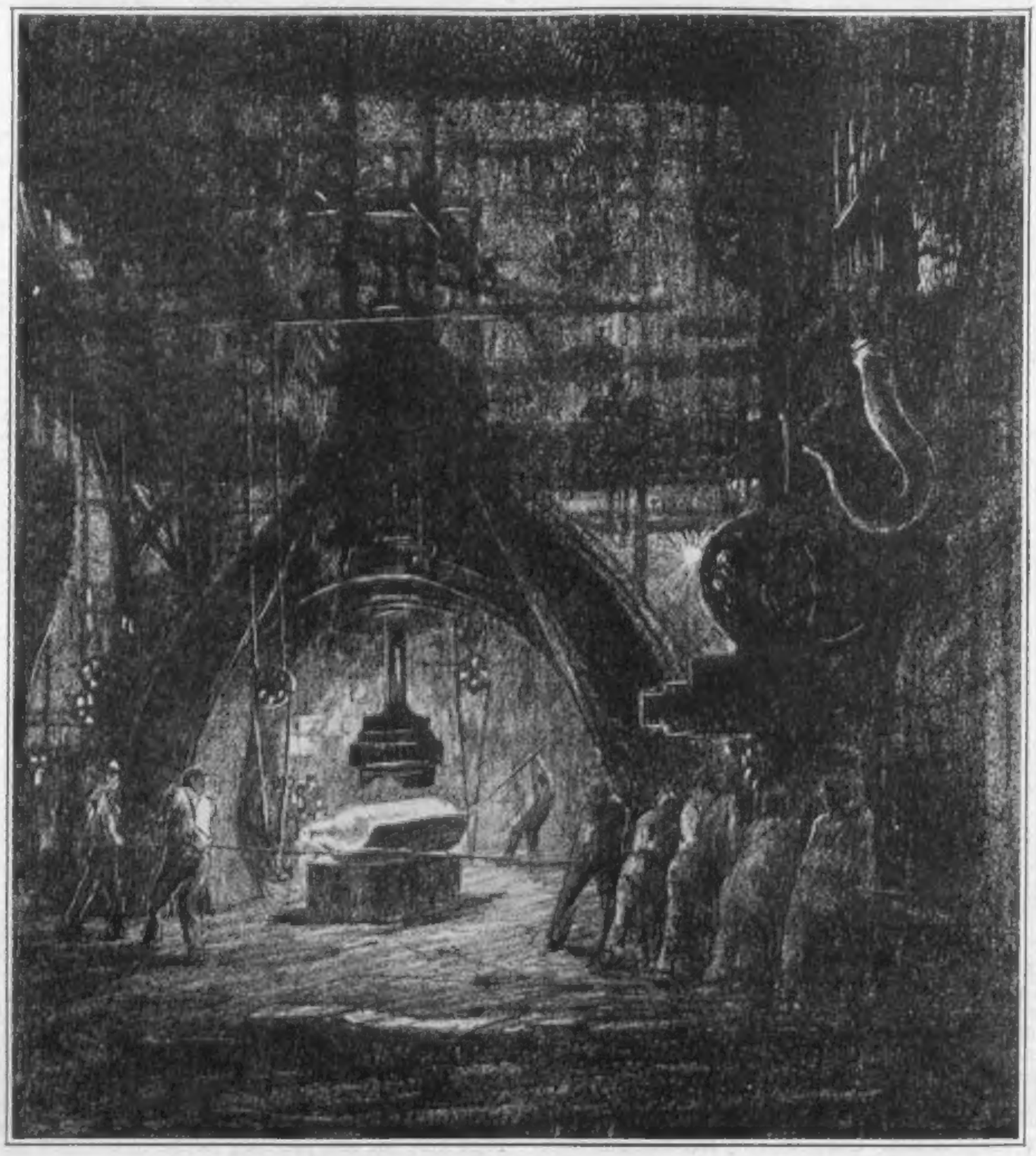
And yet before your eyes the whole thing halts. Polished beams are still. Snarling mill is still—its pandemonium hushed. A set of shining links slides noiseless in grease. And then, unbelievably, everything changes direction, fair in mid-effort. So real the terrible forces of that reverse that you look to see steel muscles bulge and bunch in the burly connection rods like the rump thews in a Percheron-Norman when he backs. Good thing that those buried, unseen, unthought-of two months of sweat and fret and cursing and outdoor men's grim joy in a winter fight are an honest, painstaking two months. Good thing that the three-inch anchor bolts hold hard and unyielding. For when that forty-four-inch-mill engine lies back on his haunches something has got to give. But the thick foundation bolts, reaching their long arms down, take grip far below in the buried concrete mass, and hold. The slightest loosening of them—the moving of one main driving-gear bearing a quarter inch out of line—and with a crash like war guns that engine will rip itself up by the roots and rend its great self to pieces. Thick rods of steel will curl like rope; thick castings split up like wafers; huge gears crack open and spin their half-ton fragments up through the roof, to spray death in jagged chunks of steel over Ironville's works a thousand yards on every side.

Well may the forty-four-inch mill gloat. He knows what holds him down. Deep in that buried monolith under his bed plates broad foundation washers lie; a hundred of them. Through them steel anchor bolts, three inches in diameter, pass, locked fast beneath with huge nuts. Concreted in. Held fast deep down. Thousands of tons of masonry helping them steady the straining giant above. Let him rip and run, race and reverse, smash flat the gleaming fat ingots into lean red billet steel. He will not move a hair, that engine; he nor the high roll housings. The thing that gives when the forty-four-inch-mill engine rears back is that fat block of tough red steel now being bolted into the hungry maw of the rolls.

Deep underneath the mill one may actually see what holds the forty-four-inch mill down—as Linc Jones did. Deep in that buried concrete mountain bolt tunnels run; narrow and high; where a man may walk along, and by stooping peer into pockets on either side, and see where the undersurface of the big square plates is exposed; where a man may glimpse the lower ends of the thick anchor bolts whose top threads stick up through the bed plates some twenty feet above; where a man may dimly investigate by the ghostly flicker of his torch in the foul, stale air, and make sure that the huge nuts below the foundation washers are still firmly drawn. Down in those dank bolt tunnels a man may hear far above him the fearsome throb of the forty-four-inch mill's gloating; feel, even through this mass of masonry, the trample and stamp of the monster at work up there above him.

A gloomy, clammy, slimy-aired place, those narrow bolt tunnels, where a man has scarcely the room to turn around; where a man may see what holds the forty-four-inch mill down. Linc Jones once saw it. Linc Jones, who was sent down into those tunnels with his light pinch bar and his smoky torch to complete the long-neglected and unimportant job of stripping the form lumber off the tunnel walls. Far back at the end of one darkly flickering passage Linc with his light pinch bar pried away the last of the form boards; Linc, who, starting on high, tramped flat his torch, negotiated full speed a couple bone-cracking turns in the dark and at last came leaping like a wild ape up the manhole ladder; Linc, who dashed ashen-faced and pop-eyed past his buddy, who was hauling the boards up out of the hole with a hand line; Linc, who heeled it like Mercury down past the long line of whirring machines and busy men that marked the thirty-six-inch mill, past the twenty-four-inch mill and its spark-spitting hot saws, past the hot beds and under the loading cranes, past the gasping gate cop, and was gone; gone in a streak of wheezing African terror such as inspired the feet of the Emperor Jones, never stopping for coat or dinner pail, and never returning on pay day even, for the wages that still await him in the time-keeper's office out on The Pike.

That same day a pressure pipe to the hydraulic rams that open and close the soaking pit covers burst, and before the proper valves could be turned those long bolt tunnels were flooded full, and no one has ever bothered since then to pump them dry. So Lincoln Julius Amphobole Jones is the only man who knows what manner of thing it is that holds the forty-four-inch mill down. He and Steve Tokazh. But Steve, who helped to build the big mill where he now holds down a more or less steady job, sits cozily up in the cage of the soaking-pit crane. And as Steve dips down into a fiery pit a taloned arm as accurate and sensitive as Steve's own hands are accurate and sensitive, the forty-four-inch mill gloats. And as Steve drags up by the back of the neck a plastic four-ton gob of yellow-sweating steel Steve gloats along; for Steve has the dope. Steve knows what it is that holds the forty-four-inch mill down.



Maria Tokazh was a Hungarian, Steve Tokazh a Hungarian-American, and Nagya Tokazh an American; as it often works out with immigrant families. The wife, in her more secluded world of pots and pans, needle and thread, dustbrush and tub, goulash and ring-loaf bread, continues much the same life that she left behind in the starry country. She speaks the old home-circle speech to the exclusion of the new tongue, sees her relatives and acquaintances in the home life, where old manners hold out longest, and so keeps her old nationality in spite of the newness about her.

The husband, by brushing against his adopted land, takes up a part of it; absorbs new ways and new words, partly because of his willingness to learn and partly despite the settled habits of a middle age reached on different shores. So comes a hyphen into his nationality, a little dash that as regards most races may, with some years of fair dealing, be erased.

But the children, whether born on this side or on that, soak up the manners of the new country like so many little sponges, and become Americans, most of them very creditable ones; though often, deep in their hearts, unknown to them perhaps, there smolders a spark of the thousands of years of the old life that has culminated in them.

(Continued on Page 89)

THE BUNG STARTER

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MALACHI POWER reconsidered, and then, with a terse malediction, hurled the bung starter into the alley. "That's the eye!" observed the prohibition-enforcement officer approvingly. "You won't need it no more, nohow, and they might have doubled your fine if you'd killed me. Now if you'd like to put on your coat and hat before we start out on our ride you won't risk taking cold in your heated condition. We'll attend to loading the stuff."

About five minutes later the outrage on the liberties of a once free people was consummated; the crowd, having followed the drayload of evidence with wistful eyes, slowly dispersed; Malachi's Pool Parlor was closed and under guard, and Malachi himself was on his way. The bung starter lay unregarded where it had rebounded from the loose stave of an ash barrel.

Mr. Broderick Ladd-Severance stood in his dining room before the ornately carved Flemish buffet, whose open door disclosed bottles, jars and flasks of diverse shapes, colors and contents. Between his right index finger and thumb he delicately held the stem of an opalescent Venetian liqueur glass, which he raised and waved courteously at his own reflection in the mirror that overhung the sideboard.

Before this story proceeds it may be well to state that it is no satire on the administration of any law that we happen to have, sumptuary or otherwise. It just chanced that Mr. Power was raided about the same time that Mr. Ladd-Severance, ten or twelve squares distant, was about to take a drink. We can, in fact, only infer that the drink was alcoholic. What Mr. Ladd-Severance said to his son Vernon would appear to sustain that inference. Vernon made his appearance just before cup and lip met, and coughed to apprise his parent of his presence, but remained standing in the doorway.

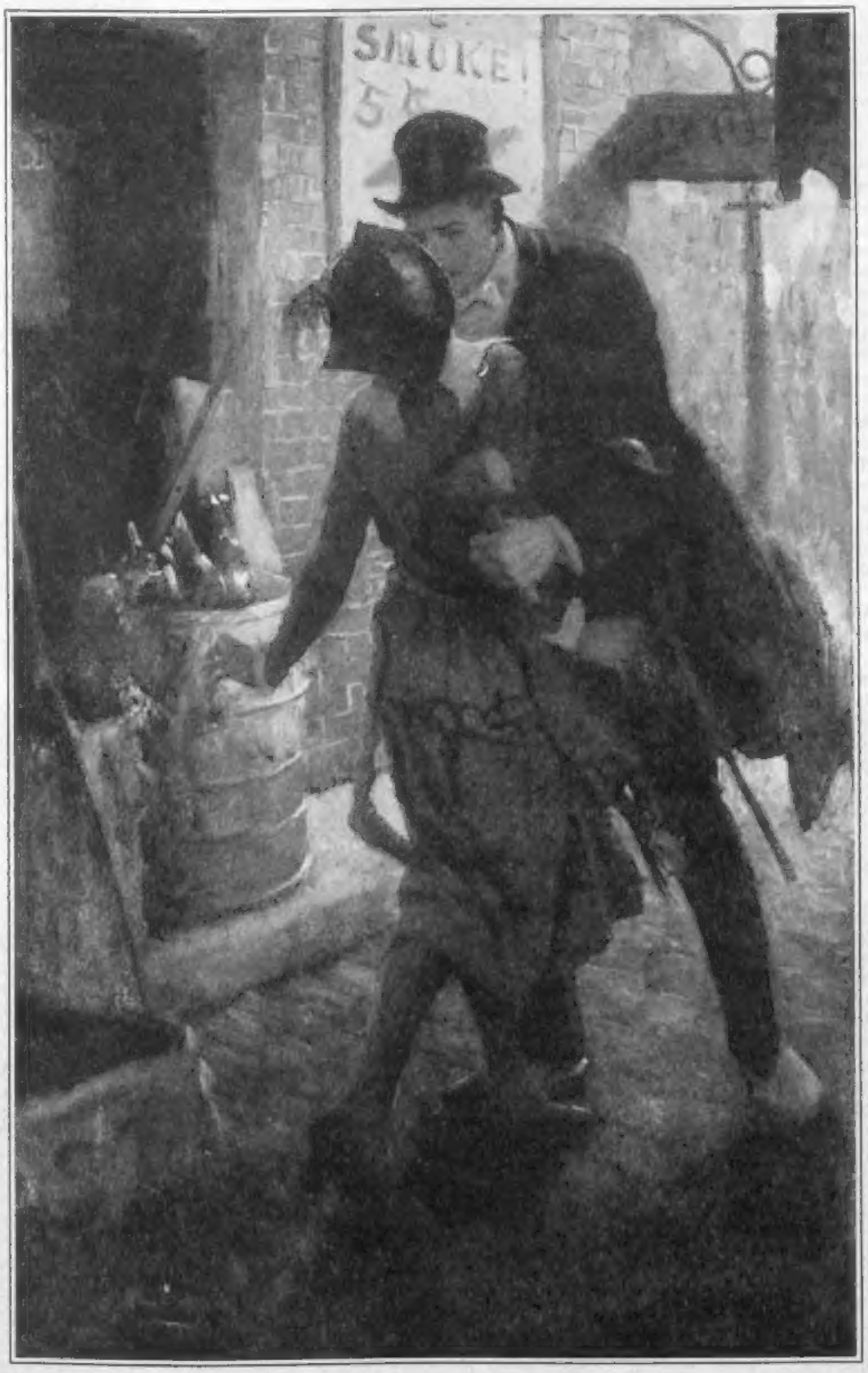
You would hardly have taken them for father and son. The elder man was bulky in person; his gray hair was coarse and shaggy, his eyebrows thick and beetling over his gray eyes; he was full lipped and had a fine fruity complexion, and was, altogether, a forceful-looking individual. The young fellow was slenderly built; his thin eyebrows arched perfectly into his high white forehead, from which the silken ash-blond hair was brushed back with beautiful smoothness; his mouth was rather small and its slight decoration of mustache, waxed at the ends, could hardly have been called virile. The only paternal feature that he bore was his nose, which was large and aquiline, though delicately formed, compared with his father's imposing protuberance. He was faultlessly attired for the evening and had already put on his overcoat.

"I'm taking Mrs. Pallister and Ermyntrude to the Hellenic to-night," he announced. "I'm not sure whether I told you."

"You didn't," replied his father with a queer grin as he set down his untasted glass. "But I'm mighty glad to know it. I'd have worried for fear you had got into some awful deviltry or another if you had stayed out late. You're a great anxiety to me, Vernon. Your reckless, profligate conduct fills me with perpetual apprehension." He grinned again. "I was just about to take a little refreshment; you'd better join me."

"No, thank you, sir," Vernon declined respectfully in his soft, mild voice.

"It will do you good," urged the senior. "Put red corpuscles into your blood, ginger you up, stiffen your backbone and limber your tongue, and give you an appetite for raw meat."



At That Giggle Vernon Stopped Short and Seized Miss Power in a Strangle Hold

"Even so, I could hardly hope to rival a hyena or a chimpanzee, so far as the last advantage is concerned," Vernon submitted. But he added, "Excuse me, sir; I didn't mean to be rude."

"Don't I know it?" said his father, with a short, hoarse laugh. "Well, if you won't ——"

He gulped the contents of the glass and smacked his lips noisily. "Ah-h-h-h!

"No," he resumed, leaning an elbow on the buffet and facing the young man, "you are never rude, Vernon, my dear; you are never anything but what you should be. I was really joking when I spoke of your profligacy. It was just my facetiousness."

"I feel sure of that, sir," said Vernon amiably.

"Women and wine never bothered you," sighed the old gentleman, shaking his head and regarding his son pityingly. "You never had any trouble with the authorities that I can remember."

"I should hope not!" said Vernon, just a little shocked. "Gracious heaven, what you've missed and are missing!" exclaimed his father with fervor. "Well," he broke off, "don't let me detain you, my boy. But one word before you go: Don't you be too cocksure about Ermyntrude. I've been getting acquainted with that young woman ever since her seventh birthday, and it's my well-considered opinion that you are too good for her and that she is beginning to think so. Furthermore, my deliberate and matured judgment suggests that there are cases when assault and battery are not only permissible but highly advisable. Law-abiding as I am and as I know you to be, I would even recommend them to you in the case of James Darrell."

Vernon laughed good-naturedly. "Well, good night, father," he said. "I must be hurrying off. I'm glad to know that you won't be anxious about me."

Mr. Ladd-Severance heard him laugh again in the hall, just before the street door closed; but the mirthful sound, pleasant as it was, only deepened the gravity of his expression. "But he's a fine lad just the same," he muttered, "and I'm glad he's the way he is."

As the Ladd-Severance limousine drew up at Mrs. Pallister's door in the rear of a parked taxicab Vernon was smiling again at the recollection of his father's admonition and warning. Dear old chap! If he had some of the minor vices of his day and age and early environment—the crudities, prejudices and primitive emotions—he at least had their virtues, and meant well. Vernon was not ashamed of him, and respected his judgment in most things; but when it came to Ermyntrude and the idea of regarding her little flirtations seriously, even to the extent of beating up fancied rivals with fists—well, it was to smile tolerantly. Jimmy Darrell had certainly been making himself rather prevalent at the Pallisters' of late, but Ermyntrude was an engaged girl. Furthermore, Darrell was not the sort of person to be uneasy about.

A beefy and rather vulgar chap with a shocking taste in neckties, whose critical judgment in all things pertaining to the arts, for instance, was expressed in such phrases as:

"I don't see him a-tall." "He's a bear." "Some book, I'll say!" "Rotten, if you ask me."

That sort. Red blooded, no doubt; but, oh, quite impossible—under any circumstances.

Nevertheless Vernon was conscious of a feeling of real annoyance when as he ascended the steps the house door opened and Mr. James Darrell came out. It may have been Darrell's boutonnière that jarred on Vernon's esthetic sensibilities. A nosegay of sweet peas is hardly the thing for a man's evening wear, even when the color is well chosen. Or it might have been his smile, which seemed to Vernon to be expressive of a sort of amused contempt blended with triumphant insolence.

"Wotto, Verny!" was Darrell's greeting, in a tone that matched his smile. "How's the little boy? I hear you are going to the Hellenic to-night. I may drop in on you before the show's over."

"That will be lovely," replied Vernon coldly as he passed, with the briefest nod.

Darrell laughed, as if at a secret joke, and as his taxi drove off he stuck his pink, grinning face out of the window and waved his hand derisively.

"Really impossible!" Vernon murmured in pure disgust. "Absurdly so."

Ermyntrude looked at him rather languidly as he entered the room that she alone occupied. She did not rise from the sofa where she sat, but at his approach extended

her hand—one would have said as much defensively as in welcome.

"You're early, Vernon," she said.

"Of course, dear," replied Vernon. He took the tips of her fingers and bending with exquisite grace kissed them with deferential tenderness. Ermyntrude rather spoiled the effect of the salute by stiffening her arm with a motion that jerked his head back.

"Don't be so utterly silly, Vernon, please," she said rather petulantly.

"Silly?" Vernon smiled at her.

"Yes; that Beaucaire business. It makes me tired, if you want to know. It seems silly to me."

"You look tired," said Vernon with some concern as he observed her more closely.

She was a beautiful little thing with a lot of copper-colored hair high lighted with gold in the intricacies of its very becoming arrangement. The smooth-textured blush-rose complexion that goes with the red or sorrel top showed its perfection in her face, with an almost dolly effect until she spoke and her lânguid eyelids lifted and revealed her eyes. A good deal of character and expression in those eyes, apart from their brightness and their clear blue color. No come-hitherishness in their expression just then.

Vernon lowered his gaze and his brow clouded slightly.

"You are not wearing ——" he said, and hesitated.

"No, I changed my mind and wore this. I'm tired of browns," she answered. "So of course your flowers wouldn't do. But it was dear of you to send them," she added with a disarming smile.

"You are charming in anything," said Vernon absently, his eyes riveted on her corsage bouquet of sweet peas.

"I don't agree with you," said a new voice, and Vernon turned to greet his fiancée's mother, a vivacious lady who seemed only approaching middle age and without any sad anticipation of arriving. "Thank you, Verny," she said as he wheeled a comfortable chair for her. "What are you doing? Rowing her?"

"Mercy, no!" laughed Vernon.

"Mercy, no!" Ermyntrude chimed in with mockery in the repetition.

"Well, you ought to," said Mrs. Pallister, giving her daughter a severe side glance. "You are too good to her, Vernon. And, as I was saying, she doesn't look well in anything. That frock is a fright, and, ugh! those loathsome sweet peas! After you had taken all the trouble that you must have to get her flowers that went ex-actly with the brown! If I were a young man there would be some pretty lively rowing, I can tell you."

"You manage pretty well, with your sex handicap, dear heart," said Ermyntrude.

"Not anything like you deserve, sweet child," retorted her mother. "If anybody with artistic taste had taken the pains to select ——"

Ermyntrude interrupted. "Verny has wonderful taste, hasn't he?" she said with an altogether too sweet smile at the young man. "I don't believe there's a girl at Stacy's who can match silk so ex-actly as he can. What a wonderful milliner you would have made, Verny."

"I believe that I might have been fairly successful in that line," said Vernon simply.

He was not dull enough to mistake what she had said for an intentional compliment, although he was sincere enough in his belief that he could design hats. Nor did that seem to him a despicable occupation in any degree, or less worthy of a man's attention than stocks and bonds. He felt rather distressed by Ermyntrude's manner. It was nothing new to him to get snubbed by her, but her usual treatment of him had been highly satisfactory. Were her delicious moods becoming less frequent of late, and the snubbings more so?

"At all events, I'm grateful for my flowers, Verny dear," said Mrs. Pallister, and to prove her gratitude she rose and kissed the young man on the cheek. "Now, if we are going, Ermyntrude, we'd better be getting into our wraps."

On the way to the theater Vernon was his usual pleasant, chatty, amiable self most of the time, but he occasionally lapsed into thoughtful silence. In the last of these moments of abstraction Ermyntrude, who had been looking at his face, moved closer to him and under cover of her wrap stole her hand into his. He turned instantly and saw that she was smiling at him in a way that he thought was expressive of genuine affection—penitence, perhaps, and

"Lift Your Feet High and Clear Over the Threshold or You'll Set Off a Burglar Alarm"

something else that he was at a loss to define. Whatever it was, he felt immensely relieved and smiled back at her radiantly, pressing her hand reassuringly.

The pressure was not returned, but she did not take her hand away, and Vernon, retaining it, was very happy indeed and wished that the ride had been longer.

It was a gay little performance; inconsequential enough, but with some really catchy music, and lines far less stupid than might have been expected in a musical comedy; the divertisements, too, if not new were unusually clever. A gay little party, also, including an old flame of Mrs. Pallister's, the lady with whom he had consoled himself after Mrs. Pallister's marriage, their daughter, and an unattached friend of Vernon's.

Ermyntrude was gayer than any of them, and Vernon was in high spirits too. His lady was kind, in one of her delicious moods, and there was no cloud visible upon his sky—until the dance.

Old stuff of course, that, but the two who danced it seemed possessed by all the devils of Walpurgis and the Rue Pirouette. Evil, slinky or ferocious, was starkly manifest in every stealthy glide and sudden bound; sensual allurement, evasion and abandon, the violence of passion, its murderous, clutching cruelty, its outrageous animalism—and all done with a diabolical grace and perfection of rhythm that held the audience in breathless admiration even as they shuddered.

Vernon turned his head away. The thing, for all its artistry, sickened him. He was sorry that he had brought Ermyntrude to anything like this. He was almost ashamed to look at her—but he did. She was bending forward, her hands tightly clasped, her lips slightly parted and her wide-open eyes oddly bright. Her interest was plain, her disgust not at all so.

The dance ended to a storm of applause that increased as the dancers went off stage.

"Horribly brutal!" Vernon ejaculated. "Sorry, dear!"

Ermyntrude turned sharply on him. Anger flashed in her eyes.

"Oh, you!" she whispered viciously, and then averting her face from him she did her energetic best to split her gloves in approbation of the brutality, inciting the rest with smile and glance to follow her example. Before Vernon recovered from that he heard a new outburst of clapping behind him, and Jimmy Darrell, who had entered the box unobserved a moment before, grinned at him.

"Give 'em a hand and get 'em back, you clam," urged Jimmy, continuing his demonstration; and at this Ermyntrude looked round—and, oh, the smile of welcome that Mr. Darrell got! And give Vernon a large mark of the first class, inasmuch as he rose politely to seat his unwelcome guest.

But Darrell continued to stand and applaud, only desisting when the dancers yielded to the clamor for their return. Then Ermyntrude deliberately and with her own hand widened the slight gap between her chair and Vernon's and signed to him to fill it with Darrell's chair—which Vernon did, poor foolish fellow.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Ermyntrude with a glowing face, addressing Darrell.

"I'll tell the boundless universe," replied Jimmy, neatly amplifying the phrase. "That boy has the right dope," he continued.

"Yes?"

"Ye-a. Treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing."

Vernon wondered. He was simply lost in amazement. You are not to suppose that he was not hurt or resentful, but for a moment or two he was more or less in the mental condition of a fighter who, instinctively struggling to his feet after the unexpected blow that floored him, is yet uncertain how it happened and why, and only hazily apprehends the significance of the strokes of the gong that sound upon his dulled ear. Was it possible that Ermyntrude really liked this sort of thing—this sort of fellow?

He rallied quickly and came out of his corner smiling, and to all appearances as fresh as a daisy. He applauded other dances with enthusiasm, laughed at the eminent comedian's jokes and jested himself with Mrs. Pallister and the other people; he even leaned past Darrell occasionally and spoke lightly to Ermyntrude, taking her half-indifferent responses without wincing.

But now and then the dazed feeling returned. He looked curiously at Darrell—appraisingly. The man was well enough in some ways; had a fine physique, as they say; a little lumbering, perhaps, but on the whole not bad. Nor was he ill featured, unless one analyzed too particularly. Clear skinned and well groomed. But wasn't "bounder" written all over him in capital letters, or could it be that he, Vernon, was mistaken—influenced by an unreasonable antipathy?

He looked at Ermyntrude in the same way—almost impersonally. Her eyes danced as they met Darrell's, her low laughter or understanding nod, or both, followed pat upon whatever he said, and what she said to him with so much animation or with such charming demureness was generally in an undertone below the necessity of etiquette governing box parties. Once she whispered in reply to a whisper of his, but she had the grace to turn to Vernon and explain. What the explanation was Vernon could not have told for the life of him, but he laughed and nodded as if he had understood, and everything seemed to be all right.

But the whole thing was a good deal of a strain and Vernon was glad when it was all over and the party had separated. There was no hand-holding on the way home. Mrs. Pallister was particularly nice and more than usually voluble, but that, doubtless, was as a cover for Ermyntrude, who hardly spoke and yawned continually with almost no pretense of concealment. When they arrived at the house Mrs. Pallister warmly and urgently invited Vernon to stay and refresh himself, but Ermyntrude broke in and said that she was dead tired and for her part was going straight up to bed.

"Just as you please, darling," said her mother, releasing a bitten lip to say it. "Verny and I will do very nicely without you. Take your coat off, Verny. Morgan is sitting up and he'll get us something."

"Sorry, but not to-night, thanks," said Vernon. "Father said"—he gave a little laugh—"father told me before I left that he was uneasy about me when I stayed out late."

"I should think he would be deeply anxious about you," said Ermyntrude scornfully. "Well, I'm going to bed. Thank you for a lovely time, Verny; I wouldn't have missed that dance for anything. Good night."

She gave Vernon a cool nod and left the room just as Morgan the butler entered.

"Good night, *belle mère*," said Vernon to Mrs. Pallister. "No, thank you ever so much. But I shall hope to see you to-morrow afternoon—you and Ermyntrude. Will you tell her, please?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Pallister, "but ——"

But Morgan was waiting and although Mrs. Pallister quite evidently wished to relieve her mind of something besides hospitable duty, and as Vernon was very pale and seemed to be smiling with some difficulty, she decided to postpone whatever it was she had to say, and let him go.

"Home, Mr. Vernon?" inquired Henry, the Ladd-Severance chauffeur.

"Home, of course," replied Vernon with some irritation.

Henry always asked that question, and always received the same reply. Where the dickens did the fellow suppose he would be required to go at that hour?

He got into the car and threw himself back on its comfortable upholstery with a sigh that was not one of relief. He had made a decision a few minutes before, and that decision had to be reconsidered; not changed, but reconsidered. That he must release Ermyntrude from her engagement was certain. She had shown her contempt for him and her preference for another man too plainly to allow any doubt. Not that he was standing on his own dignity, that he would let any selfish pride or sense of injury of his weigh against her happiness, if that was all. It may have been priggish, but he felt himself capable of bearing anybody's poor opinion of him so long as he retained his own self-respect. If Ermyntrude suspected him of any contemptible quality he could surely afford to trust to time and circumstance to remove that suspicion, so far as he was concerned; so that settled that. But if she cared for Darrell—and lovely and cultured women did sometimes care for such brutes —— But how could she?

A fellow who habitually used the silly, meaningless slang of uneducated shop boys, race touts, pugilists and people like that, and used it by preference, whose mentality was little above a moron's, whose pleasures were entirely coarse, who gloried in his own ignorance and sneered at quite ordinary forms of intelligence as highbrow! Could a girl like Ermyntrude be happy with such a one?

But how could it be prevented? Vernon knew enough of Ermyntrude to know that she usually had her own willful way. He, like everybody else, had always let her have it. All through their long engagement she had done exactly as she pleased with him, and he had never particularly minded, believing that she cared for him in some degree as he cared for her. She had really seemed to care. He could recall many evidences of it, and the recollection of them almost brought unmanly tears to his eyes.

But she couldn't be happy with Darrell. The episode of the dance really meant nothing—that is, nothing derogatory to her nature. The beauty of the thing appealed to her, and her innocent mind took no cognizance of its baseness. To her the apache was a romantic character, doubtless. What did she know of the criminal classes?

As a matter of fact Vernon knew nothing of them himself. They revolted him, that was all. A criminal was to him a criminal, and he was nothing more—but that was enough. The baggy-breeched stage ruffian in the visored cap, with his sinister grin and diabolical scowl, personified every offense against society, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; his female companion was—was his proper female complement. Offenders against law, both, and as such to be shunned by all but the authorities constituted to deal with them. For all law Vernon had a huge respect.

He suddenly became aware that the car was misbehaving, progressing by jerks and spurts that momentarily became weaker. Then it stopped dead. Through the glass in front of him he saw Henry jump out, throw up the hood and flash a light on the engine. He waited for a minute or two and then opened the door and stepped out.

"What's the trouble, Henry?"

"I can't seem to see what it is, Mr. Vernon," Henry replied with a puzzled air. "She was hitting on all six a minute or two ago. The connections seem to be all right and there must be plenty of gas. I'll try the carburetor."

He got some tools and moved to the other side of the car. Vernon stood and watched him for a while and then looked about him to place himself.

"We don't seem to be far from home," he said at last. "If I can't help I might as well walk on. Is there a garage near by?"

"One in the next block," Henry told him. "I can nip over there in half a minute if I ain't able to get 'er started—unless they're closed."

"I'll walk on then," Vernon repeated, and forthwith set out at a brisk pace that presently slackened as he became once more absorbed in his problem. He was so occupied by these teeming thoughts of his that he failed to notice where the street that he was on forked to a narrower thoroughfare, and he continued on this until he was brought to a halt by a high fence with some sort of factory building blackly silhouetted beyond it. At this impasse he was obliged to retrace his steps, but at the first cross street he reasoned that he could save a considerable distance by cutting through. He turned the corner with some abruptness and almost immediately collided with a man who seemed to lurch from the shadows to meet him. The impact was of the slightest, but this person staggered back and fell to the sidewalk, his hat rolling into the gutter.

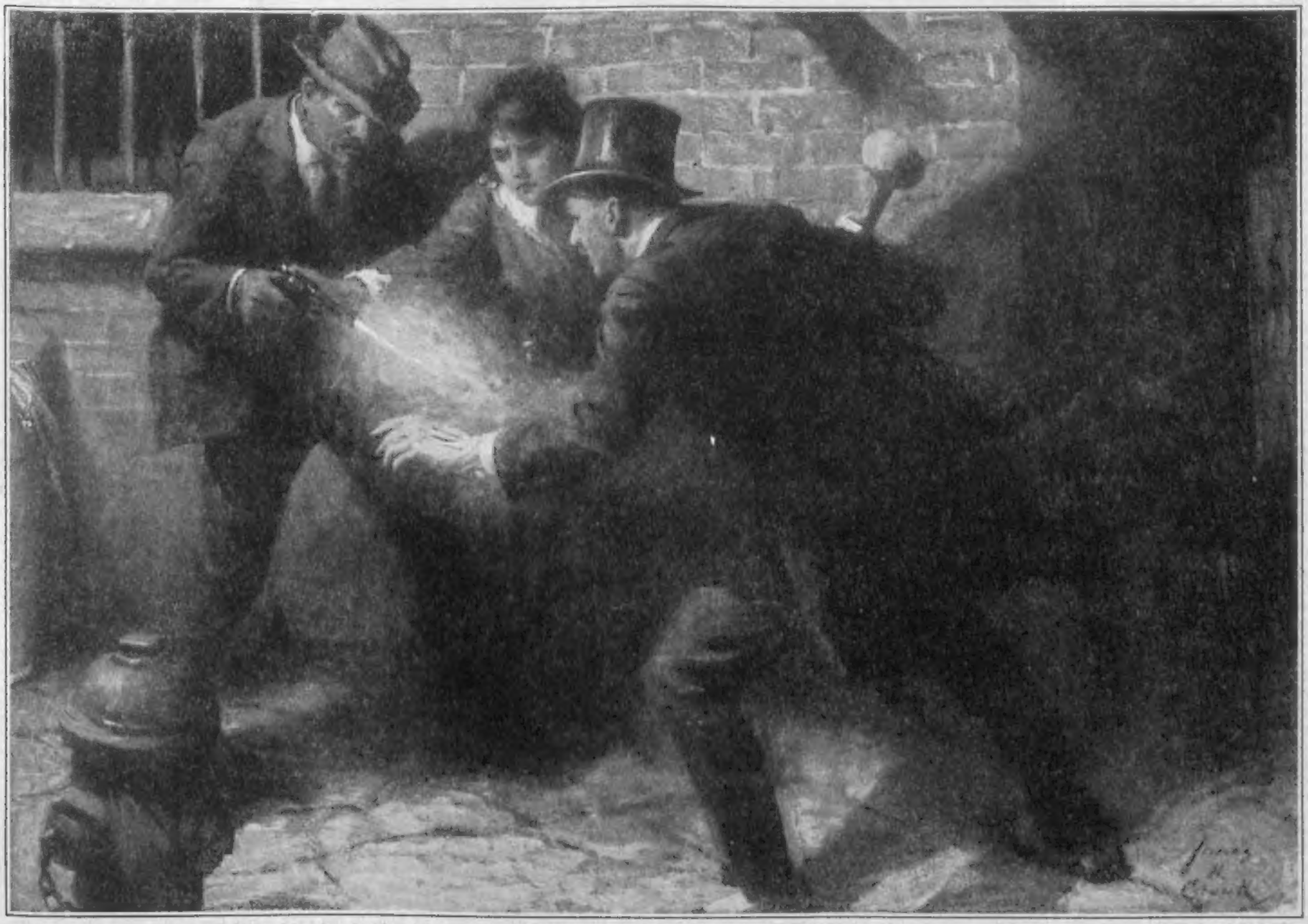
"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Vernon with much concern, hastening to help him to his feet. "I hope you aren't hurt! Awfully heedless of me!"

"Not 'tall. My fault 'tirely," said the victim thickly when he had attained the perpendicular. "Mis-mis-miscal-miscal-calc'lation speed 'n' distance. Tacked to pass you to sta'board." He smiled and stood wavering slightly against Vernon's supporting hand, staring at him glassily. "'Mall right; but my hat—would you mind? I'd get it m'self, but I'm subjec-ec to vertigo. Thanks so much."

Vernon recovered his derby, popped a small dent out of the crown and brushed it with the sleeve of his coat before returning it to its owner, who was a youngish man of rather good appearance, except for a certain disarray in his dress—his necktie, for instance, dangling outside of his waistcoat.

"I guesh y'errand, gennle stranger," continued this person. "Tish bootlesh—or should I say bootleglesh? Ol' Malachi the cellarer hath nothing in shtore. Malmsey and malvoisie ravished; canary 'n' sack shpoil of oppreshor. Malachi pulled by minions of law. Poor ol' Malachi! Sad, isht not?"

(Continued on Page 137)



"Watch Out for His Gat!" Screamed the Girl, and, Not Content With Warning, She Struck at the Pistol in Her Captor's Hand

SCOUT WONG

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

CHINATOWN and d'Bow'ry. All abo-o-oard for Chinatown and d'Bow'ry! Round trip only one dollah! See them mysterious and romantic Orientals in their native haunts. See d'underwoild. All for one dollah, ladies and gents. Chinatown and d'Bow'ry. All abo-o-oard!"

If you are new to New York you will do well to hark to the eloquent gentleman with the megaphone. You will slip your dollar—romance is cheap at any price—into his hand, and you will slip yourself into his many-seated chariot between the two school-teachers from Peoria and the patriarch who is hired nightly to occupy a seat and thus act as a nucleus and draw trade. He, poor fellow, will glide out of the car just before it starts, and follow its disappearing tail lights with wistful eye, for, kin to Tantalus, he is always just about to start on that mysterious and romantic expedition, but he never does. One does not wonder that his hair is white, his eye pensive.

Presently, after half a dozen warning crankings of the motor and many final-sounding "All abo-o-oards" you will rumble on your way. Of course Chinatown and the Bowery are not what they were. Nothing is. Gone are the opium dens where for a modest fee one could see a white girl reclining on what was appropriately called a bunk, and could hear it hoarsely hinted that she was a New York society girl before the Highbinders lured her away from her Fifth Avenue home and taught her the solace of the pipe. It was rumored that she had butterflies tattooed on her patrician spine.

There Will Come to You What Appears to be a Smile on Top of an Apron, But Which Will Turn Out to be a Chinese Boy

Gone, too, are the Tongs. Those secret political gangs, fierce in their hates as a Corsican vendetta, and more subtle, once rent Chinatown asunder. The Hip Sings killed the On Leongs on sight, and vice versa, and many a Caucasian tourist had his evening spoiled by a pellet from a forty-five intended for some pig-tailed head. But the Chinaman, before anything else, is a business man, and when it was seen that the Tongs, by turning Mott Street and Pell Street into shooting galleries, were driving away trade, the Tongs got together, buried the hatchet and erected a handsome business-association building, where all is amicable, and where the pleasingly pacific tinkle of the cash register replaces the martial crack of the automatic.

Beefsteak John still exists just around the corner and he has been joined of late years by Beefsteak Frank, Beefsteak Joe, Beefsteak Emil and Beefsteak Isadore, all distressingly antiseptic with plate glass and tile. No longer are the sawdust floors apt, in the morning's sweeping, to assay a couple of human eyes left behind by customers during the virile debates of the night before.

And yet, though its former glamour has faded, the trip to Chinatown is worth the taking. Here Chinese food is at its best, and to their favorite restaurants go nightly devotees of chop suey and chow main, hungry pilgrims, eager to manipulate the nimble chopstick. Follow them. Alight from your chariot, go down a little dim side street, pass a series of incredibly old men in leather coats and derby hats, pass four Chinese grocery stores whose windows are filled with twisted roots like countless small, naked, rickety babies, pass an alley, then come to a door where the rich perfume of cooking bamboo shoots rushes out to embrace you, stumble up the stairs, and you will come to the restaurant of Li Tow Foo, the oldest man in the world. If you will go through the large main room into the smaller one and seat yourself under an embroidered picture of two brilliant red chickens defending their bright blue brood from a flaming orange hawk, presently there will come to you what under the mild beaded lanterns appears to be a smile on top of an apron, but which, when it draws near, will turn out to be a Chinese boy. That will be Wong.

Wong made his entry into these states in a basket. He was eight at the time and small for his age; so the basket was not large and was passed by the immigration authorities as laundry. Wong was related in some distant way to Li Tow Foo, possibly as a great-great-great-grandchild twice removed. That ancient providentially needed someone small and spry to tend the sizzling shrimps and pare the water chestnuts in his restaurant; so he took Wong in, gave him a cot in the room where the fifteen other waiters and cooks slept, fitted him out in third-hand clothes, and, each year, at the feast of the Nine Thousand Minor Devils, gave him ten cents to buy firecrackers.

Wong, as he approached his fourteenth year, was promoted, without increase in pay, to be a waiter, and was permitted to keep the tips he was not seen taking. A daily and liberal diet of shrimps and noodles had made him round, plump and pleasing to the eye. Neither Giotto nor a compass could have drawn a more perfect circle than his face, and his eyes were as bright as the buttons on a musical-comedy tenor's shoes. One hardly noticed anything about him, however, but his smile, which enveloped his entire countenance, engulfed his eyes and even threatened his ears. His manner was shy to the point of downright timidity, for his associate waiters were all older, bigger and wiser, and from the first they kept him in his place with high-squealed admonitions and many cuffs. His vocabulary was strictly utilitarian, and confined to such useful phrases as "Flied slimps," "twenny fi' sens" and "Go helly."

He had not, however, allowed his mind to lie dormant but had patiently learned to pick out the simpler English words from evening papers that customers sometimes abandoned. When Li Tow Foo caught him doing this he smacked his ear with a hand as hard and dry as the claw of a mummified crab. Li Tow Foo was a philosopher; he knew that education makes servant problems.

But in that combination of chemistry and spirit called Wong there was a persistence that no amount of smacking on the ear, or anywhere else, could down. Read he would. He salvaged a discarded first reader and laboriously hammered into his brain the odd facts that a snake meant "S" and a pole meant "I," whereas the same pole with a lump meant "P," and a pole with a lump and a tail meant "R." His scanty stock of tips he expended on his education. Long Sam Hi had gone to school and he undertook the instruction of Wong at the rate of a penny for short words and two cents for long ones. After a few years of this arduous and costly schooling Wong could read many words that his untutored tongue could not form. His knowledge of literature was snatched by stealth from stray bits of newspaper held in one hand while in the other he held a giant spoon with which he jostled the shrimps in their vats or assembled from various containers heaped-up dishes of Mo Go Gi Pim, which is mushroom chicken, or Mo Go Bock Gi Pim, which is mushroom with white chicken breast meat.

On one brisk spring afternoon—fateful day in the days of Wong—Li Tow Foo dispatched him forth to buy a duck, and Wong, as he made his way along Mott Street, walked with quick, proud step, for such responsibility had never before been his. On the way back from market he had to pass a city playground. Outside it he halted, glued to the pavement, for his eye had caught a sight that gripped and held it. He saw Scoutmaster Peddie and his troop of Boy Scouts going through their drill.

Wong pressed his round face against the iron paling and watched. The scouts were boys of his own age. But how different! To Wong, as he watched, that difference seemed almost infinite. He looked down at his shoes, too big for him and curling up at the toes like Dutch skates; at his trousers, which had belonged to Long Sam Hi, an enormous fellow; at his not too clean apron. Before him the young demigods were practicing signaling with gay red and white flags. Wong's fascinated eye dwelt on every feature of their attire—their jaunty sombreros; their bright neckcloths; the strange, cryptic symbols on their sleeves, their trim brown uniforms; and a sigh came up from the very bottom of his small yellow being.

The signaling was over, and at an order from Scoutmaster Peddie the boys began a hilarious game of chase the tail. Panting, laughing they zigzagged near enough for Wong to touch them as he stood outside the railing. His heart was beating as he had never felt it beat before; he wanted to run in and join the boys. But he knew that it would never do; he did not know how to play, for he had never had a chance to learn. Besides, there was the duck; it seemed to weigh a ton; he had not noticed its weight before. Slowly he forced himself to turn from the scene and to straggle off toward the side street and up the stairs into the restaurant, pungent with a hundred mingled smells. Li Tow Foo was waiting for him with a scowl and a cuff on the ear for taking so long. Wong did not feel the cuff; his mind was with the Boy Scouts in their trig uniforms and bright neckcloths.

Next day Wong found an excuse for leaving the restaurant, and once again he went, fast as his too big shoes would let him, to the park where the scouts were drilling. He pushed his round, absorbed face so hard against the palings

that it was in danger of being caught between the rails, and, all but breathless, watched the other boys, standing like so many khaki statues in a row, erect and at attention.

Scoutmaster Peddie was calling the roll. His voice was high, important and a bit querulous. He was not at all the typical scoutmaster. He was a thin, youngish man with prim lips, and he was given to movements—one year, suffrage; the next, prohibition; for the moment, Boy Scouts; in the near future something else, perhaps the censorship of moving pictures; his mind was not made up.

A father whose only interest in movements was the upward movement of the stock market made it possible for Ernest Peddie to flit from movement to movement, as flits the bee from flower to flower. He was finding the job of directing the energies of twenty-four lower East Side boys quite the most strenuous he had ever undertaken, and his sensitive nerves were beginning to fray a little at the ends.

Wong heard him read the list, and saw each boy, as his name was called, step one pace forward, and snap his right hand, three fingers extended, to his hat brim in the scout salute.

"Scout Vacarelli." "Here!"
"Scout Bimberg." "Here!"
"Scout O'Rafferty." "Here!"
"Scout Snitzkin." "Here!"
"Scout Papadopoulos." "Here!"
"Scout Jansen." "Here!"
"Scout Hernandez." "Here!"
"Scout Tomasso." "Here!"

As he went down the roll of scouts Wong listened, scarcely breathing. A hope, wild and improbable, yet a hope, struck him that maybe, just maybe, at the end, by some miracle, the scoutmaster would call out "Scout Wong," and the owner of that name was prepared to spring to attention and glue three plump lemon-hued fingers in salute to the spot where his black hair joined his circular face. But the scoutmaster read, "Scout Casey"

"Here!"
"Scout Danowitz."
"Here!"
"Scout Black."
"Here!"

Then he pushed the roll into his pocket and said, "Scouts will now sing My Country 'Tis of Thee."

They did. Wong partly knew this song, for he had heard the school children singing it in the streets; now he followed it as best he could under his breath, for he did not dare raise his voice lest he be noticed and driven away.

My countlie, 'tiss odee,
Swee lan aw libba tee
Odee I sing.

On his way back to Li Tow Foo and a cuff on the ear Wong thought deeply. Until now he had lived from day to day, from meal to meal. Now he had an ambition, a goal. He was too excited, thinking about it, to sleep. The other waiters saw him practicing the scout sign in the corner of the kitchen.

"One of the minor devils of Hong-Moon is in him," they said, and cuffed his ear.

Next day he took his courage in a tight grip and approached Scout Tomasso, who lived round the corner in Mulberry Street. Ordinarily Wong did not approach the boys of the neighborhood, for he was shy, and they, too often, were derisive.

Scout Tomasso had just been made a tenderfoot scout and he was brimming with pride and overflowing with a new-found desire for chivalrous action. He was engaged in doing a daily good act by polishing the apples of his father's fruit stand on the sleeve of his scout uniform when Wong very gently, very diffidently accosted him. The new tenderfoot scout surveyed the round face and bashful smile with superiority but tolerance.

"Plees," began Wong.

"Wotjuh want, Chink?" asked Scout Tomasso amiably.

He realized that he might lose caste if caught conversing with Wong, but Rule Five says a scout must be polite to all.

"Plees," said Wong. "What iss?"

He indicated the scout hat clamped so firmly on the head of Scout Tomasso that he could see from under its brim with difficulty.

"Hat," answered Scout Tomasso.

Wong twisted his apron, and was orange red with embarrassment.

"Plees," he said. "What kind hat iss?"

"Boy Scout," said Tomasso grandly.

"Boy Scow?"

"Yes. Troop 888, New Yawk. Rattlesnake Patrol."

"Raddlesnake?"

"Y'see," tossed off Scout Tomasso, "each patrol of eight scouts is named for an animal. We got the Rattlesnake, Wolf and Bear Patrols, and we're shy one; usually they're four in a troop."

Wong nodded, took a fresh grip on his courage and asked, "How be Boy Scow?"

Scout Tomasso applied a high salivary polish to an apple, and said, "Oh, a fella's got to be a smart egg before he can be a Boy Scout! He's gotta know how to tie knots, how to s'loot, how to han'shake, and the scout law."

"Scow law? What iss?"

Scout Tomasso puckered his brow in concentration and then rattled off: "A scout is trustwoithy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and rev'runt.

"Of course," he added, "there's a lot more. It's all in the Scout Manual. An' you gotta do a good toin daily."

"Toin?" Wong was puzzled. "What iss?"

"Aw, toin—t-u-r-n. Like this, Chink. If m'mother says 'Joe, wash your ears,' an' I do it, that ain't no good toin, because I should oughta wash m'ears anyhow whenever she asta me to. See?"

Wong nodded many nods.

"But," went on Scout Tomasso, "if I came down here and polish up m'old man's apples, free, for nuttin', or if I help some ole egg cross d'street, that's a good toin. See?"

Wong nodded many more nods.

There was something more he wanted to ask, but his courage was slipping; he bowed deeply to show his thanks, and started to walk away; a few paces from the fruit stand his courage seemed to get its second wind; he halted, turned, came back, and with his eye on the pavement and his voice faltering and almost inaudible, he stammered out, "Me, Wong, can be Boy Scow?"

"Wha-a-at?"

Tremulously, his eyes still on the ground, he repeated, "Me, Wong, can be Boy Scow?"

Scout Tomasso gave a short snort, but recollecting Rule Five he surveyed Wong critically and said with the frank directness of youth, "Far as I know there's nuttin in d'rules against it, but I don't think d'scoutmaster would take in a yella-belly."

Humbly Wong bowed and went away; but the smile was gone from his face. As soon as he reached the premises of Li Tow Foo he stole up to the room where he and the other men slept. In a corner was a venerable mirror, cracked, and spotty from some obscure disease. Before it stood Wong. Slowly, half hopefully, half hopelessly, he drew up his shirt and gazed at the reflection of that portion of his body directly beneath his apron. Round tears came up to blur the vision of his button eyes. It was yellow.

From the kitchen that night he secured a large slab of the rough soap that the dishwashers used to remove recalcitrant chop suey, and with this, a stiff floor brush and boiling water, he scrubbed himself with great vigor, although it hurt. In the morning he again surveyed his torso in the mirror. It was still yellow.

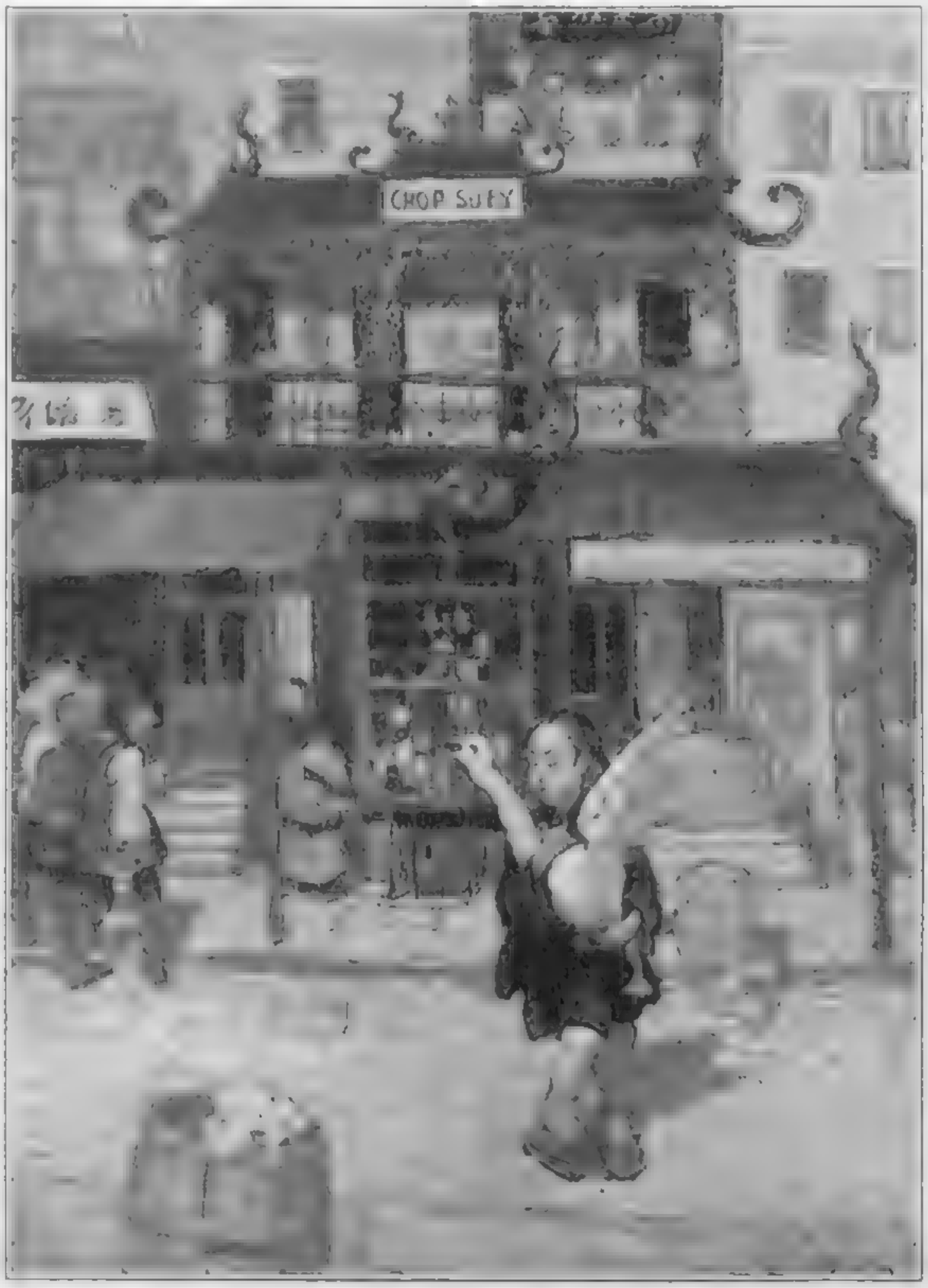
There was, however, something in the character of Wong that made him refuse to give up his ambition. It was, indeed, the only ambition he had ever had, and it was as deep-rooted and exigent as first love. Some nights later he conquered his shock of black hair with butter from the kitchen, borrowed Long Sam Hi's derby hat, and crept forth, at the certain cost of a beating from Li Tow Foo, to interview Scoutmaster Peddie, whose address he had secured from Scout Tomasso by wile and a gift of litchi nuts.

Four times Wong walked past the door of the house far up Madison Avenue where Ernest Peddie lived, before he had the courage ever so softly to press the bell. The maid glared at him suspiciously.

With his best bow he said, "Can see Scowmasser Pettie, plees?"

Ernest Peddie was dressing to go out for dinner; it was the annual dinner of the Save Our Birds Association, one of his movements, and he was late, which always irritated him. Also he had just discovered thumb marks on his only white evening tie. It had been, altogether, a most unpleasant day for Ernest Peddie; he had essayed to show his troop of scouts how to tie a sheep-shank knot, and he had bungled and

(Continued on Page 144

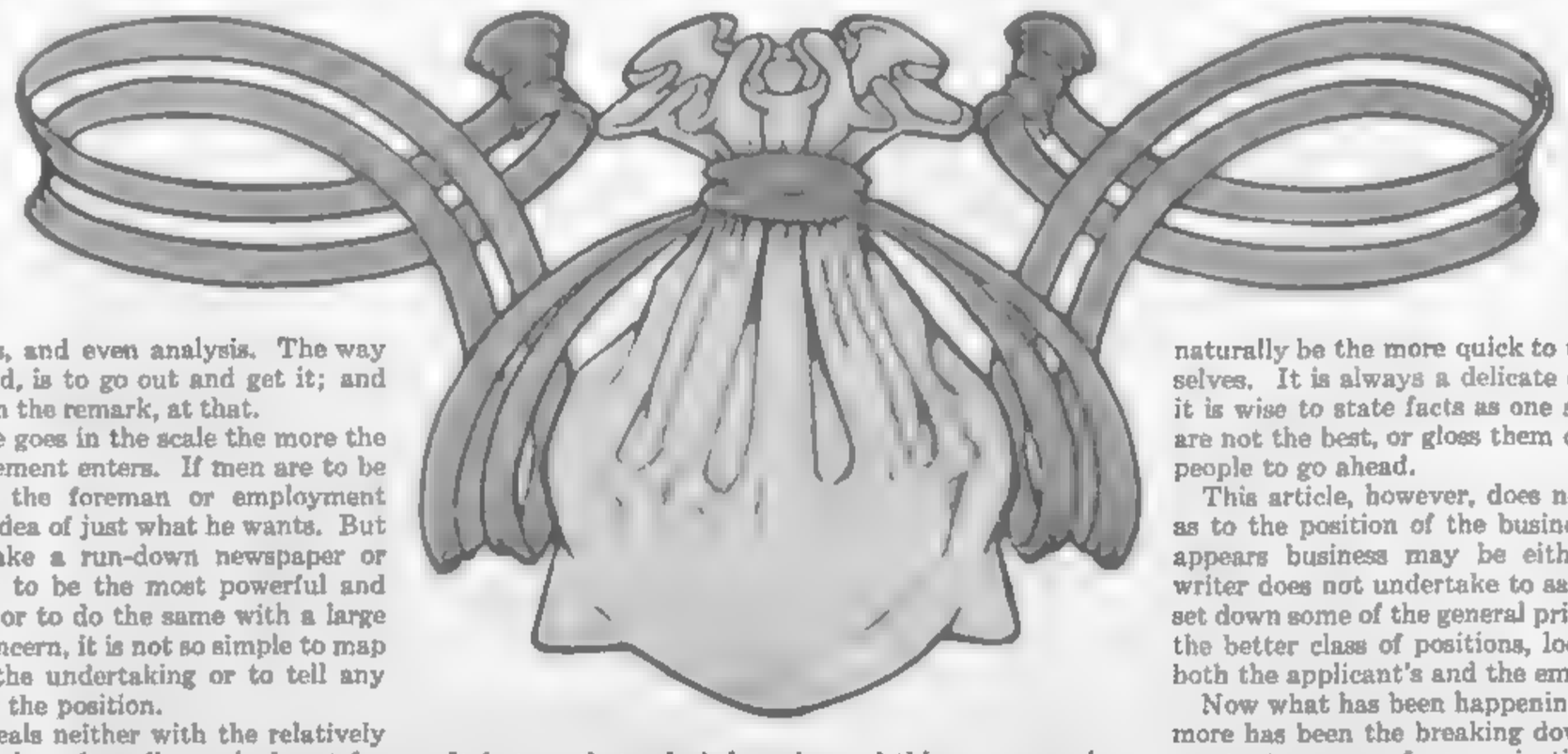


Slowly He Forced Himself to Turn From the Scene and to Straggle Off Toward the Side Street

HOW TO GET A JOB

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE title of this article implies an engagement which is difficult to fulfill. Getting a job, or at least a good one, is always a personal and individual matter. No article, book, lecture or even the combined efforts of all the conferences of distinguished citizens appointed by half a dozen presidents can take the place of a personal, individual, human element, which is the essence of contact between man and his work. To an extent, at least, this essence defies rules and preachments, and even analysis. The way to get a job, it is often said, is to go out and get it; and there is profound wisdom in the remark, at that.

Naturally the higher one goes in the scale the more the personal and individual element enters. If men are to be employed to shovel slag the foreman or employment manager has a pretty fair idea of just what he wants. But if you want a man to take a run-down newspaper or periodical and build it up to be the most powerful and influential in the country, or to do the same with a large but bankrupt industrial concern, it is not so simple to map out the kind of man for the undertaking or to tell any given man how to go after the position.

This article, however, deals neither with the relatively few captains of industry, who, after all, can look out for themselves, nor with the tens of millions of privates, who in spite of hardship have at least the very cold comfort of knowing that their unemployment problem is one everybody is talking and writing about and considering in conference. The man who has to shift for himself and whose lack of employment never results in any hurry call for experts to meet in conventions at Washington is the one a few grades below the captain of industry but a very great many grades indeed above the pick-and-shovel gang.

National conferences are held to consider the problems of the farmer and laborer, but the medium and minor executives, the managers, department heads, controllers, accountants, statisticians, consulting engineers, mining, civil and mechanical engineers, production and technical experts of every description, and clerks—these may lose their positions and hunt in vain for new ones without any trembling upon the part of legislators or cabinets. Nor have they any union to defend them or any bloc in the Senate to do their bidding.

College Graduates Out of Work

NOW the plain, unadorned fact is that for more than a year past and at this present writing, early in February, there has been and is a very serious condition of unemployment among this exceedingly important class of workers. It is wholly misleading and inaccurate to describe them merely as salaried or white-collar workers. These terms, so extensively used, convey the idea of a respectable middle-aged clerk who goes to business with the regularity of clockwork all his life and who always tries to keep up a social station some degrees above that of the manual worker on possibly less and certainly not much greater pay.

The words "salaried" and "white-collar" convey the idea of something more or less fixed and stationary. Mostly they are brain workers, but that phrase is a poor one, because it suggests professors and research people too exclusively. What I am talking about are the men who, with the exception of a very few above them, actually manage the industries of the country and from whose ranks the generals and field marshals are recruited. Many of them do not remain fixed in any sense, and they are of all ages, certainly all the way from twenty-two to sixty. They include a great army of college graduates and of those who have taken extension, night-school and correspondence courses, or who have had in other ways the apprenticeship that is an equivalent of such training.

It is true that salaried workers of this group are in a sense the pillars of the temple, and it is hard to bring them down without having the roof fall also. First goes the surplus of unskilled common labor, and then skilled labor. Though there are exceptions to the rule, the salaried class do not go out until toward the end of a depression, but on the other hand they get back rather slowly. A manufacturer who finds business picking up may hire two hundred common laborers or twenty-five skilled mechanics, but he will think a long time before employing two additional assistant managers, a consulting engineer, an accountant, a statistician and two or three miscellaneous experts.

Now it is difficult to say how many of these men are out of work. They are usually too proud to hunt employment in the same way that lower grades of labor do. To a considerable extent at least they seek to make contracts through personal and business or professional acquaintances rather than by means of employment agencies or want advertisements.. Most of them have some capital and naturally do not congregate in parks and lodging houses. No one has even tried to estimate their number.

When I asked the head of an employment agency maintained for members of a group of professional societies whether conditions were getting better, he replied yes in a most emphatic manner. Yet he told me in almost the next breath that he had three thousand men, nearly all of them university graduates, on his list as available for positions, with comparatively few openings for them. In one line, which has probably been hit harder than any other in the country, he had two or three positions available for five or six hundred applicants. Now this man wanted to be cheerful, and yet he did not desire to suppress facts. No doubt he was right in saying that conditions were better in the sense that he saw evidence that employers were getting ready to resume operations.

From the point of view of a man who lacks a position it might seem a good thing to minimize the amount of unemployment. If the employer thinks there are very few good men to be had and if he believes business has turned the corner, he will naturally be the more quick to take those who offer themselves. It is always a delicate question to know whether it is wise to state facts as one sees them when conditions are not the best, or gloss them over in order to encourage people to go ahead.

This article, however, does not deal in any predictions as to the position of the business cycle. By the time it appears business may be either better or worse; the writer does not undertake to say. I am merely trying to set down some of the general principles involved in getting the better class of positions, looking at the subject from both the applicant's and the employer's standpoint.

Now what has been happening in industry for a year or more has been the breaking down of organizations and a constant process of reorganization. Or to put it perhaps in a somewhat pleasanter way, we have been gearing down from an extraordinary war situation to a period of unusual peacetime quiet. One great difficulty is that wartime organizations were carried too far into peacetimes. They were kept going by the banks under the influence of the low interest rates of 1919. But when, early in 1920, the war financing had been digested enough to permit the Federal Reserve System to jack up its discount rates, bankers were no longer able to keep hugely expanded organizations alive. Then began the process of throwing upon the market a perfect horde of engineers, production managers, accountants, department heads, industrial experts and the like.

A Clean Sweep

WHEN the money gave out high-salaried positions simply vanished. One manufacturer—and a small, unimportant one, at that—abandoned four of his propositions, and with them four of his young Napoleons of industry, whose salaries had ranged from five to twenty thousand dollars. The one who received the highest salary was described by one of his friends thus: "A college business graduate and the possessor of excellent taste in the matter of selecting office equipment, delivery motor trucks decorated with gold leaf, and stenographers whose locks matched fledglings for whom they clicked off telegrams, cablegrams or anything else between the hours of ten and three."

Late in January a concern which at the height of the boom was carrying more than twenty thousand employes fired in a single day its general manager and eighteen department heads. I use the word "fired" advisedly. The department heads were called to the office of the new general manager, told to draw a month's advance pay, and get out of the building within an hour or two. The manager feared to allow them to stay even throughout the day because of the line of bitter talk they might hand out to their former subordinates. The new manager simply rooted out within a few hours everyone in a position of responsibility who he felt had been critical of his own policies when he had held a subordinate position or who he believed was breeding extravagance.

This sort of grand clean-up is reorganization in its most drastic form, the ruthlessness of which is possibly uncommon. But there is no doubt that high gear in industry was retained too long and reorganization is proceeding apace with great numbers of concerns. To a large extent

industry was overorganized and oversupervised. There were too many concentric rings or layers of supervision. In some plants the salary pay roll equaled the wage pay roll.

In one great plant there were seven rings of supervision before the workmen were reached. Apparently the principle of functional organization as opposed to the military or line idea was adopted too suddenly, and was too hastily digested. At any rate industry has swung back rapidly to the simpler military organization, and out in the cold world have gone a host of those who stood between the manager and the workmen.

Now it is quite true that during the war the work had to be done somehow. New organizations had to be created and old ones greatly expanded almost overnight. There were not enough experienced mature men to do the work. Consequently young men who had never made so much as two thousand dollars a year in their lives suddenly found themselves in positions that commanded three to four times as much. Perhaps there is some feeling in the minds of former employers against taking them back for fear they might desert again under similar circumstances. But any such feeling is too small an element in the present situation to deserve even passing comment. The essence of the situation is simply this: The beehive is not the same old busy place.

Nor would anyone but a professional optimist say that all the reorganizations—to use a more agreeable word than failure—have been completed. There are yet, no doubt, many corporations whose house-cleaning process is to be carried out. As these messes are cleared up still more men will be thrown upon the market, and though that will be hard for them it will not mean the business situation is growing worse. Indeed it may prove just the opposite. It will merely reflect what went on in 1919 and 1920. The price has to be paid sometime.

Now it is probably true that the next ten years will see the law of the survival of the fittest work out in grand style. Salesmen will have to become salesmen once more, and not mere order takers. Men who should be in lowly positions will go back to them, and positions carrying salaries of from five to fifteen thousand will be comparatively scarce. It must be remembered that the whole younger generation of men—that is, those up to thirty—have come into business in a bubble period, and are accustomed to a scale of salaries and living that simply won't go with retrenchment and business economy.

But let there be no mistake about the matter: Able and energetic men have been thrown out of positions, as well as the Ethelberts. It is not merely the young men with swollen heads who are looking around or who are available; nor those who rose because of, instead of despite, circumstances. Anyone familiar with the engineering profession realizes that the process of getting industry back to normalcy has hit good timber as well as poor. Consulting engineers who made one hundred thousand dollars in their best years and are now fortunate to be making six thousand were probably never worth the former figure, but are no doubt worth somewhat more than the latter. Many have had to leave the profession altogether, and estimates of unemployment in certain engineering lines have run as high as 70 per cent or more. Accounting, too, has been heavily hit.

Salesmen Still in Demand

NOT all those in the higher ranks of salaried or professional workers who have lost positions in the last two years have been let go. Many a man has resigned because he felt he was being pensioned. Such have felt that with business dropping away under their feet the only thing to do was to get out before they were thrown out. If, let us say, the assistant director of industrial relations finds that the director can do all the work and more because the force has dropped from thirty thousand to five thousand, he is likely to seek a job where there is real work for him to do. There are many men, of course, who will stick to a job as long as it will stick to them, but also there are a few who do not want to stay where there is no work and no apparent future.

"Every concern whose higher officers have humanitarian instincts is carrying a burden of faithful men," said the sales manager of a large manufacturing enterprise whose business has dwindled enormously since the war in spite of desperate efforts to keep it up. "Perhaps they are not wholly unselfish. Some of them remember the time when they couldn't get good men at all. I am drawing more pay now than the work I am doing is worth. I am going to leave soon, before they let me go."

It is not that the employe is so altruistic; but an able-bodied man does not like to be put at work knitting. The general manager of a munitions plant which employed nearly two thousand men during the war has only a hundred and fifty with him now, and is restless to find another position.

His salary is, or was, ten thousand dollars, but he is hunting everywhere for another position, and although he is still manager of the plant his search for another connection has thus far been in vain.

Certainly the employer in many cases is doing the best he can. One large trust company in New York which let out hundreds of workers sent a list each day in advance of their discharge to a leading employment agency, urging the agency to place as many as possible. Such agencies receive many letters from employers saying that men are being kept on whom the company cannot afford and does not need.

Those who are hunting positions are often discouraged by the fact that most openings at present are for salesmen. Indeed a good salesman need not worry much about unemployment now. Ever since the artificial boom broke in 1920 the problem from the viewpoint of the individual employer has been to sell goods, whereas previously it had been to produce them. The executive eye has been centered on orders and withdrawn from the problems of technical production and industrial relations.

Thus the salesman has been and still is in tremendous demand. The writer belongs to a club in New York City composed entirely of graduates or former students of about thirty different universities and colleges. A voluntary employment bureau is maintained by the club, and in the main hallway were posted recently something like twenty-five different openings for young men, the club being composed mostly or at least frequented mostly by young men. With three exceptions all the openings were for salesmen, some of them rather carefully disguised and others stated openly. Of the three exceptions one was a position as advertising manager for a new women's magazine, and the two other openings were for teachers in preparatory schools.

"I am always astonished when salesmen or advertising men come in here," said the manager of a large high-class employment agency. "They don't need us to help them, not if they have their acquaintances. That is an asset they can always take somewhere."

It is not the purpose of the writer to minimize in the slightest degree the importance of salesmanship. It is probable that a sales experience is valuable to any business career. But there are many men otherwise useful who either have no qualification for selling or are not sure of the product they are asked to sell, and who will not try that branch of business. They of course are the ones who have had the real difficulty in finding positions.

Then salesmanship may be overdone this year or next, just as production was overworked in 1919. Young men who have not planned out their life with any care, and who lack a definite goal, may go into selling when that is not their real forte. Employers also may intensify their sales effort in a hit-or-miss fashion, like the concern that sent six separate salesmen to Porto Rico on one boat.

But even in the sales field the employer has tended recently in an unusual degree to throw the burden of risk upon the employe. There are those who say that the employer is exploiting the market, and there is no doubt that he has recently been taking the cream at the lowest possible salaries and wherever possible, in the sales field, on a commission.

"I have been out of a position about three weeks and have already tried without success thirty-five places," said a man of the writer's acquaintance. He is just under thirty, well educated, has had valuable experience, is energetic and makes an excellent appearance. "The employers are certainly taking their pick. To consider you at all they insist upon ten years of successful experience in having conducted sales campaigns. Then the most you can get from them to start with is around two thousand dollars a year, and the most you can ever expect is six thousand. I told them I had to have two hundred dollars a month to start with to support members of my family before I spent a cent on myself. Their reply was that a man could live on less, and I said that perhaps a baby could, but a man could not."

But it must be remembered that if the employer is getting all he can for his money now, labor of every grade, the highest as well as the lowest, exacted the last penny for a period of years. Employers are cutting to the bone, not so much to make money as to save their necks. There has been much complaint that corporations have let out older men and promoted the assistant at half the salary. A controller of a big corporation who at one time had a hundred accountants under him and who received at least five thousand dollars was let out recently and his place taken by his twenty-seven-hundred-dollar assistant. Perhaps the corporation made a mistake in letting this man go, but probably it was merely part of an effort to stave off bankruptcy.

"This is all very true," objects a reader, "but you are a long time getting down to brass tacks and telling us how to get positions with high salaries."

Men With Definite Aims

NOW one answer to this objection is that many thousands of men cannot and will not replace their high-salaried positions with places equally good, simply because the number of such places is smaller. But there are men who will land on their feet, and before going into any details of how that is done it is necessary to drive home a fundamental truth.

A basic reason why great numbers of men fail to secure good positions at the present time, or any other time, is because they lack a goal or purpose in life. They are unable to offer a definite, specific, clear-cut proposition to employers.

I make this assertion in the most flat-footed and unequivocal manner despite the logical pitfall which lies ahead. Is there not danger in men having one-track or single-cylinder minds, of being unable to do more than one thing? Certainly. Men should be adaptable, especially in slack times. But there is almost as much danger in being a jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Both extremes are bad, but most emphatically a man may have a definite goal in life and yet not go to one or the other extreme.

All roads lead to Rome, and success in life is reached by countless avenues, but few get there unless they map out the goal and more or less logically plan out a career. The employment manager of one of the largest corporations in the country recently told the writer that in his opinion the greatest bugbear in the business world is the young man who does not know what he wants, who does not know what kind of industry he wishes to enter, or whether he should go into the sales, production or financial end.

This authority went on to say: "The most typical man who comes in for work is the one who just asks for a job, who beyond being a good fellow and a faithful worker is willing to leave his entire future to the company. He says he wants to get fixed with a strong concern like this and he usually crumples up when I ask him 'But what are you?' naming over a dozen or more different lines of talent that this company employs.

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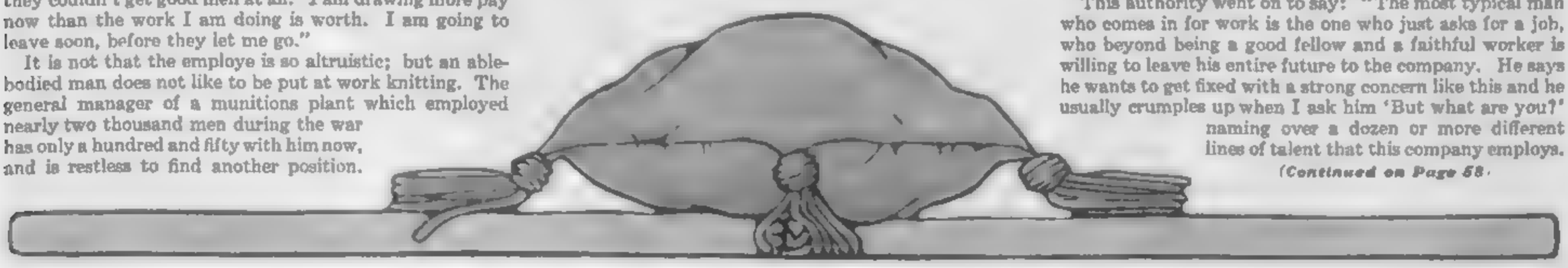

PRESSTO CHANGE!

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY slid optimistically through the front door of Sneed & Yeast's Used Clothing Exchange & Pressing Club. Gray dusk was merging into velvet night. The electric signs of Birmingham flared forth valiantly. Automobile and street-car headlights cleft the gathering gloom, and Eighteenth Street became a welter of discordant activity.

Within the portals of the Sneed & Yeast establishment was a chaos bespeaking prosperity. Once-proud clothes were heaped on a counter which bordered a side wall. Opposite was a steam presser in the process of being manipulated expertly by an alarmingly tall and skinny negro.

This gentleman appeared not at all averse to hard labor at an hour when almost all of the other businesses had closed their doors for the day. A small dark head was thrown far back on an insufficient neck and from between the lips came the words of a popular song; the words, but not the faintest suggestion of music.

Florian stood it as long as he could, then gave vent to a snort of disgust.

"Dawg-gone it, Percy Yeast, way you ac's, you'd a'most make a pusson think you was happy!"

Mr. Yeast pressed the left pant of the pair which engaged his attention at that particular moment, then raised untroubled eyes to his visitor. No one could glimpse Mr. Yeast on the job and doubt his supreme contentment. He cast upon the dapper Mr. Slappey a glance of mild reproval.

"You talks foolishment, Florian. Co'se I is happy."

"So's a dish of tripe, Percy. But bein' happy don't git it nowhere."

Percy Yeast swept his establishment with a proud and comprehensive gesture.

"Ain't half of all what you see in heah mine? Ain't I got a pa'tnership in this business? Does I ever have to worry 'bout havin' plenty of wuk to do?"

"You sho' doesn't!" ejaculated Florian forcibly. "Sence you gotten to be Faro Sneed's partner wuk is the on'y thing you don't never have to do nothin' else but."

"Wuk never kilt nobody."

"No-o, but it's made a heap of folks mighty sick."

Percy allowed his attention to revert to the partly pressed suit. He suspended the pants from a hanger and arranged the coat upon the presser. There was an artist's pride in every fussy gesture, and Florian sighed resignedly. Percy was a good friend to him, but there was no denying the fact that he was an eccentric individual. His passion for labor and plenty of it smacked of dementia. Florian shook his head in puzzlement as he settled into a chair and meditatively tamped the end of a Turkish cigarette on an excessively manicured finger nail.

"When you aims to finish yo' day's wuk, Percy?"

"Ise finished now. Jes' got one or two li'l' things to do, then Ise with you."

"Ain't gwine be long?"

"Jes' a minute, Florian; jes' one li'l' teeny minute. Make yo'se'f comfutubble."

"Huh! Cain't be such when Ise this close to a job." Florian sighed. "Ise waitin'."

Percy Yeast gave his undivided attention to the one or two trifling matters which required last-minute attention. He completed the pressing of the suit upon which he was working and then pressed another one. He then crossed the shop to the heavily laden table and for twenty minutes deftly assorted the ancient garments which that day had been bought by the firm. From the mass of garments he extracted a pair of voluminous trousers, and in the seat discovered a hole. It was the work of but ten minutes to find a needle and thread and mend that particular break.

"Aims to sell them trousers to Simeon Broughton in the mawnin'."

Then he rescued a battered ledger from beneath a table and indexed the day's heterogeneous garment haul. After which he counted the cash on hand, locked up the safe, gave the steam presser a thorough and affectionate cleaning—and then faced the almost apoplectic Florian.

"Ise mos' finished," announced he.

"Jes' got a trifle mo' to do, huh?" queried Mr. Slappey with heavy sarcasm.

"Jes' a trifle."

From a corner Percy Yeast extracted a broom with which he meticulously swept the floor. Then he covered the already-pressed suits with old sheets, straightened up the counter upon which secondhand shoes, shirts and neckties were displayed; illuminated the firm's show window, stepped outside for an inspection thereof, redecorated the window to his own thorough satisfaction, found his coat and hat, brushed them both carefully, snapped off the shop lights and stood expectantly at the front door.

"Ise jes' 'bout finished," he proclaimed calmly.

Florian clapped a tragic hand against his forehead.

"Goodness Gawdness! You ain't finished till yet?"

"Not ontirely. It won't take me on'y a minute to fill the grease cups on this heah automobile."

Absolute and utter contempt marked the face of Mr. Slappey as he lounged against the store front and for twenty minutes watched the lean and hungry-looking Percy Yeast wrestle with the lubricating system of the gloriously shiny touring car which but recently had become the unencumbered property of Messrs. Sneed & Yeast. That task completed, it merely remained for Mr. Yeast to reënter the shop, scrub his hands with pumice stone, lock the front door again and link his arm through Florian's.

"I ain't kep' you waitin' so long, is I?" he questioned blandly.

Florian spluttered indignantly. Then remembering that his mission was one requiring exquisite tact and limitless powers of argument, he forbore expressing his true opinion of Percy Yeast. Instead he invited that gentleman to be his guest for supper.

Together they climbed into the shiny touring car, and Percy drove down Eighteenth Street, pulling up regally before the odorous portals of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor.

Florian was all for seating themselves at one of the three tables at the lower end of the place, but Percy nipped that idea in the bud. Percy insisted on sitting at the very front of the long counter where his eyes could remain focused on the automobile parked so carefully against the curb.

"I Means," Boomed the Hard Gentleman From Tupelo, "That When I Kills 'em I Kills 'em Complete"

"Was that a 'ooman," sneered Florian, "you coul'n't look at it no constanter."

"'Ooman! Huh! Any po' fish of a man c'n git hisse'f a 'ooman. Takes a reg'lar somebody to own a autymobile."

"Own it?"

"Uh huh." Percy Yeast swelled pridefully. "That car stan's in my name."

"How come?"

"When us bought it Mistuh Sneed made it out in my name case he was to git into feenancial troubles. Co'se it rilly b'longs to the business."

"Ain't it all paid fo'?" asked Florian.

"Yas-suh. Sho'ly is. We done paid off the las' note on it yestiddy. Autymobile now is absotively an' ontirely ourn."

Florian gave his attention momentarily to a massive sandwich of barbecued pork. When once again he was capable of speech he touched upon the subject nearest his heart.

"Us is good frien's, ain't we, Percy?"

Mr. Yeast, very close to strangling on his own free and ample meal, nodded affirmation.

"An' I has done a heap fo' you, ain't I?"

"Says which?"

"Says I has done a heap fo' you. Ise give you things— "

"Which things?"

"Adwice!"

"Oh, adwice!"

"Yeh. An' now, Percy, fo' the fust an' last time in my life, I comes to you cravin' a favor."

The tall gentleman cast a suspicious glance upon his sartorially elegant friend. "Favor?"

"Uh-huh. Ginuwine favor. Shows what a good frien' I is of yourn. They ain't ary other single man I'd ast this heah pretickeler favor of."

"What 'tis?"

Florian struggled to keep his voice from trembling.

"Down to the Frolic Theayter, Percy, they is a swell gal playin' in the vaudeveel show which they has got there. An' I an' her has soht of got to be good frien's, an' she was sayin' to-day as how she craves to take a autymobile ride after the show t'-night, an' the minute she said autymobile I soht of went an' thunk 'bout that new car which you has ——"

"You sho'ly thunk a rotten think."

"Ise a good driver, Percy, an' — "

"Tha's a business car, Florian, so they ain't no use of you sendin' good breff after bad."

Florian recognized that he was up against even stiffer opposition than contemplated, and he settled himself valiantly to the task in hand. For forty minutes he argued, begged, pleaded and flattered, and in the end gained his point—partially. For eventually Mr. Percy Yeast capitulated to the point of lending Florian Slappey his car for the proposed joy-ride, but at the same time he loaned himself as driver.

"But, Percy ——"

"Don't but me, Florian. Does that car git drove, I drives it. Ain't got no right no ways takin' it fo' no joy-ride with no actor 'ooman."

Florian made the best of a fair bargain. Percy agreed to meet him at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Third Alley at eleven o'clock sharp; and Florian beat a hasty retreat, knowing that while Percy was distinctly a man of his word there was more than a little likelihood that he would change his mind did Florian remain in too close proximity.

Mr. Slappey attained his lodging house and for an hour gave himself over to preparing for the amorous adventure of the very immediate future. Then he strolled again to Bud Peaglar's place. There he met Mr. Faro Sneed, who was in the act of departing.

Mr. Sneed was the antithesis of his gangling partner. He was short and stocky, and, haberdasherily speaking, more on the lines of Florian himself. In fact there were those in the colored set of Birmingham who stoutly contended that Mr. Sneed was an even better dresser than the

radiant Florian. Wherefore Florian bore no great love for the irresponsible and affluent half owner of the used-clothes business which was to furnish the car for his joy party.

"Mistuh Sneed!" Florian halted his *bête noire*. "I craves to ast you a question."

"Shoot!" invited Faro Sneed.

"I asts you this: How does you do it?"

"Do which?"

"How does you git to make Percy Yeast do all the wuk in yo' business? N'r neither he not on'y does all, but he likes it."

A crooked, triumphant smile creased the lips of Mr. Faro Sneed. He nudged Florian playfully.

"What I has got in my haid, Florian Slappey, is brains!"

Mr. Sneed passed on, en route to a high-stakes poker party, and for several minutes Florian stood gazing after him with dislike writ large on his features. Florian was a friend to Percy Yeast, and he genuinely mourned the business status existing between the tall clothes dealer and his flashy partner. It wasn't so much that Faro Sneed was putting something over on Percy, but rather that Percy was too blind to realize that fact.

The business of Sneed & Yeast had originally been the exclusive property of Faro Sneed. But its very prosperity had been bitter to the proprietor, for prosperity meant work, and work and Faro Sneed were natural foes. Whereupon he had cast about for a partner upon whom he could saddle a vast majority of the work and an infinitesimal portion of the profits.

And there, waiting eagerly, was Percy Yeast; Percy, long and limp and melancholy—a born workin' fool. All his life Percy had nurtured ambition, and the proposition put up to him by the suave Mr. Sneed savored of the attainment of that desideratum. He welcomed the other's proposal eagerly—acceded without question to the inequitable conditions, and even yet fondly fancied that the deal was an excellent one for him.

Under the terms of the partnership agreement between Messrs. Sneed & Yeast the latter was taken into full partnership with the former. The profits of the business amounted at that time to about forty dollars a week, which amount was to be divided equally between them. But—and this was the point which brought triumphant chuckles to the breast of Mr. Sneed—of the weekly twenty dollars due Mr. Yeast, that lanky gentleman was to draw only eight. The remaining twelve dollars was to be put back into the business as payment on the installment plan for a one-half interest.

All of which would have been a very good arrangement indeed for Mr. Yeast, had it ever occurred to him to check up the appraisement which Mr. Sneed proffered. That appraisement was a riot of vivid imagination, for under it Mr. Yeast was obligated to pay for his one-half of the business a price which could have purchased three similar establishments *in toto*.

All of which was just as the adroit Mr. Sneed figured. His appraisement had been made so high that Percy Yeast was virtually hired by him as a man of all work at eight dollars a week. Of the weekly earnings of forty dollars Mr. Sneed took out his twenty and twelve of Percy's, making in all a total income of thirty-two dollars weekly as against a total earning capacity of forty; and whereas Mr. Sneed had previously done all of the work, he now did nothing.

The unfair character of the partnership contract was apparent to everyone who knew the details—with the exception of the party of the second part. Percy Yeast, a man of none too keen vision, saw in it only a bit of rare philanthropy on the part of Faro Sneed. It never occurred to him that there was anything in the arrangement which could be other than desirable from his standpoint. Of course Percy would never have labored for an eight-dollar-a-week salary, but he did not consider that he was so doing. Had he paused to consider, he would have been brought to startling realization of the fact that under Sneed's appraisement of the business' value he would be paying out the weekly twelve dollars for several more years than the natural span of life. Altogether it was a perfect arrangement from Faro's standpoint, and he saw to it that Percy's gratitude was not permitted to wane.

The most arduous task undertaken by Faro Sneed in the handling of the firm's affairs consisted of maintaining Percy's enthusiasm at the fever point. He also saw to it that Percy was kept busy, and there was a mass of detail work which required daily attention—the scouring of the city for secondhand clothes possible of resale at a minimum price and with maximum profit. These clothes must be bought, brought into the shop, cleaned, pressed and exhibited for sale. In addition to the building up of a list of persons all over the city who were willing to get rid of old clothes for whatever they might bring, it devolved upon Percy to develop a clientele willing to purchase the renovated garments. Too, there were books of a sort which must be kept; a regular cleaning-and-pressing business operated in connection with the old-clothes labors; and a wealth of minor details which could not be neglected.

All of this Faro Sneed magnanimously turned over to Percy, and into it Mr. Yeast plunged with an enthusiasm worthy a better arrangement. All that Mr. Yeast figured was that he was buying in on a business without cost to himself. He was a frugal liver and well content to exist on his weekly eight dollars in view of the fact that he was now a business man of standing—a partner in a flourishing concern. Somehow he never allowed himself to analyze the finances of the situation or to suspect the absurdly padded nature of the appraisement upon which the partnership agreement was based.

And so, all day long, while Percy Yeast labored at building up new business and retaining old; while he mended the old clothes for which he had scoured the town and over which he had earnestly haggled; while he cleaned and pressed and darned and bargained, Faro Sneed sat back in the easy-chair, answering telephone calls and drumming into Percy's head a conviction of what had been done for him.

"You wa'n't nothin' on'y a bum when I picked you up an' give you half of my business. Don't know how come I ever to do sumthin' so foolish as that, good business like I got, jes' liftin' a cullud man out of a rotten job like you had an' givin' him half of sumthin' he never would of got. I sho'ly is done a heap fo' you, Percy Yeast—made sumthin' out of you, po' tripe which you was befo' I took a-holt of you! Now you is a partner in a reg'lar business. Got a good, stiddy job, wukkin' fo' yo'se'f. Reckon you cain't never say I ain't a frien' of yourn."

Percy flashed him a grateful glance.

"Reckon I never can, Brother Sneed. You sho' has done me good."

"Twen'y dollars a week you gits, an' don' have to do nothin' but wuk. You never could of got twen'y dollars in any other soht of a job. Easy wuk, too. Me, I does all the heavy thinkin'. All you fu'nishes is the labor. Was things to go wrong, who suffers? Who does, I ast? Answer is, me! Yassuh, you cain't do nothin' but win."

And so, with the passing of the weeks and then the months, the gratitude which Percy felt toward his benefactor became a veritable passion. He was absolutely and utterly convinced that when it came to good Samaritanism the original of that genus was but a poor pale person in comparison with Mr. Sneed. That he himself was being exquisitely trimmed never occurred to him, and had the thought been born in his head he would promptly have strangled it as unworthy. He went his laboring way blithely happy and eternally grateful.

And now, on this particular night, he was for the first time to take a false step. He knew that he had no right whatsoever to use the firm's car to carry Mr. Florian Slappey on a joy-ride with a vaudeville lady. Not that anything was going to happen; but that wasn't of the spirit of his copartnership agreement with Mr. Sneed. The car belonged to the business, no matter if it did stand in his own name. It was with considerable trepidation that he eventually mounted to the driver's seat of the gleamy touring car which made possible the firm's business efficiency in the gathering of old clothes from the homes of the city's white folks, and made his way slowly to the trysting point on Seventeenth Street.

He was excruciatingly nervous and obsessed by a feeling of guilt. Suppose he should be observed? He quivered with fear at thought of the righteous indignation which would drip from the vitriolic tongue of his partner. Under normal conditions Faro Sneed was none too considerate of Percy's feelings.

Under the lash of such a transgression as this he might even dissolve the partnership, and that idea was unthinkably horrible to the tall negro.

Eventually came Florian, elegantly insouciant, magnificently proud of the plump and overdressed vaudeville lady who leaned ardently upon his arm. With much formality Florian introduced his lady friend to Mr. Yeast, and directed that gentleman to drive along the newly paved Montgomery Highway.

Percy's passionate protests against the expedition died a-bornin'. Before Florian's calm mastery his own opposition was effectually stilled. So, with many deep misgivings he depressed the starter, let in the clutch and rolled slowly up Seventeenth Street to First Avenue, across the Twenty-first Street viaduct, and so by Five Points and out across Red Mountain.

The speed at which Percy drove was not calculated to excite any motorcycle policemen. The speedometer on the dash board never crawled beyond the fifteen-mile mark. But the affectionate couple in the tonneau cared nothing about that. To the romance in the rear seat Percy gave not a thought. His attention was focused rigidly upon the task in hand—that of getting through with the expedition as quickly as possible and without any semblance of accident to the cherished car.

They passed through Rosedale, traversed the moon-drenched valley and proceeded at a snail-like pace up the tortuous Shades Mountain climb. The car was pulling huskily, and Percy Yeast allowed a smile of pardonable pride to decorate his naturally lugubrious countenance. That he was within three feet of romance interested him not at all. Women mattered less than little in the cosmic scheme of Mr. Yeast, and it was this very indifference which made him an excellent third person on this particular joy expedition. Across the mountain, and the concrete gave way to a ribbony gravel road which dropped away through stately trees toward the south. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and the moderate speed of the car created an artificial zephyr somnolently delicious. Mile after mile unrolled beneath the wheels of the automobile; Florian and his lady friend oblivious to the passage of time and distance; Percy Yeast frankly intoxicated by the smooth purring

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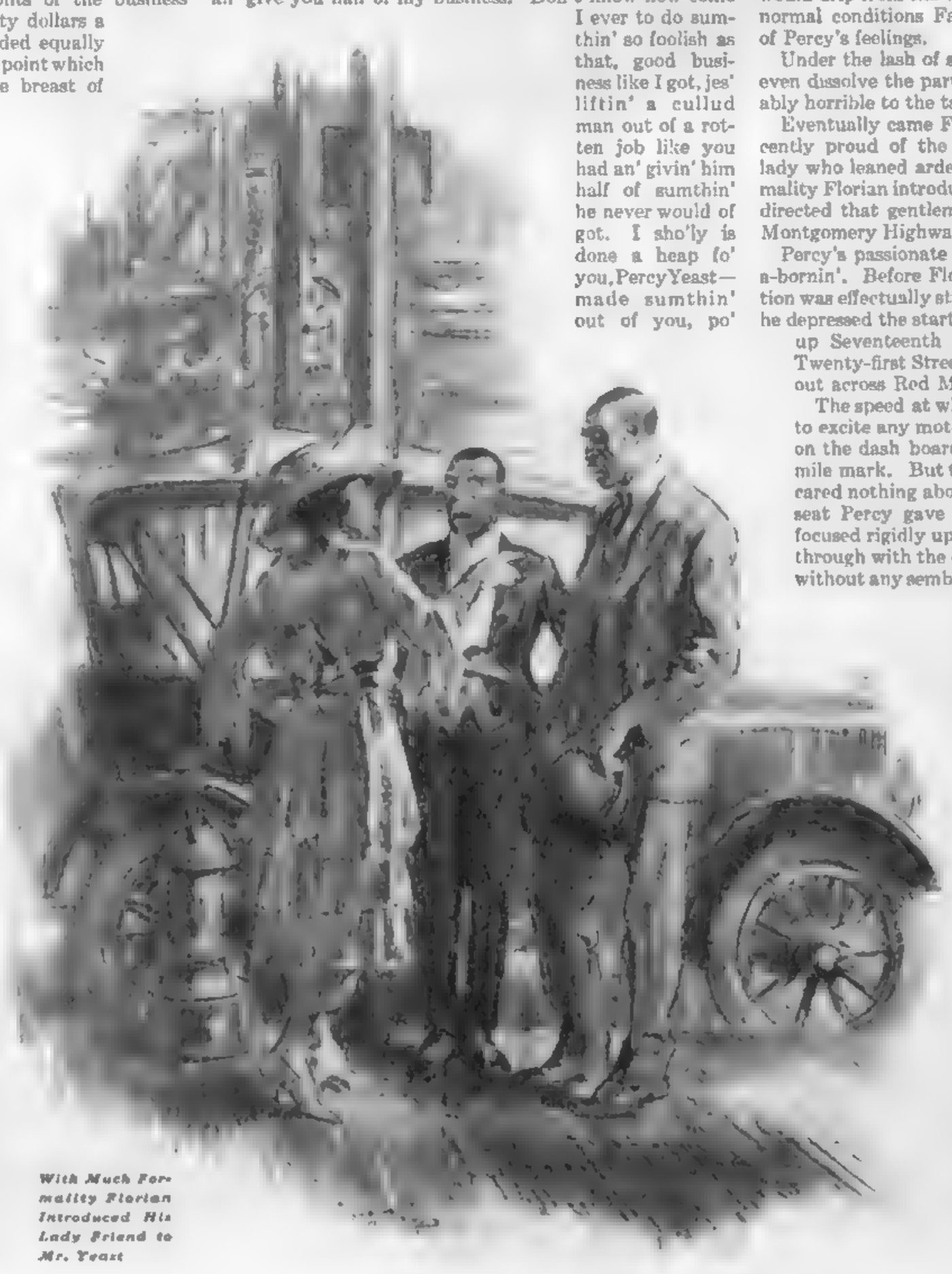

With Much Formality Florian Introduced His Lady Friend to Mr. Yeast

THE CITIZENS OF HIDJ

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD GARDNER

THEY fell out of a tree and into my life. Robert Tyree was showing me his orchard near Harrisburg. He walked, waving his slim fingers and talking of apples. His father was born on this farm, and Tyree got some pleasure from reviving and adorning the acreage. He knew nothing about apples, I perceived, and I was getting ready to tell him so, kindly, when something bounced on my shoulder, slid clawing down my waistcoat and landed on the neat turf.

Tyree said, "Ah, that's Penn! Penn, get up and shake hands with Doctor Henry."

Penn didn't. He curled his pink legs under him and began to howl, rocking to and fro. Tyree beamed at him, apparently pleased. The child cast back his head of bleached curls, opened his scarlet mouth prodigiously and yelled in a steady, effective fashion that made me shiver, although in 1909 much of my practice was among nervous children.

"Marvelous how he can keep it up," Tyree mused, wrestling with an object in his pocket. He brought forth a paper bag of translucent candy balls and planted it before the howling creature. He said, "There, Penny, eat those. You're not hurt."

Penn did not look at the bag.

He grabbed it and stuffed it inside his loose blue shirt. He howled on. Directly another small boy fell from the beryl foliage above us and began to tear Penn's clothes off.

"That's Harmon," said Tyree, and walked on.

Tyree was always calm. Nothing disturbed him when we were in Princeton. He was a man of letters even then. His father was the principal wholesale grocer of New York City. His wife I never met. She was Scotch. He married her in 1899, when he was living expensively in a Scotch castle, studying survivals of Celtic legend. She died in India about 1904.

Now, strolling down the hot orchard, he mentioned, "Harm's rather more like his poor mother. Such a quiet, good kid. Penn's the clever one. . . . Oh, have you read the new Conrad novel, Joe? What d'you think of it?"

The howling had stopped. I looked back. Harm and Penn were peaceably eating candy balls, their heads close together over the bag. Penn's shirt was hanging from one rosy shoulder. Harm wasn't wearing a shirt. He wore a pair of yellow canvas overalls that covered his chest. He gave a general effect of a figure in pale chocolate.

I asked, "How old are the kids?"

"Harm's nine, Penny's eight," said their parent. "Now do you see that Conrad derives from Flaubert? I don't. Upon my soul, I don't!"

I sat down on the grass and smoked. Tyree walked in a circle about me and talked of Conrad's novels, of some minor French poet or other, of Synge, of the Italian fifteenth century. He excited himself. I reflected, having no cause to interrupt him. A trust company in New York paid him forty thousand dollars a year. He wandered happily. This sojourn in Pennsylvania would last a few months. Then he would idle off to Paris or somewhere. He walked about me, chanting sections of a Synge tragedy and saying "Stunning, isn't it?" every now and then. I had stopped on a journey back from St. Louis to behold him, and my train would leave Harrisburg in three hours. I needed lunch. I glanced at Tyree's offspring and saw Penn dancing on Harm's stomach.

"Look here!" I gasped. "Penn's killing the other one!"

"Oh, rot!" Tyree said. "Harm likes that. It doesn't hurt him at all. Now, as for Heredia ——"

As I recall it, he thought badly of Heredia. I believe he likened the man's sonnets to cheap patent leather. Harm presently rolled over and spilled Penn into the grass. He got the last candy ball. It shimmered like a topaz before his brown face and vanished therein. Penn exploded the empty, puffed bag on his brother's black head. Then they climbed a tree.

"Their interior life," said Tyree, "is very, very rich."

"Mine would be bankrupt if I ate a pound of candy," I remarked.

He Was Minutely Tied in a Clothesline, Knotted About His Arms and Legs in a Dozen Wrappings

"Penn has more imagination than Harm. He's really the leader. He's invented a language. . . . Oh, I haven't shown you the library!"

We were sitting on the renovated tiled veranda drinking cocktails when Penn approached from the stables, riding an imaginary animal that bucked. He had made a turban of his ruined shirt and was otherwise clad in an improvised breechcloth of potato sacking. He halted his mount on the lawn with a loud "Whoa, Percival," and got down. Then he examined the unseen beast and told Tyree, "Percival needs clippin', dad. His trunk's damn ——"

"I'd as soon you didn't say damn, darling," said Tyree, beaming. He murmured to me, "Percival's a cross between an elephant and a motor car. . . . Come and shake hands with Doctor Henry, Penny."

Penn came to shake hands with me. My great height sometimes alarms children. To Penn it merely presented a surface for exploration. He read a letter that he found in my waistcoat and wrote his name on his left thigh with my fountain pen. Then he climbed the back of my chair and wrote—I later discovered—the date, July 7, '09, on my collar. Harm sat cross-legged on the tiles and noted me accurately with his chocolate-colored eyes. The boys were plainly brothers, but they differed in eyes, hair and tint. They were both wiry and limber. Penn took off his turban for lunch and sat opposite me, eating heavily. Under the current of Tyree's learned enthusiasms I heard the children quietly talking.

It was in a wordless space while Tyree lit a cigarette over his coffee that Penn said to Harm, across a bowl of pansies, "Kaloofa wup?"

"Wup," Harm yawned.

Penn's gray eyes turned violet with disgust or some like emotion. He put his elbow in his ice cream and shouted at Harm for twenty syllables of gibberish. Harm grinned cruelly and repeated "Wup," shaking his head.

"Quiet, kids!" said Tyree. "Well, Joe, what do you make of this new German psychological exploit? I ——"

"Hold on!" I cut in. "What's this extraordinary dialect?"

"That? Oh, that's Hidj," Tyree stated. "But who is this man Freud? Is he one of the ——"

I asked Harm, "What was Penn saying to you, sonny?"

The dark child considered me lazily and drawled, "Just talkin', sir."

"You won't get anything out of them," Tyree chuckled. "Nice, though, isn't it?"

I begged Harm "Do it again, brother," but Penn snarled at once "Wup, halla, halla," or words of that pronunciation, and both boys left the room by a window.

"Remarkable how rapidly they can talk it," said Tyree. "Penny hasn't much opinion of English. He says it hasn't the right words. They talk Hidj most of the time. Perhaps one should call it Hidjese or Hidju."

"Where is Hidj?"

"Anywhere they are. It's a kingdom. Penn's king. Harm's the army and population. I think that word 'wup' means no. . . . But about this dream psychology, Joe?"

I got some more facts on Hidj while he drove me into Harrisburg. He thought the language was invented to frustrate an English governess who had bothered the boys while they lived in Japan. The laws of Hidj were inscribed on a piece of wrapping paper kept in the boys' dresser. None of the words were inverted English words as in most infantile dialects and codes. Tyree was clearly proud of the business. He promised to send me a vocabulary for study. He forgot this. He died at Biarritz in 1910. The guardian trust company entered Harmon and Penn at a small boys' school in Philadelphia, and later they went to St. Andrew's School near Boston, where Penn took prizes in English composition and languages and Harm took prizes in nothing. I understand that they were liked, but held to be insane.

But I didn't see them until late June of 1919. I was nearly at the bottom of the great staircase in the Metropolitan Museum when someone began to howl, "Hi, hi, doctor!"

I looked back upward and saw a slim, fair-haired soldier waving an overseas cap. He started down the gray treads at a trot, stumbled and rolled to my feet, while women squealed in the galleries. Then he sat up, said "Oof!" and blinked his vivid eyes at me. He wasn't hurt.

He took my arm, babbling out, "You are Doctor Henry? Thought so. We went to your house and they said you were up here lookin' at art or something. Well, we got discharged yesterday. And we're broke and the asses at the trust company say we're dead and won't cash checks for us. Come ahead." He hauled me through the clump of statues at the end of the staircase and into the Egyptian region, going on, "He's lookin' for you in this floor. I got into a crap game comin' up from Camp Dix and lost all my money. Then we had an awf'ly expensive dinner in a private room, and now we're busted. He's grown more'n I have, but he isn't as tall as you. How tall are you?"

"Six feet three," I faltered.

"Pretty reasonable," said the unknown warrior. "I'm only five foot eight. He's five foot ten, and some." He paused and glared about Egypt. Two women smiled in this gloomy reach of stone gods. The boy's hair curled giddily. He had the face of a sentimental military poster. He sniffed, "Oh, the fool's got lost! Well, I'll have to yell for him."

Therewith he undid his shirt collar, displaying a crested shield tattooed at the base of his rosy, hard throat, cast back his head and howled. He leaned against a cat goddess and calmly screamed. The noise went soaring among columns and cased mummies. I blushed. Guards of the

museum and tourists came tumbling out of shadows. An old lady in brown silk unscrewed the cap of a silver flask from her hand bag. Four children in soiled white shoes arrived, each bearing a purple motor pennant lettered "Elmira." A group formed

Someone cried, "Shell shock! My brother-in-law acts just thataway!"

I was getting ready to run when a tanned youth with a Croix de Guerre ribbon on his olive tunic charged from somewhere and jammed his hand over the source of this hideous emission, snarling incomprehensible words.

The old lady said "Polacks," in a satisfied tone. I knew the Tyrees by that gibberish.

"Well, what did you go get lost for, you big oyster?" Penn snapped.

Harm panted "Hig halla jee," or syllables of that sound, and savagely gripped his brother's arm.

We marched through the watery light of the museum court with an awed string of folk behind us. The boys grunted Hidj at each other with a hissing rapidity all the way down the outer steps. Then Harm said, "Oh, can it! We're boring Doctor Henry, Penny. . . . This is an awful imposition, sir, but we'll have to bother you. You see, the clerks at the Franchise Trust don't know us from dirt. We'll have to be identified."

I opened the door of my motor and said that I was delighted to be of use. Penn frightened me. Harm was a stately, grave lad at nineteen, not handsome, but charming and sober.

In the car he explained, drawling, "You see, Penny thought it'd be romantic to run off from school and enlist under fake names. So now we haven't anything to prove we're who we are. Awf'ly lucky you're in town, sir. Penny invited about ten men to have supper with us last night and we had to sleep in the Grand Central."

Penn yelled across me, "You needn't have given all that gang *filet mignon béarnaise* and claret cup!"

Harm lit a cigarette, lifted one tough knee over the other—he was still limping from a wound—and drawled, "I let you order, Penny."

"But why didn't you young idiots come to my house?" I demanded.

"Oh, he's too conservative to do anything sensible," Penn snorted, taking his coat off.

"It was after midnight when we were through supper, sir. I don't think," the chocolate-colored soldier tossed to Penn, "that Doctor Henry would have been awf'ly pleased to be got out of bed for a tattooed maniac and his keeper."

Penn said something ferocious, like "Vunna kush," and lay back raging in his corner. Harm gazed blandly at Fifth Avenue and talked lazily about the heat I glanced at Penn, wondering about the tattoos that gleamed in his parted shirt and around his wrists. My own sons had experimented with the queer decorations, but less visibly. Penn seemed crusted with blue and red foliage over his chest and forearms.

"It's another of his romantic ideas," said Harm, seeing my amusement

"Go to sheol!" Penn yapped.

The dark brother mused, "He hasn't any manners. He's hungry and he needs a bath," and we came to the Franchise Trust Company's Fifth Avenue building.

I led the boys straight into the president's antechamber. Eustace Marlett Smith was busy with a French art dealer, as usual, and we had to wait for a moment. Penn swung his coat from a thumb and inspected a pretty woman typist. Harm sat in dignity and brushed dust from his fine legs until Marlett Smith could see us. We passed into the tapestried office and the white-haired man said "Ah, doctor?" then looked at Harm and exclaimed, "You're certainly one of Robby Tyree's boys?"

"So'm I," said Penn crossly, and perched on Marlett Smith's desk. He beamed at the banker and resumed, "That oyster says I can't have any money. But I'm eighteen, and I can, huh? Shut up, Harm!"

Harm merely groaned. Marlett Smith fretted his white mustache and smiled at Penn. He said, "You two have worried me rather a good deal since 1917. Wasn't it snobbish to have your coat of arms tattooed on your chest? Ring one of the bells you're sitting on and let's have a lot of money."

Harm pressed his hands on his black head and groaned. I didn't understand why Marlett Smith let Penn cash a check for five thousand dollars. Harm took five hundred. It seems that Tyree's will allowed the boys one-quarter of the estate's income apiece from their eighteenth birthday. That gave each, roughly, eleven thousand dollars a year up to majority

Marlett Smith watched Penn count his bills and murmured to Harm, "You must lead a dreadful life, my boy."

"Yes, sir," said Harm.

"That's right," Penn exploded, "lie about me! You've got the temperament of a—a ——"

Marlett Smith jumped as Hidj began to rattle. Penn rocked on his feet and railed in the nameless jabber at Harm, who smiled thoughtfully.

I explained "It's a private dialect," when Penn had finished, and Marlett Smith was charmed.

He pondered, "Rather like Czech. Could I have it for a cable code, Harmon?"

"I'm afraid not, sir, It's one of Penny's romantic ——"

"If you say that word again," said Penn, laying hands on an inkwell, "I'll lose my temper. Bein' a corporal's gone to your head. You go to hell and stay there!"

He stalked out of the office with his coat over a shoulder and his ears scarlet.

Harm sighed, "I have to keep riding him. He's an awf'ly fine kid, though. Good day," and went at a limping stride after Penn.

"Beyond price," said Marlett Smith. "Catch them, doctor."

I couldn't. Fifth Avenue was swarming in the terrific noon and there were a hundred uniforms in view. This happened on Friday. On Saturday afternoon I was telling my wife about the Tyrees and putting a golf ball toward the drive of our cottage on Long Island when a motor whirled crookedly through the gates, chipped some turf from the lawn and halted beside my wife's sunshade.

Penn fell out and told her, "I'm Penn Tyree. Look at this bally hearse Harm made me buy! Runs like a plow! What an awf'ly nice sunshade! You're Mrs. Henry, aren't you? Father always said you were pretty. D'you think this necktie's too loud? Harm's bellyached about it all the way from New York. Can we stay over Sunday?"

Harm sighed. My wife became idiotic and admired Penn's tie and his blue flannel suit, both conspicuous. Harm was somber in black serge, and kept staring back. A motorcycle shot by the gates and disappeared. I observed that the red roadster had no license.

Harm related, "He simply drove it away from the agency. That policeman's been chasing us ten miles. I feel rather done up, sir."

"You'd better come swimming," I said, watching my wife dote on Penn.

It was a brilliant afternoon. The inlet sparkled amiably. My sons conducted the Tyrees down the lawn to the bath cabins at the edge of the crescent beach. Penn was a trifle shy of them for two seconds after introduction. They had both been officers in France, and are tall.

But he disappeared into the bath house, saying, "Of course, you artillery people never saw any real fightin'."

My wife at once hoped he would stay for a month, and I strolled on to the beach, dizzily hoping that Harm could repress him.

Marlett Smith had come down from his Georgian villa with a dozen week-end guests, who mingled with the bathers from the half dozen houses of the colony. He had his usual collection of French and English eminences. I remember that there was an elderly French dramatist gossiping with a British banker. A pretty young woman lounged up to me and asked why she should dream of a dead great-aunt smoking cigarettes in a tub of hot water, and I wondered who she might be while I composed some suitable rubbish in reply. Some fifty bathers and dressed folk saw Penn come down the steps of the bathhouse. A flapper shrieked.

The Frenchman said, "*Mais, c'est abracadabrant!*"

The pretty young woman gasped, "Oh, how simply adorable!"

He glittered. I think he had forgotten the effect of tattooing on mild, civilized assemblies. His pink skin was embroidered from his neck to his insteps, which were backgrounds to six pointed red stars. He sauntered, talking to one of my sons, for ten paces through a silence of graveyards Then his face filled with blood and he fled into the water. There was a gurgle before Harm raced after him.

The pretty woman cried, "The poor lamb!"

Marlett Smith sat down on the sand and became purple. I stepped into a canoe and paddled off toward the anchored float where Penn was dancing and shaking his fist at Harm. His woe seethed and met me twenty yards from the float.

He chanted, "No, you didn't stop me! You never said a damn word! You let me go and get myself all smeared up and ——"

Harm flexed his brown arms and pulled himself onto

(Continued on Page 129)

He Said, "I Hate Bridge and Poker. People Always Lose Their Tempers. You Can Stop This Pootling Business or Baccarat Any Time"

FALSE COLORS

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THIS is the story of Jamie Mackellar, a Scotchman whose meager body was so small that his man's size soul was almost indecently exposed; and of his great collie, Lochinvar Bobby.

When Jamie Mackellar accepted the five-thousand-dollar job as kennel manager for Rufus G. Belden, richest and noisiest magnate in Midwestburg, he took Bobby along, but not as a member of the far-famed Beldencroft Collie Kennels. This was as well, for all the cash coined and all the transfer papers in existence could not have made Bobby anybody's dog but Mackellar's. Any man with money enough may become the owner of a collie, but nobody can become his *master* except with the adoring consent of the collie himself; and Jamie Mackellar was Bobby's master.

He had bought the dog as a five-month pup from Lucius Frayne, gigantic owner of the gigantic Lochinvar Kennels, in the East. And Frayne had sold the impecunious little Scot the very worst pup in all colliedom. It had been a monumental fraud, but it had also been a boomerang. For Bobby, escaping on the night he reached Midwestburg, ran away to the forests and dwelt there for the better part of a year. Nature forced him to live the life of the wild. As a result he grew into glorious symmetry and strength and beauty. Jamie got track of the gone-wild dog and recaptured him. Within a month thereafter he had won Bobby's trust and deathless worship.

Life was monstrous pleasant for Bobby and for Bobby's master at the Beldencroft Kennels. The collie lived as an honored inmate of the Mackellar cottage, and not with the fifty-four registered dogs of Belden's string. Now and again he would be taken, with a group of these dogs, to some show, and there he would come in for an inordinate lot of praises and prizes. At the fourth of these shows he had annexed the last of the fifteen points which made him a champion. For the rest, he was Jamie's chum and housemate.

One January, Mackellar took five of the Beldencroft collies to a show in Southern Michigan. It was a by-show, and Bobby was not entered for it.

Bobby Rocketed Through the Air, Clearing the Fringe of Sharp Points on the Gates' Top by an Inch or More

"Stay on the works here, Bobby lad," adjured Jamie as he departed. "I'll be back in a couple of days. If mistress hadn't gone on that visit to Granny you could stay on in the house, like always, Bobby. But the house'll be empty, and that means you'll have to stay in the kennels. You'll be taken care of grand. So don't mope or haver over it."

Bobby, with head on one side, listened gravely to his master's oration. Apart from its repetition of his own name, he did not understand one word in six; but he understood every faintest inflection of the crooning voice, and that voice was sorrowful. Wherefore Bobby sorrowed, for Mackellar's joys and woes were also his. He sorrowed still more when Jamie whistled him into the kennels and put him in the largest and most comfortable of the huts there; a hut with a fifty-foot run and with a deep bed of cedar shavings.

Stooping over and petting him, Jamie bade him good-by and departed, locking the hut door behind him. Jamie was in his dog-show clothes. That meant he was going away. He was going away—and he was not taking his chum along. It was the first time since he had come back from forest life that Bobby had been separated from his master. He could not understand it; but it grieved his abnormally sensitive feelings; it grieved them bitterly.

He went out into the run and stared through the wire meshes at a vanishing truck. In the body of the truck were five dog crates. On the seat beside the driver was Jamie Mackellar. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; Jamie was going away, and he had forgotten to take Bobby along.

The collie sat down and lifted his pointed muzzle heavenward. For a half mile in every direction echoed his long-drawn wolf howl of utter misery. Two kennel men came running. They spoke in friendly fashion to the deserted collie. One of them offered him a slice of raw sirloin. Ordinarily this would have been a delicious treat to Bobby. Now it was not even worthy of a sniff or a glance; nor did he propose, in his present mood, to listen to the clucking allurements of the kennel men. He strode back into the hut and stretched his tawny body out at full length on the fragrant cedar-shavings bed. There he lay, his classic head between his little white forepaws, his deep-set dark eyes abrim with grief.

Nor that evening would he touch his supper, though it was a far more tempting meal than ever was served to the rank and file of the Beldencroft collies. The kennel men were worried. So was the awe-inspiring Rufus G. Belden himself.

The magnate deigned to come to the hut in person at bedtime on receiving his kennel men's report and to try to rouse the dog from his apathy of woe.

Little by little as the evening wore on the queer reasoning powers of a collie came to Bobby's aid. Jamie was gone. Then there was but one thing to do—Bobby must go and find him. It was all very simple, and at once the dog's mind was made up. Being wise, and having learned the craft of the wild, he did not bark or scratch to be set free. Instead he lay moveless, waiting for chance to release him; and chance, as usual, when one has the watchful patience to await its moods, came to his rescue.

When Rufus G. strolled down to the kennels for a look at Bobby he brought along a lump of sugar and a handful of animal crackers—two of Bobby's best-loved dainties. Opening the hut's door and chirping encouragingly to its occupant, Rufus G. advanced a step into the room, turning his flashlight on to locate Bobby. He located the dog with no trouble at all. He located him definitely, even if fleetingly. He could have done so as readily in the dark. For, at the first forward step of Rufus G., Bobby lowered his head and charged through the half-open door with the speed and deadly accuracy of a tawny thunderbolt. The massive and slightly parted legs of Rufus G. were directly between Bobby and the door, and through this aperture tore the dog. Rufus G. had his left foot slightly advanced and an inch or so off the floor at that juncture. His balance was practically nil. It proceeded to become far niller.

Bobby dashed out with the speed of an express train, and on to completer liberty. Jamie Mackellar was gone, and Jamie Mackellar's dog was going in quest of his master. Down the driveway the big collie galloped, nose to ground, every muscle astrain. A telephone message from the kennels had just warned the estate's night watchman to close the gates, as Lochinvar Bobby had run away and must be prevented from getting out into the highroad.

The ornate iron gates where the drive met the road had just clanged shut when through the gloom came speeding a low dark shape. The watchman ran out into the drive to intercept Bobby. The dog eluded him with utter ease and made for the gates. Luckily—or unluckily—these were only a little more than five feet in height. Without breaking his stride, Bobby calculated the distance and tensed his muscles for the leap. He rocketed through the air, clearing the fringe of sharp iron points on the gates' top by an inch or more and landing in a scrambling heap in the highway outside. The watchman ran to the gates and unfastened them, yelling to the collie as he did so. But Bobby was clean out of sight, down the road.

That was how Champion Lochinvar Bobby chanced to be lost. That was how Rufus G. Belden happened to put a display advertisement in every Midwestburg newspaper next morning, offering a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for the collie's return.

Now if this advertisement had not been inserted our story would not have needed telling, for that same advertisement would not have been read at breakfast next morning by Lucius Frayne, Bobby's breeder, who chanced to be at the Southern Michigan dog show with several of his Lochinvar Kennels' lesser dogs.

Frayne read the advertisement. Then he ran his eye over the rest of the Midwestburg paper he had chanced to buy in the hotel lobby on his way to the breakfast room. There he found a brief news item telling of Bobby's loss and of Mackellar's absence from home at the time.

Now Lucius Frayne was a practical man. Seldom did he allow himself the luxury of hatred. But the case of Lochinvar Bobby and Jamie Mackellar was an exception. He hated Jamie as one hates a man one has swindled. He hated him tenfold more because the dog he had sold Mackellar had turned out to be not a mutt but a champion. Frayne had bred Bobby. Then because the pup seemed so utterly worthless and because Jamie had been dazzled by the fame of the Lochinvar Kennels he had sold Bobby to him, sight unseen, for one hundred and fifty dollars. And now the dog was worth fifteen times that money.

Frayne's two chief ambitions, at such rare times as he allowed daydreams to seep into his practical brain, had been to own Bobby again—fifty per cent the best dog he ever had been able to breed—and to see Jamie Mackellar drown or burn to death or go to jail for life. And one aspiration had been as likely of fulfillment as the other. At least, so it had seemed until now. Until now ——

Frayne sent a bell boy to hunt up his kennel manager, Perry Roke. Roke had been with Frayne for nearly twelve years. The two were admirably suited, in character, one to the other. They had been parted but once. That had been when Rufus G. Belden had lured Roke away with a bigger salary and with better chances for personal graft. But when Rufus G. had discharged him for crookedness and had put Jamie Mackellar in his place Roke had gravitated quite naturally back to his old employer.

To-day the two spent a half minute in reading and rereading the advertisement, and a half hour in talking it over. After which Roke left the hotel and the town barely in time to catch the ten A.M. train for Midwestburg. This after he had glanced in at the just-opened dog show and had seen the unconscious Jamie Mackellar busily grooming the Beldencroft entries for the coming ring ordeal.

Jamie had not read the Midwestburg papers that morning, and a sixty-word telegram from Rufus G. addressed to him in care of the show's superintendent still lay amid a heap of other unsorted envelopes on that overbusy functionary's desk.

Lochinvar Bobby meanwhile had been having a wretched time. Once clear of the Beldencroft gates, he sped down the road for a furlong, nose to ground, in eager quest for some faintest trace of his master's scent. He was not familiar with the truck which had carried the crated dogs to the station. Thus he could not detect its tires' scent from that of fifty other cars which had passed and repassed along that well-traveled road.

At the end of a furlong the dog wavered in his loping run and came to a halt. With less eagerness, but with a pitiful wistfulness, he retraced his way. As he neared the Beldencroft gates he saw lights dancing and heard excited voices. Running as noiselessly as one of his wolf ancestors, Bobby detoured the spot just beyond the radius of light and struck the highroad again, fifty yards farther on. He had explored it in one direction and had drawn blank. Now he was minded to course it in the opposite. At the end of the first two hundred yards he struck a clew.

The clew was nothing more dramatic than the chewed stub of a cigar which Jamie had cast away. To a dog, tobacco is one of the most loathed of all scents. It causes physical pain to his supersensitive nostrils. Yet at this poignantly distasteful cigar butt, lying at the side of the highroad, Lochinvar Bobby sniffed long and earnestly. The reek of it nauseated him. Yet at its less abhorrent end, strong and unmistakable, was the loved scent of Jamie Mackellar; a scent as familiar to Bobby as his own name.

Jamie had passed this way. Therefore, it was along this direction of the road his dog must seek him. Bobby broke again into a sweeping gallop, nostrils still close to the ground.

Beldencroft stood on the summit of Crescent Hill, overlooking the big black city of Midwestburg. The road which passed the estate ran from far out in the open country to the edge of the city itself, and it was toward the city that Lochinvar Bobby was making his way.

Silent, furtive, swift, he galloped on; swerving now and then as the lights of a belated car turned the black road into momentary dazzle, but always swinging back again the instant the way was clear. Presently the ill-lighted residence suburb was passed and the worse-lighted straggling outskirts of the city were reached. Here Bobby made his first halt. He stopped because he had come to a railroad track and because a train was just moving out of the branch station. As he stood waiting for the long cars to file past him and leave the road free, a motorcycle stopped just behind him, also waiting for the train to pass. To avoid this chugging and ill-smelling vehicle Bobby moved to one side. At once he became alert in every inch of his mighty frame.

The move had brought him to the edge of the branch station's wooden platform, and on the moist boards of the platform he caught the trail of Jamie Mackellar's footsteps. Here had stood and walked Jamie while waiting for the train that was to take him and the crated dogs to the show seventy miles away.

And now the whole mystery was as plain as day to Bobby. More than once had Jamie brought him to this branch station and had sat in the baggage car with him as they journeyed to some show. Jamie had been here now. His scent proved that. He must be on the train which was just pulling out!

Bobby dashed frantically after the departing cars. He made a tremendous spring to gain the rear platform of the last of them.

He missed it by the fraction of an inch, lost his balance and rolled over and over between the rails.

In a second he was on his feet again. Head down, he set off in pursuit of the train—the train which presumably was carrying his worshiped master away from him. But the second of time he had lost was just the second needed to make futile his chase. Twice, before the engine struck its forty-mile clip, Bobby ranged alongside that elusive rear platform and launched himself in air in a mad effort to land upon it. Both times he missed his footing on the fast-moving steps and fell to the ground. The last time he landed on his head against one of the rails and lay there for a few moments stunned.

As he staggered to his feet he saw the red tail light of the platform was despairfully far away and that the train had gathered speed. Stubbornly he set off in its wake, with what agility his jarred body could compass. He was not following a mere line of cars; he was following his dear master.

A galloping collie can hold his own for a brief space alongside a fast-moving train. But not even a collie—and no other dog but a greyhound is so fleet—can continue the flying pace for any length of time. Yet Lochinvar Bobby did his best. He ran until his breath was torture; until his heart was hammering agonizingly against his ribs; until cinders and sparks had stung his eyes to anguish. Even when his speed flagged he kept going; even when at last the red tail light was a mere speck and then vanished altogether he kept on. It was an easy trail to follow, not only by the rails but by the coal-and-cinder smell of the tracks.

The ties hurt his cinder-cut feet. So presently, without pausing, he moved to one side of the right of way and onto the far more comfortable footing of the track-side dead grass. This, as it happened, was fortunate, for an hour later it saved Bobby from being ground to death under the wheels of the mail train which came along the single-track line in the wake of the train Bobby was following.

It was the passing of this second train that made Bobby give up his crazy pursuit. Whether he reasoned that his master could not be on both of these and perhaps was not on either, or whether the coming of the second one between him and his quarry discouraged him, he slumped to a shuffling walk and then stumblingly lay down to rest.

He was fagged out; he was bruised and battered; he was sore in every joint. It had been a fearful run, and his falls from the platform steps had shaken and weakened him. He had eaten nothing all day. The dog lay on his side and panted. Presently, through grief and utter exhaustion, he slept.

It was five o'clock in the chill winter morning when a section gang in a hand car, on their way home from the night shift, found him. Several trains had passed in the meantime. But Bobby, knowing subconsciously that they were no concern of his, had not paid their passing the tribute of a single open eye. He was dead tired, and Nature teaches her children that heavy sleep is the one sure cure for such fatigue. Dogs and other so-called lower animals have the wit to profit by this. Moreover, Bobby was not on guard. This was not his home. He was thirty miles away from his home—which was no longer home to him, now that Jamie Mackellar had departed out of it. He had no responsibilities here. He could sleep undeterred by any notions of duty.

The hand car's lantern shed a fitful light on the great slumbering collie, so close to the right of way.

"Huh!" speculated the section-gang foreman. "Another critter killed by the road. That'll likely mean a damage suit if the owner finds him there in the morning. Stop! Back her up! Two of you go and load him on here. We'll drop him into the river, next trestle we cross."

Two of the section hands made their way to where Bobby slept. At sound of their footsteps drawing near, the dog lifted his tired head a few inches. Then drowsily he got up and stood blinking into the lantern flare.

"The cuss was just taking a nap!" exclaimed the foreman. "Gee, but he's a beaut! One on each side of him, boys! Nab him before he has a chance to make a get-away. A fine big dog like that is worth ten or fifteen dollars. We may as well get it as anyone. Bring him along."

The two laborers made a simultaneous grab for the collie. Bobby was not used to being grabbed at by strangers. He showed his resentment by taking a backward step out of their reach. One of the two men, in zeal to make a hit with his foreman, threw himself bodily on the dog, digging both hands into the shaggy coat. He gained his hold with creditable quickness, thanks to Bobby's daze. But he relinquished it with even greater speed, for with a single slash of the curved white eyetooth Bobby laid open the palm of one clutching hand and dived savagely for the legs.

The second laborer had more prudence, or perhaps more knowledge of dogs. As Bobby had risen to his feet this man had stepped back to the hand car and taken therefrom a burlap bag. As his colleague grabbed, the bag wielder had made a cast for the collie's head. He missed

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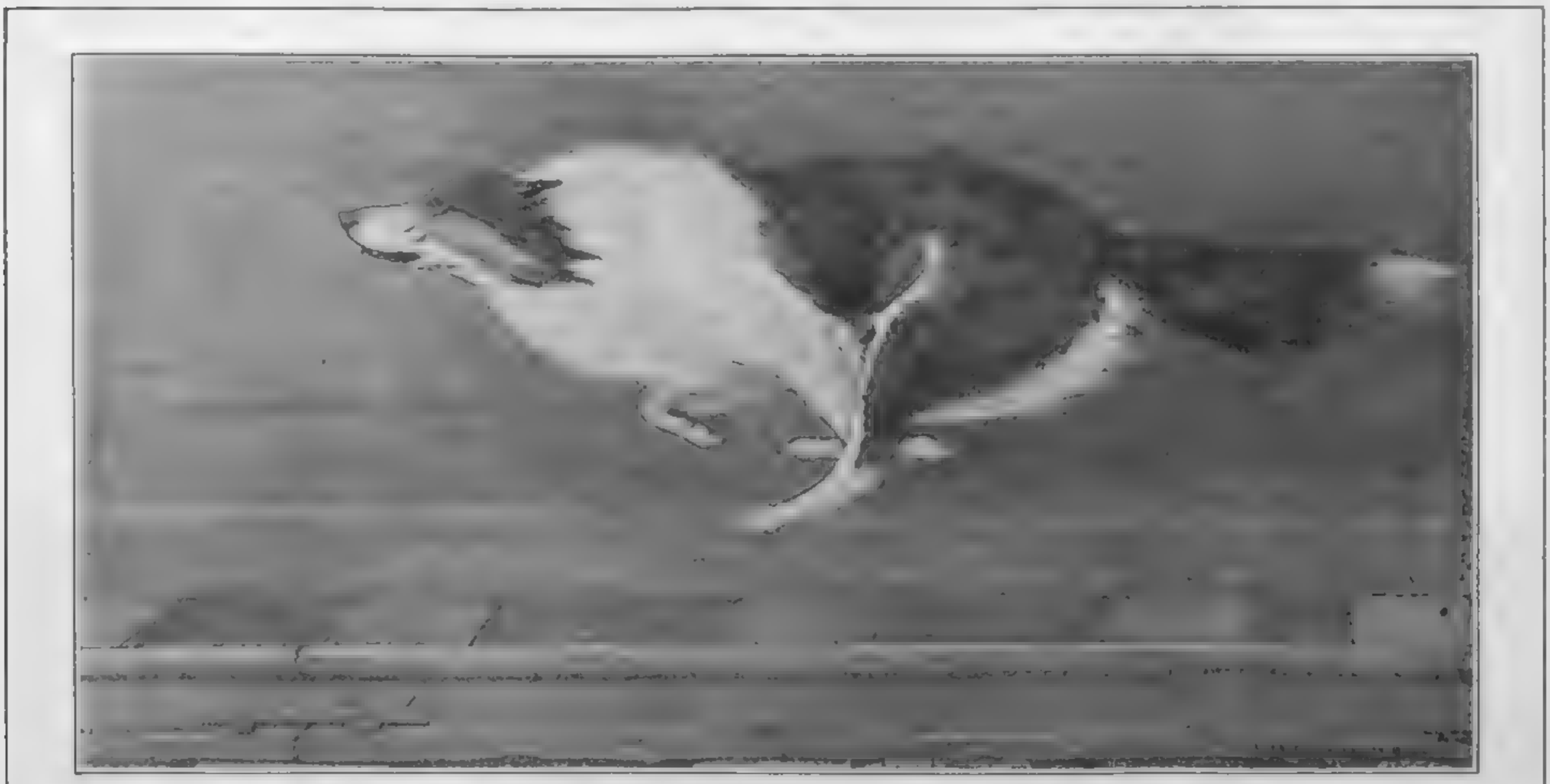

He Set Off in Pursuit of the Train—the Train Which Presumably Was Carrying His Worshiped Master Away From Him

Too Many Cooks Spoil the Pictures

By George Randolph Chester

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

LOUD alarums in the motion-picture industry, and hasty feet running to and fro; for what, ho! Armageddon is without! First, last and all the time, the producers have made "the pictures" a business, and personally this writer, who has spent more than three years in motion-picture making, is still in the game, and intends to remain in, doesn't give a hoot if the whole motion-picture industry, as at present constituted, drops into dust and blows away; for on the deserted foundations of the industry, which is conducted exactly on the principles of a suspender monopoly or a sausage trust, there will rise an art. The seed has always been there. Artists, authors, dramatists—have from the beginning been fascinated by the opportunities which the screen holds forth for new expression in picture, story and drama, but the man who wanted to stray from the beaten path and produce anything but variations of the six most popular pictures was promptly hammered speechless and tossed out of the window—for the producer was taking no chances. If a certain sort of sausage has a steady sale, why change it?

Now the public is sick of the sausages; and producers, distributors and exhibitors are finding to their dismay that the public won't buy the sausages any more.

The present slump is laid to the general financial depression, but the general financial depression has only hastened things.

There have been twelve good causes for bad pictures: The author, the producer, the star, the script editor, the continuity writer, the director, the cutter, the title writer, the sales force, the censor, the exhibitor, and the public. Twelve cooks to spoil the broth! Imagine, if you can, twelve authors trying to write one story, twelve artists trying to paint one picture, twelve musicians trying to compose one sonata; each able arbitrarily to undo the work of his predecessor, each intent, consciously or unconsciously, on stamping his own individuality on the finished product, each placidly convinced that his way is right and all the other ways are wrong.

Putting in the Pepper

FIRST, the author. To the average producer the author has one virtue—advertising value! The author retaliates by seeing but one virtue in the producer—money! Prior to this there have been insults. The author has insinuated that the producer's pictures are beneath the intelligence of an idiot child, and the producer has insinuated with equal warmth that the author is a nut. Quite aside from these mutually satisfactory attitudes the author's incursions into the pictures have been almost uniformly disastrous. In the first place, he is not welcome, for unconsciously the producer both hates and fears him, as every autocratic mind hates and fears the independent mind which may or might obtain an ascendancy. In the second place, where the producer, worried by the fickle public's waning enthusiasm for the very pictures it liked so well three or five or ten years ago, permits the author to try his hand, the cowardice which often animates invested capital seizes the producer, and such continuous restrictions are forced on the author that the result is the same old picture.

Very few fiction writers possess the patience and the fighting strength to persist in the face of such conditions as now infest the commercial production of motion pictures, so the average author quits, bitterly disillusioned; and, to express his contempt, sells his story loftily, pockets the money in disdain, and refuses to look at the remains of his once beloved creation. That is his privilege, but he goes a step too far when, having kicked the child of his brain into the intellectual gutter, he curses that child for having acquired gutter manners. Through his scorn his entire fabrication, his theme, his message, his plot, his characters and his reputation are at the mercy of the Philistines; and the Philistines will, each and every one, in their turns, rewrite his theme, his message, his plot, his characters—and his reputation -to suit themselves. For know this great truth: There is not a man or woman, callow youth or flapper in the motion-picture business who is not damned with the itch for authorship, not one but believes he can take any story, great classic or modern furore, and alter it to its betterment. So much for the author. He has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and much good may it do him.

Now the producer. He buys the author's novel for two quite apparent reasons: One, everybody has heard about it, a lot of people have read it, and even those who didn't will go to see it in the picture, because it is so much easier to look at a story than to read it; two, the novel contains a wonderful fall from grace.

Ah! That'll bring 'em in! A rise to grace wouldn't get him a nickel, but they'll all flock to see a fall! Here arrives the first tragic distortion; in the novel under discussion, which, for convenience, we will call The Sacrifice, there is a legitimate sex problem which is incidental to a great soul struggle in a man of tremendous character, but in this sex problem there is no salacious or incitive element. There is, however, a situation which admits of the introduction of salaciousness, and the producer knows he can handle that situation so the soul struggle will occupy ten feet of film while the sex excitation of the fall from grace will occupy six thousand feet.

It's a great story, The Sacrifice, and the producer regards his money well spent; but, considered as merchandise—which is positively the only way it is ever considered—the novel has one flaw to this particular producer. He has issued, say, four pictures with ministers of the gospel in them, and all four of these pictures flopped. It does not matter that perhaps they were bad pictures from some other standpoint. He has made up his mind that a picture with a minister in it means failure for him, and he won't have it; so he says to his factotum, "Here's a hot one we bought for Penelope Prue, but we'll take out the preacher; we'll make him something else." The factotum listens with trouble in his brow, for it's the factotum's duty to disagree now and then—but it must be done cautiously! He argues that the strength of the novel lies in the fact of the leading male character being a minister; that very few other men have any grace to fall from; that the soul struggle, in short, and the Spartan conscience, and the social contretemps, won't amount to anything for anybody but a minister!

Thereupon the producer lays down the vital principle upon which he is furthering the greatest of all the graphic arts which have come to man. He says: "Suppose we can that highbrow stuff. The book has had half a million circulation, and the thing that's going to sell the picture, aside from the advertising value, is the situation which is hinted at in the storm scene in the mountain hut in Chapter XXII—and you can't tell me that scene will have any more pep in it because the fellow's a preacher. All you want there is a man and a woman. The preacher's out!"

Now the star. A waning luminary, the star. When she first rose upon our horizon her radiance spread and spread until she filled the firmament, and for a time she not only dominated the motion-picture business but she was the motion-picture business! The producer took a girl, and, proceeding on the basic theory that it requires five years to make a star, bound her with a long-time contract, launched her with a quarter of a million dollars of advertising, and thus opened the sweet young thing's eyes to how good she was. Wonderful what that advertising did for her; at once it made her refined and intelligent, able to select her own stories and dictate to Experience the making of her own pictures. Greatest of all, it made her temperamental, so that presently the producer found himself an abject slave to a little termagant whose whim was law, and whose authority might have made Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba envious. For here was the rub: If he fired her or let her get away, his competitor would sign her up at once, to get the benefit of that quarter of a million dollars of advertising! She was subject to but one test: Could her face be made to screen well? Stupidity was an asset, for intelligence gave character, and character gave lines which had to be erased by make-up and the photographer, the beauty sought being the puttylike portrayal of the smoothest-skinned animal known to natural history.

No Star, No Picture

THUS we had the picture, every picture, produced through the halcyon days of the so-called star system, and these pictures consisted of close-ups and medium shots of the star, facing right, facing left, full face, upturned face and downcast face, soft focus, sharp focus, and in various effects of light; these and nothing more. The public paid its money, and became a connoisseur in the screening of faces; and the public criticism after the viewing of each picture, from Les Miserables to Pity the Poor Working Girl, was as follows; also this and nothing more:

"Isn't Tessie Goldenlocks too sweet for anything! Do you like her as well as you do Mamie Yellowlocks?"

"Why, I think she's more beautiful, but maybe not so sweet. I saw Mamie Yellowlocks in her last picture—I forget what it was, but she wore a nun's costume—and she was too sweet for anything!"

And there you were; no star, no picture!

Regarding The Sacrifice the star has this to say: She isn't satisfied with the novel, but it cost thirty thousand dollars, and she'll do the picture if they spend forty thousand for the next one. Only, listen! The girl in The Sacrifice wears the same dress during three reels, and cheap clothes throughout, and she simply won't play it that way! She hasn't worried about this feature in accepting the story because she knew it could be changed. She doesn't know how the change will be made; so far as she is concerned none is necessary. She'll just get her dressmaker on the job and have a fine outfit of up-to-date attractive costumes, and wear them in the various scenes as is, if you leave it to her; although she

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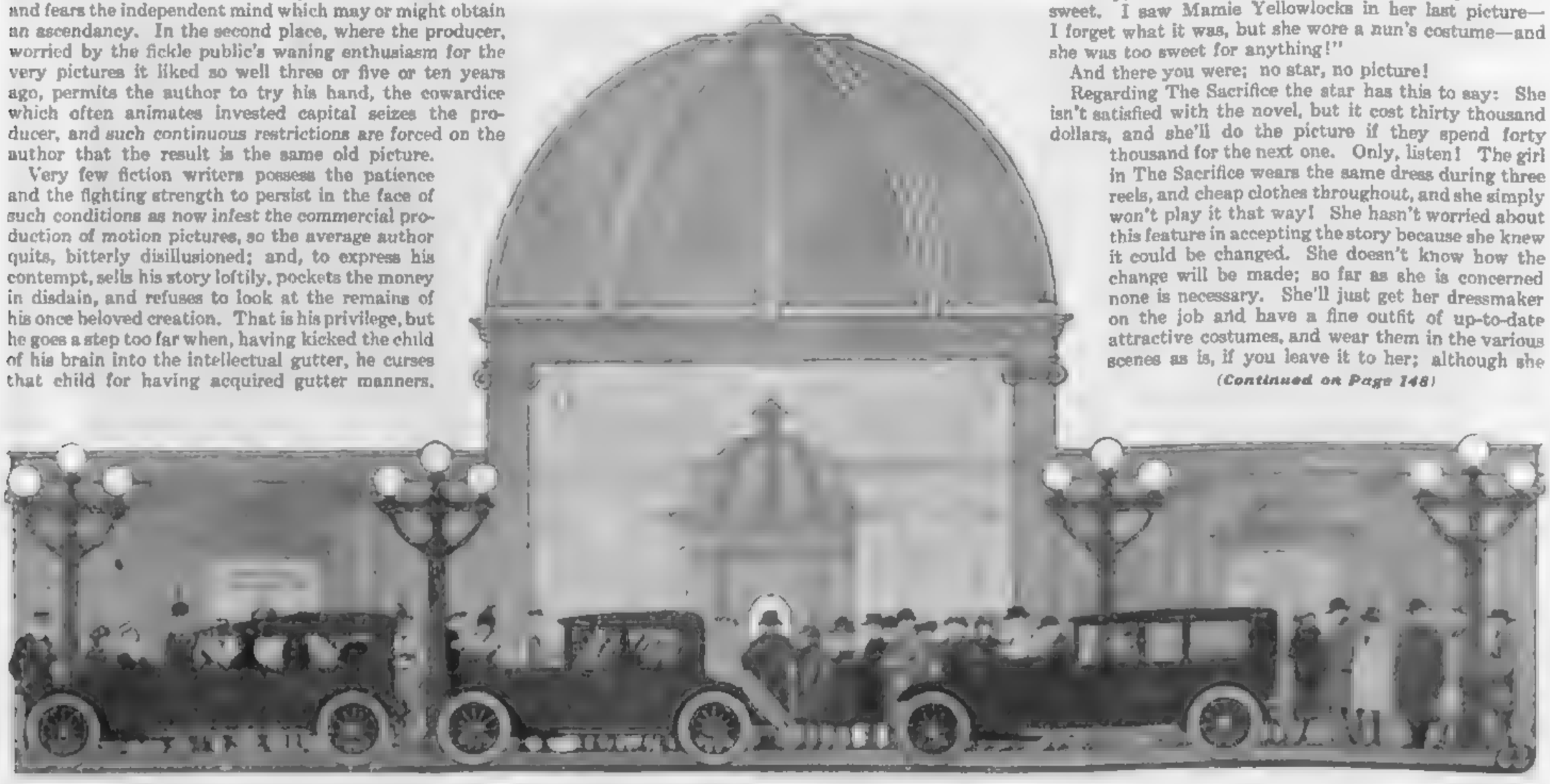


MERTON OF THE MOVIES

XI

The Montague Girl Intervenes

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE CAME to life the next morning, shivering under his blankets. It must be cold outside. He glanced at his watch and reached for another blanket, throwing it over himself and tucking it in at the foot. Then he lay down again to screen a tense bit of action that had occurred late the night before. He had plunged through the streets for an hour after leaving the pool, striving to recover from the twin shocks he had suffered. Then returning to his hotel he became aware that the Hazards of Hortense were still on. He could hear the roar of the aëroplane propeller and see the lights over the low buildings that lined his street.

Miserably he was drawn back to the spot where the fabric of his most treasured vision had been rent. He went to the end of the pool where he had stood before. Mr. Rosenblatt—hardly could he bring his mind to utter the hideous syllables—was still dissatisfied with the sea's might.

He wanted bigger billows and meant to have them if the company stayed on the set all night. He was saying as much with peevish inflections. Merton stood warming himself over the fire that glowed in the brazier.

To him from somewhere beyond the scaffold came now the Montague girl and Jimmy. The girl was in her blanket, and Jimmy bore a pitcher, two tin cups and a package of sandwiches. They came to the fire, and Jimmy poured coffee for the girl. He produced sugar from a pocket.

"Help yourself, James," said the girl, and Jimmy poured coffee for himself.

They ate sandwiches as they drank. Merton drew a little back from the fire. The scent of the hot coffee threatened to make him forget he was not only a successful screen actor but a gentleman.

"Did you have to do it again?" he asked.

"I had to do it twice again," said the girl from over her tin cup. "They're developing the strips now, then they'll run them in the projection room, and they won't suit Sig one little bit, and I'll have to do it some more. I'll be swimming here till daylight doth appear."

She now shot that familiar glance of appraisal at Merton.

"Have a sandwich and some coffee, kid—give him your cup, Jimmy."

It was Merton's Gill's great moment, a heart-gripping climax to a two days' drama that had at no time lacked tension. Superbly he rose to it. Consecrated to his art, Clifford Armytage gave the public something better and finer. He drew himself up and spoke lightly, clearly, with careless ease:

"No, thanks. I couldn't eat a mouthful."

The smile with which he accompanied the simple words might be enigmatic—it might hint of secret sorrows, but it was plain enough that these could not ever so distantly relate to a need for food.

Having achieved this sensational triumph, with all the quietness of method that should distinguish the true artist, he became seized with stage fright amounting almost to panic. He was moved to snatch the sandwich that Jimmy now proffered, the cup that he had refilled with coffee. Yet there was but a moment of impotence. Again he wielded an iron restraint. But he must leave the stage. He could not tarry there after his big scene, especially under that piercing glance of the girl. Somehow there was incredulity in it.

"Now, Jeff, I Ask You—Ain't That Harold to the Life? Ain't It So Near Him That You Just Have to Laugh Your Head Off?"

"Well, I guess I'll have to be going," he remarked jauntily, and turned for his exit.

"Say, kid"—the girl halted him a dozen feet away—"say, listen here! This is on the level. I want to have a talk with you to-morrow. You'll be on the lot, won't you?"

He seemed to debate this momentarily, then replied, "Oh, yes, I'll be around somewhere."

"Well, remember now. If I don't run into you, you come down to that set where I was working to-day. See? I got something to say to you."

"All right. I'll probably see you some time during the day."

He had gone on to his hotel. But he had no intention of seeing the Montague girl on the morrow, or of being seen by her. He would keep out of that girl's way, whatever else he did. She would ask him if everything was jake, and where was his overcoat, and a lot of silly questions about matters that should not concern her. He was in two minds about the girl now.

Beneath an unreasonable but very genuine resentment that she should have doubled for Beulah Baxter—as if she had basely cheated him of his most cherished ideal—there ran an undercurrent of reluctant but very profound admiration for her prowess. She had done some thrilling things, and seemed to make nothing of it. Through this admiration there ran also a thread of hostility, because he himself would undoubtedly be afraid to attempt her lightest exploit; not even the trifling feat he had just witnessed, for he had never learned to swim. But he clearly knew, despite this confusion, that he was through with the girl. He must take more pains to avoid her. If met by chance she must be snubbed—up-staged, as she would put it.

Under his blankets now, after many appealing close-ups of the sandwich which Jimmy had held out to him, he felt almost sorry that he had not taken the girl's food. All his being save that part consecrated to his art had cried out for it. Art had triumphed, and now he was near to regretting that it had not been beaten down. No good thinking about it, though.

He reached again for his watch. It was 7:30 and time to be abroad. Once more he folded his blankets and placed them on the pile, keeping an alert glance the while for another possible bit of the delicious bread. He found nothing of this sort. The Crystal Palace Hotel was bare of provender. Achieving a discreet retirement from the hostelry, he stood irresolute in the street. This morning there was no genial sun to warm him. A high fog overcast the sky, and the air was chill. At intervals he shivered violently. For no reason except that he had there last beheld actual food he went back to the pool.

Evidently Mr. Rosenblatt had been appeased. The place was deserted and lay bare and ugly in the dull light. The gallant ship of the night before was seen to be a poor, flimsy makeshift. No wonder Mr. Rosenblatt had wished billows to engulf it, must to shroud it. He sat on a beam lying at the ship end of the pool and stared moodily at the pitiful make-believe. The chill air gnawed at him.

He rounded his shoulders and pulled up the collar of his coat. He knew he should be walking, but doubted his strength. The little walk to the pool had made him strangely breathless. He wondered how long people were in starving to death. He had read of fasters who went for weeks without food, but he knew he was not of this class. He lacked talent for it. Doubtless another day would finish him. He had no heart now for visions of the Gashwiler table. He descended tragically to recalling that last meal at the drug store—the bowl of soup with its gracious burden of rich, nourishing catchup.

He began to alter the scenario of his own life. Suppose he had worked two more weeks for Gashwiler. That would have given him thirty dollars. Suppose he had worked a month. He could have existed a long time on sixty dollars. Suppose he had even stuck it out for one week more—fifteen dollars at this moment! He began to see a breakfast, the sort of meal to be ordered by a hungry man with fifteen dollars to squander.

The shivering seized him and he heard his teeth rattle. He must move from this spot, forever now to be associated with black disillusion. He arose from his seat and was dismayed to hear a hail from the Montague girl. Was he never to be free from her?

She was poised at a little distance, one hand raised to him, no longer the drenched victim of a capricious Rosenblatt, but the beaming, joyous figure of one who had triumphed over wind and wave. He went almost sullenly to her while she waited. No good trying to escape her for a minute or so.

"Hello, old trouper! You're just in time to help me hunt for something."

She was in the familiar street suit now—a skirt and jacket of some rough brown goods and a cloth hat that kept close to her small head above hair that seemed of no known shade whatever, though it was lighter than dark. She flashed a smile at him from her broad mouth as he came up, though her knowing gray eyes did not join in this smile. He knew she was taking him in.

This girl was wise beyond her years, he thought, but one even far less knowing could hardly have been in two minds about his present abject condition. The pushed up collar of his coat did not entirely hide the once white collar; the beard had reached perhaps its most distressing stage of development; and the suit was rumpled out of all the nattiness for which it had been advertised. Even the plush hat had lost its smart air.

Then he plainly saw that the girl would, for the moment at least, ignore these phenomena. She laughed again, and this time the eyes laughed too.

"C'mon over and help me hunt for that bar pin I lost. It must be at this end, because I know I had it on when I went into the drink. Maybe it's in the pool, but maybe I lost it after I got out. It's one of Baxter's that she wore in the scene just ahead of last night, and she'll have to have it again to-day. Now"—she began to search the ground around the cold brazier—"it might be along here."

He helped her look. Pretty soon he would remember an engagement and get away. The search at the end of the pool proved fruitless. The girl continued to chatter. They had worked until 1:30 before that grouch of a Rosenblatt would call it a day. At that she'd rather do water stuff than animal stuff—especially lions.

"Lions? I should think so!" he replied to this. "Dangerous, isn't it?"

"Oh, it ain't that. They're nothing to be afraid of if you know 'em; but they're so hot and smelly when you have to get close to 'em. Anything I really hate it's having to get up against a big, hot, hairy, smelly lion."

He murmured a sympathetic phrase and extended his search for the lost pin to the side of the pool. Almost under the scaffold he saw the shine of precious stones and called to her as he picked up the pin, a bar pin splendidly set with diamonds. He was glad that he had found it for her. It must have cost a great deal of money, and she would doubtless be held responsible for its safekeeping.

She came dancing to him.

"Say, that's fine! Your eyes are working, ain't they? I might 'a' been set back a good six dollars if you hadn't found that."

She took the bauble and fastened it inside her jacket. So the pin, too, had been a tawdry makeshift. Nothing was real any more. As she adjusted the pin he saw his moment for escape. With a gallant striving for the true Armytage manner he raised the plush hat:

"Well, I'm glad you found Mrs. Rosenblatt's pin—I guess I'll be getting on."

The manner must have been defective. She looked through him and said with great firmness: "Nothing like that, old pippin!"

Again he was taken with a violent fit of shivering. He could not meet her eyes. He was turning away when she seized him by the wrist. Her grip was amazingly forceful. He doubted if he could break away even with his stoutest effort. He stood miserably staring at the ground. Suddenly the girl reached up to pat his shoulder. He shivered again and she continued to pat it. When his teeth had ceased to be castanets she spoke:

"Listen here, old kid! You can't fool anyone, so quit trying. Don't you s'pose I've seen 'em like you before? Say, boy, I was trouping while you played with marbles. You're up against it. Now c'mon"—with the arm at his shoulder she pulled him about to face her—"c'mon and be nice. Tell mother all about it."

The late Clifford Armytage was momentarily menaced by a complete emotional overthrow. Another paroxysm of shivering perhaps averted this humiliation. The girl dropped his wrist, turned, stooped and did something. He recalled the scene in the gambling hell, only this time she fronted away from the camera. When she faced him again he was not surprised to see bills in her hand. It could only have been the chill he suffered that kept him from blushing now.

She forced the bills into his numb fingers and he stared at them blankly.

"I can't take these," he muttered.

"There now, there now! Be easy! Naturally, I know you're all right or I wouldn't give up this way. You're just having a hard run of luck. The Lord knows, I've been helped out often enough in my time! Say, listen! I'll never forget when I went out as a kid with Her First False Step—they had lions in that show. It was a frost from the start. No salaries, no nothing. I got a big laugh one day when I was late at rehearsal. The manager says, 'You're fined two dollars, Miss Montague.' I says, 'All right, Mr. Gratz, but you'll have to wait till I can write home for the money.' Even Gratz had to laugh. Anyway, the show went bust and I never would 'a' got any place if two-three parties hadn't of helped me out here and there, just the same as I'm doing with you this minute. Don't be foolish!"

"Well, you see—I don't ——"

He broke off from shivering weakness. In his mind was a jumble of incongruous sentences and he seemed unable to manage any of them. The girl now sent a clean shot through his armor:

"When'd you eat last?"

He looked at the ground again in painful embarrassment. Even in the chill air he was beginning to feel hot.

"I don't remember," he said at last quite honestly.

"That's what I thought. You go eat. Go to Mother Haggin's, that cafeteria just outside the gate. She has better breakfast things than the place on the lot."

Against his will the vision of a breakfast enthralled him, yet even under this exaltation an instinct of the wariest caution survived.

"I'll go to the one on the lot, I guess. If I went out to the other one I couldn't get in again."

She smiled suddenly, with puzzling lights in her eyes.

"Well, of all things! You want to get in again, do you? Say, wouldn't that beat the hot place a mile? You want to get in again? All right, old-timer, I'll go out with you and after you've fed I'll cue you onto the lot again."

"Well, if it ain't taking you out of your way."

He knew that the girl was somehow humoring him as if he were a sick child. She knew and he knew that the lot was no longer any place for him until he could be rightly there.

"No, c'mon, I'll stay by you."

They walked up the street of the Western village. The girl had started at a brisk pace and he was presently breathless.

"I guess I'll have to rest a minute," he said.

They were now before the Crystal Palace Hotel, and he sat on the steps.

"All in, are you? Well, take it easy."

He was not only all in but his mind still played with incongruous sentences. He heard himself saying things that must sound foolish.

"I've slept in here a lot," he volunteered.

The girl went to look through one of the windows.

"Blankets!" she exclaimed. "Well, you got the makings of a trouper in you, I'll say that. Where else did you sleep?"

"Well, there were two miners had a nice cabin down the street here with bunks and blankets, and they had a fight, and half a kettle of beans and some bread, and one of them shaved and I used his razor; but I haven't shaved since, because I only had twenty cents day before yesterday, and anyway they might think I was growing them for a part, the way your father did; but I moved up here when I saw them put the blankets in, and I was careful and put them back every morning. I didn't do any harm, do you think? And I got the rest of the beans they'd thrown into the fireplace; and if I'd only known it I could have brought my razor and overcoat and some clean collars, but somehow you never seem to know when ——"

He broke off, eying her vaguely. He had little notion what he had been saying or what he would say next.

"This is going to be good," said the Montague girl. "I can see that from here. Now you c'mon—we'll walk slow—and you tell me the rest when you've had a little snack."

She even helped him to rise, with a hand under his elbow, though he was quick to show her that he had not needed this help.

"I can walk all right," he assured her.

"Of course you can. You're as strong as a horse. But we needn't go too fast."

She took his arm in a friendly way as they completed the journey to the outside cafeteria. At this early hour they were the only patrons of the place. Miss Montague, a little with the airs of a solicitous nurse, seated her charge at a corner table and took the place opposite him.

"What's it going to be?" she demanded.

Visions of rich food raced madly through his awakened mind—wide platters heaped with sausage and steaks and ham and corned-beef hash.

"Steak," he ventured, "and something like ham and eggs and some hot cakes and coffee and ——"

He broke off. He was becoming too emotional under this golden rain of opportunity. The girl glanced up from the bill of fare and appraised the wild light in his eyes.

"One minute, kid! Let's be more restful at first. You know—kind of ease into the heavy eats. It'll prob'ly be better for you."

"Anything you say," he conceded.

Her words of caution had stricken him with a fear that this was a dream; that he would wake up under blankets back in the Crystal Palace. It was like that in dreams. You seemed able to order all sorts of food, but something happened; it never reached the table. He would take no further initiative in this scene, whether dream or reality.

"You order something," he concluded. His eyes trustfully sought the girl's.

"Well, I think you'll start with one orange, just to kind of hint to the old works that something good is coming. Then, lemme see"—she considered gravely—"then I guess about two soft-boiled eggs no, you can stand three—and some dry toast and some coffee. Maybe a few thin strips of bacon wouldn't hurt. We'll see can you make the grade." She turned to give the order to a waitress. "And shoot the coffee along, sister. A cup for me too."

Her charge shivered again at the mere mention of coffee. The juncture was critical. He might still be dreaming, but in another moment he must know. He closely, even coolly, watched the two cups of coffee that were placed before them. He put a benumbed hand around the cup in front of him and felt it burn. It was too active a sensation for dreaming. He put sugar into the cup and poured in the cream from a miniature pitcher, inhaling a very real aroma. Events thus far seemed normal. He stirred the coffee and started to raise the cup. Now, after all, it seemed to be a dream. His hand shook so that the stuff spilled into the saucer and even out on the table. Always in dreams you were thwarted at the last moment.

The Montague girl had noted the trembling, ineffective hand. She turned her back upon him to chat with the waitress over by the food counter. With no eye upon him, he put both hands about the cup and succeeded in raising it to his lips. The hands were still shaky, but he managed some sips of the stuff, and then a long draught that seemed to scald him. He wasn't sure if it scalded or not. It was pretty hot, and fire ran through him. He drained the cup—still holding it with both hands. It was an amazing sensation to have one's hand refuse to obey so simple an order. Maybe he would always be that way now, practically a cripple.

The girl turned back to him.

"Atta boy!" she said. "Now take the orange, and when the toast comes you can have some more coffee."

A dread load was off his mind. He did not dream this thing. He ate the orange and ate wonderful toast to the accompaniment of another cup of coffee. The latter half of this he managed with but one hand, though it was not yet wholly under control. The three eggs seemed as but one. He thought they must have been small eggs. More toast was commanded, and more coffee.

"Easy, easy!" cautioned his watchful hostess from time to time. "Don't wolf it—you'll feel better afterwards."

"I feel better already," he announced.

"Well"—the girl eyed him critically—"you certainly got the main chandelier lighted up once more."

A strange exhilaration flooded all his being. His own thoughts babbled to him, and he presently began to babble to his new friend.

"You remind me so much of Tessie Kearns," he said as he scraped the sides of the egg cup.

"Who's she?"

"Oh, she's a scenario writer I know. You're just like her."

He was now drunk—maudlin drunk—from the coffee. Sober, he would have known that no human beings could be less alike than Tessie Kearns and the Montague girl. Other walls of his reserve went down.

"Of course I could have written to Gashwiler and got some money to go back there ——"

"Gashwiler? Gashwiler?" The girl seemed to search her memory. "I thought I knew all the tank towns, but that's a new one. Where is it?"

"It isn't a town; it's a gentleman I had a position with, and he said he'd keep it open for me." He flew to another thought with the inconsequence of the drunken. "Say, kid"—he had even caught that form of address from her—"I'll tell you: You can keep this watch of mine till I pay you back this money." He drew it out. "It's a good solid-gold watch and everything. My Uncle Sylvester gave it to me for not smoking, on my eighteenth birthday. He smoked himself; he even drank considerable. He was his own worst enemy. But you can see it's a good solid-gold watch and keeps time, and you hold it till I pay you back, will you?"

The girl took the watch, examining it carefully, noting the inscription engraved on the case. There were puzzling glints in her eyes as she handed it back to him.

"No, I'll tell you: It'll be my watch until you pay me back, but you keep it for me. I haven't any place to carry it except the pocket of my jacket, and I might lose it. Then where'd we be?"

"Well, all right."

He cheerfully took back the watch. His present ecstasy would find him agreeable to all proposals.

"And say," continued the girl, "what about this Gashweiler, or whatever his name is? He said he'd take you back, did he? A farm?"

"No, an emporium—and you forgot his name just the way that lady in the casting office always does. She's funny. Keeps telling me not to forget the address, when of course I couldn't forget the town where I lived, could I? Of course it's a little town, but you wouldn't forget it when you lived there a long time—not when you got your start there."

"So you got your start in this town, did you?"

He wanted to talk a lot now. He prattled of the town and his life there; of the eight-hour talent tester and the course in movie acting; of Tessie Kearns and her scenarios, not yet prized as they were sure to be later. Of Lowell Hardy, the artistic photographer, and the stills that he had made of the speaker as Clifford Armytage. Didn't she think that was a better stage name than Merton Gill, which didn't seem to sound like so much? Anyway, he wished he had his stills here to show her. Of course some of them were just in society parts, the sort of thing that

Harold Parmalee played—had she noticed that he looked a good deal like Harold Parmalee? Lots of people had.

Tessie Kearns thought he was the dead image of Parmalee. But he liked Western stuff better—a lot better than cabaret stuff where you had to smoke one cigarette after another—and he wished she could see the stills in the Buck Benson outfit, chaps and sombrero and spurs and holster. He'd never had two guns, but the one he did have he could draw pretty well. There would be his hand at his side, and in a flash he would have the gun in it, ready to shoot from the hip. And roping—he'd need to practice that some. Once he got it smack over Dexter's head, but usually it didn't go so well.

Probably a new clothesline didn't make the best rope—too stiff. He could do a lot better with one of those hair ropes that the real cowboys used. And Metta Judson she was the best cook anywhere around Simsbury. He mustn't forget to write to Metta and to Tessie Kearns to be sure and see The Blight of Broadway when it came to the Bijou Palace. They would be surprised to see those close-ups that Henshaw had used him in. And he was in that other picture. No close-ups in that, still he would show pretty well in the café scene—he'd had to smoke a few cigarettes there, because Arabs smoke all the time, and he hadn't been in the later scene where the girl and the young fellow were in the deserted tomb all night and he didn't lay a finger on her because he was a perfect gentleman.

He didn't know what he would do next. Maybe Henshaw would want him in Robinson Crusoe, Jr., where Friday's sister turned out to be the daughter of an English earl with her monogram tattooed on her left shoulder. He would ask Henshaw, anyway.

The Montague girl listened attentively to the long, wandering recital. At times she would seem to be strongly moved, to tears or something. But mostly she listened with a sympathetic smile, or perhaps with a perfectly rigid face, though at such moments there would be those curious glints of light far back in her gray eyes. Occasionally she would prompt him with a question.

In this way she brought out his version of the Sabbath afternoon experience with Dexter. He spared none of the details, for he was all frankness now. He even told how ashamed he had felt, having to lead Dexter home from his scandalous grazing before the Methodist Church. He had longed to leap upon the horse and ride him back at a gallop, but he had been unable to do this because there was nothing from which to climb on him, and probably he would have been afraid to gallop the beast anyway.

This had been one of the bits that most strangely moved his listener. Her eyes were moist when he had finished, and some strong emotion seemed about to overpower her; but she had recovered command of herself and become again the sympathetic provider and counselor.

He would have continued to talk, apparently, for the influence of strong drink had not begun to wane; but the girl at length stopped him.

"Listen here, Merton ——" she began.

Her voice was choked to a peculiar hoarseness, and she seemed to be threatened with a return of her late strong emotion. She was plainly uncertain of her control, fearing to trust herself to speech; but presently, after efforts which he observed with warmest sympathy, she seemed to recover her poise. She swallowed earnestly several times, wiped her moisture-dimmed eyes with her handkerchief and continued: "It's getting late and I've got to be over at the show shop, so I'll tell you what to do next. You go out and get a shave and a haircut and then go home and get cleaned up—you said you had a room and other clothes, didn't you?"

Volubly he told her about the room at Mrs. Patterson's and, with a brief return of lucidity, how the sum of ten dollars was now due this heartless society woman, who might insist upon its payment before he would again enjoy free access to his excellent wardrobe.

"Well, lemme see"—she debated a moment, then reached under the table, fumbled obscurely and came up with more money—"now here—here's twenty more besides that first bill I gave you, so you can pay the dame her money and get all fixed up again, fresh suit and clean collar and a shine and everything. No, no! This is my scene; you stay out."

He had waved protestingly at the sight of the new money, and now again he blushed.

"That's all understood," she continued. "I'm staking you to cakes till you get on your feet, see? And I know you're honest, so I'm not throwing my money away. There—sink it and forget it. Now you go out and do what I said—the barber first—and lay off the eats until about noon. You had enough for now. By noon you can stoke up with meat and potatoes—anything you want that will stick to the merry old slats. And I'd take milk instead of any more coffee. You've thinned down some—you're not near so plump as Harold Parmalee. Then you rest up for the balance of the day, and you show here to-morrow morning about this time. Do you get it? The Countess'll let you in. Tell her I said to, and come over to the office building. See?"

He tried to tell her his gratitude, but instead he babbled again of how much she was like Tessie Kearns. They parted at the gate. With a last wondering scrutiny of him, a last reminder of her very minute directions, she suddenly illumined him with rays of a compassion that was somehow half laughter.

"You poor, feckless dub!" she pronounced as she turned from him to dance through the gate.

He scarcely heard the words; her look and tone had been so warming.

Ten minutes later he was telling a barber that he had just finished a hard week on the Holden lot, and that he was glad to get the brush off at last. From the barber's he hastened to the Patterson house, rather dreading the encounter with one to whom he owed so much money. He found the house locked. Probably both of the Pattersons had gone out into society. He let himself in and began to follow the directions of the Montague girl—the bath; clean linen; the other belted suit, already pressed; the other shoes, the buttoned, cloth-topped ones, already polished! He felt now more equal to the encounter with a heartless society woman. But, as she did not return, he went out in obedience to a new hunger.

In the most sumptuous cafeteria he knew of, one patronized only in his first careless days of opulence, he ate for a long time. Roast beef and potatoes he ordered twice; nor did he forget to drink the milk prescribed by his benefactress. Plenty of milk would make him more than ever resemble Harold Parmalee. And he commanded an abundance of dessert—lemon pie and apple pie and a double portion of chocolate cake with ice cream. His craving for sweets was still unappeased, so at a near-by drug store he bought a pound box of candy.

(Continued on Page 110)

"Well, Remember Now. If I Don't Run Into You, You Come Down to That Set Where I Was Working To-Day. See? I Got Something to Say to You"

A LADY IN LAVENDER

By Newman Flower

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE old lady with the lace cap trimmed with lavender ribbon, who sat looking out of the bedroom window at the freshness of the garden, suddenly discovered that the lilac was in bloom. The discovery gave her a little thrill. She caught her breath quickly and seemed to remember something. The soft repose of her face, which had responded to the wonderful balm of the day, dropped into serious attention.

Yes, she had remembered something. She timed her life by the seasons; she timed the seasons by the flowers, and now the lilac was bursting into blossom. It was the slight breath of the tree immediately below her window that pressed the knowledge home to her mind even before she saw the flowers.

She was rather a lonely person, though she would never have admitted the fact. A woman who has seen five daughters ripen into beauty—beauty beyond the average—and marry well has earned the right to suffer loneliness in silence.

Her life anchored in jolts to five different homes. She had no money beyond a very small annuity barely sufficient to buy her unpretentious clothing, and there were times when she found it difficult to make both ends meet. She had never known that ecstasy—if indeed it were ecstasy—of spending money lavishly, with the careless abandon of one of her sons-in-law. The enfeebled account at the bank, the little money in the string bag had been at times difficult and unmanageable.

For life had changed. She lived with each of the five daughters in turn, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they each assimilated her for a season. None of them really wanted her. She was vaguely aware of that, though they cared for her in a diffident fashion, and she knew when it was time to change from one household to the other by Nature's clock in the garden. She left Gertrude for Elsa when the lilac broke and when the stocks in the big bed cut in the lawn began to scent her nights of indifferent sleep, and she left Elsa when the tenderest leaves began to fall from the copper beech and passed to the house of Anne. Thus did her years pass. She recurred in these five homes, and passed out with the moods of the trees.

Her face had once been very beautiful. Robert Webber, who had married Elsa, her eldest daughter, discovered it one night at dinner. The occasion was the party which George Durrant, Gertrude's husband, gave on the occasion of the old lady's birthday. He gave it every year, because she was always staying with them in the late spring, and it may have been because she had been born in lilac time that she worshiped the color with an almost fanatic adoration.

Then Robert Stirred. A White Hand Crept Out and Touched His Head

It was a party of eleven people—the five girls and their husbands and the lady in lavender. She always wore her dress of lavender silk on her birthday; and if she had been asked, and answered truthfully—as she always answered truthfully—she would have said it was because her eldest son-in-law, Robert, alone understood her passion for the color. He understood so many things which these others did not seem to understand.

She pondered about it at times. Perhaps it was because Robert had been the first to marry into the family. She had realized the sudden ownership of Robert when he married Elsa, as if he had become linked to herself through Elsa. Perhaps Robert was her favorite, but she would never have admitted a favorite. For they were all her sons by marriage, good sons, each with his separate shortcomings, perhaps, but good sons, and she loved them.

There was something about the lady in lavender which blossomed like a secret joyous flower at this annual festival. She lived for this birthday party; she liked to see the girls and their husbands together. Their merriment and continual laughter made the blood that was growing tepid in her veins hurry the faster. Somehow life seemed to go on in a great reckless jolt at the birthday party. She rediscovered youth, and then subsided into her exact position in the family orbit on the day following. She seemed to disappear for one sheltered and glorious day into a secret garden on May fifteenth, to emerge and carry away the memories of lilac and herbs on May sixteenth.

For no particular reason that she could define Robert seemed to coördinate all these memories. It may have been because she regarded him—they all regarded him—as the pillar of the family. He was quiet and unostentatious, but the casting vote in the family's affairs was always given by Robert. He was successful; he seemed to possess vast stores of hidden strength. He climbed, but every fresh move he made was common talk before the family heard of it. He was unselfish greatness, and the quietness of him screened a heart that was very tender.

This evening the old lady had been more than usually quiet throughout what had been a festive meal. Somebody said when they were going into the drawing-room that the old lady's birthday had never been celebrated so hilariously. No one appeared to have a care in the world. She took the opportunity then to slip upstairs unawares to fetch her knitting, and incidentally to put a touch of powder on her cheeks, which always flushed with indigestion in spite of the fact that she refused such indigestible dishes as the etiquette of the house would permit.

Robert held open the door for her and, pleased with the attention, she smiled up at him and left a little trail of lavender perfume as she passed. He closed the door then and went back to his wife. They had gathered in a bunch round the music cabinet, quibbling over songs that someone ought to sing and wouldn't. Elsa sat apart, sipping her coffee, and Robert dropped into the deep chair at her side.

"What a beautiful woman the mater must have been," he said. They always called her the mater; somehow she seemed to be the mater to everybody. "And she is beautiful yet, Elsa. Her face in repose—it's like still water with the sun on it. And her smile reminds me of the first glow of day, soft and wondering."

Elsa Webber looked up a little surprised.

"Mater beautiful! You imaginative old dear! I wouldn't say anything that would hurt, but I think she's like a wrinkled nut. She's so dear and inoffensive, and a wonderful old darling really. But somehow she always seems a bit of driftwood from a world that's passed."

"Why driftwood?"

Elsa paused. It was rather difficult to explain without seeming unkind. She merely shrugged her shoulders.

"Is one always driftwood when one is old?" Robert persisted.

"She's happy. That's all that really matters," Elsa said, and turned away as she spoke, so that her profile against the candlelight behind her showed flawless and wonderful.

"Is she always as happy as she might be? I was watching her tonight at dinner," Robert went on after a pause.

"You're always seeing ghosts, Robert. Of course she's happy," Elsa retorted. "We all do the best we can for her when our turn comes to have her. You know that. She's a lovable old puss cat really. But she is difficult at times. You men don't understand."

"Why difficult, Elsa? How?"

"Well, old people have such absurd fads. The mater has. She gets on my nerves sometimes, but I don't come running to you about it. She's my mother, and I love her. We've got to stick something. It's just the same with the others. When Edmund was having their house done up she asked if the room she has during her annual visit might be done in lavender. Edmund hates lavender, and of course he refused. A man must choose the colors of his house."

"But does Edmund have to live in that room, or even sleep in it once a year?" Robert asked very pointedly.

"No, of course not," Elsa replied. "He never goes into it. But lavender —— Then you know what her asthma is like in the winter. Anne always gets let in for the asthma. It's not fair that the poor girl should always have the mater in the asthma season, and the mater will have asthma. It keeps Anne awake at night, and she's so delicate. Anne, I mean."

Robert shrugged his shoulders with a sharp sense of irritation.

"Fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed. "Anne's nervy. Look how she's packed her children away because she can't stand the racket when they're at home. Every healthy mother ought to be able to stand any row from her children, and thank God they've got the strength to make the row. Pitying Anne! Anne's youth! And all we are doing is to pamper youth."

"You are sometimes very unreasonable, Robert. I don't think you quite understand our family," Elsa said with a touch of pride.

"I do, Elsa, I do! And now George is going to sing. Look at him trying to refuse! I do understand you, and what you're all doing—all you girls—is to add years to your mother's age which she does not possess. You classify her as a mummy before she has even passed into senile decay. You forget that we never get old if the mind remains young. Real youth is ageless, and your mother once discovered it. I watched her at dinner, sitting staring silently at a candle on the table. And d'you know what she saw? I do. I think I read her thoughts. She saw you when you were so high." He stretched his hands apart. "Your mother, Elsa, gave you what all the money in the world would not buy—she gave you beauty!"

"Robert!"

It was the compliment that pleased her, not the truth in his words.

But George was singing; he rediscovered America in song. He wandered through centuries, and refrained with an ease that surprised even himself; he leaped obstacles and burked the most difficult passages in the music with an agility that was amazing. His little tubby form rocked with noise, his face was red, his collar languid and his small waxed mustache became almost spiteful in upturned ferocity.

The old lady had come into the room, but not daring to disturb the attention by crossing to her favorite corner she stood just inside the door, a smile on her face. She was a little thin figure in lavender and lace and ecstasy that might have been age discovering love of youth.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed as the singing ceased, and George stood panting like an overdriven horse. "You did enjoy yourself!"

She was conscious that she had said something not quite right. Her face became serious, and she appeared to draw into herself like a pricked snail. In the pause that followed she slipped across to her corner.

"Good Lord, mater, I like that!" George blurted out breathlessly. "Dammit, my voice is on the mend!" He turned to Anne at the piano. "I took that wiggly bit at the end of the second verse—here, where is it?"—he fumbled back over the music noisily—"here. That bit. I've always mucked it before, but I rounded the corner like a two-year-old."

One and all they acclaimed him. Anne said that the quaver in his voice when he sang of the parting had really moved her, and George believed it. Her husband, John Weedon, gave it as his opinion—though he confessed that he did not know one note of music from another—that George's voice was getting more tony, and George believed it. Edmund Macstruther said George had put some feeling into it, and his wife Greta, sitting on the pouf at his feet, twittered something about Edmund being right. To her Edmund was always right—and George believed it.

George swept to a chair, conscious of tremendous victory. With that peculiar air which is magnanimity he suggested that someone else should sing. In the tussle of voices, of negatives and alternative suggestions Weedon's voice rang out:

"Robert!"

Webber sat up in the chair, alert, smiling.

"No, I'm not having any," he declared. "I'd rather hear George again."

"No, I don't mean that," Weedon said. "You couldn't sing for toffee! But I want you to come over to Sudeley with me on Thursday and see a horse."

For a moment Robert did not reply. His brow puckered; he looked at the ceiling.

"A horse I'm thinking of buying," Weedon explained.

The *rafale* of talk ceased. Everyone seemed to be waiting for Robert's reply.

"Can't!" he said decisively.

"But you're the only man in the room who knows a horse, and I haven't got the offer for a moment beyond Thursday. A pretty beast—a chestnut. I won't buy a pig in a poke, Bob."

"Can't," said Robert again. "I shan't be here. I mean, I'm going away."

His wife looked at him inquiringly. Robert put out his hand till it rested upon hers rather tenderly.

"Yes, I've got to go away," he said. "Business is business after all, John. You know I'd help you if I could. I'd like to see the horse."

"I don't think anyone in the family ought to buy a horse unless you've looked over it," said Stretton-Smith seriously. "Horses aren't cheap these days."

"Can't I see the animal before then?" Robert asked, ignoring the compliment.

"It's only coming up on Thursday," Weedon said. "You can't let me down now."

"John, old man, I'd do it if it were possible," Robert answered. "But I've got to go."

George, still rather red, pushed himself out of a bunch of people. He was a little flustered person trying to domineer the room.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Paris."

No one spoke. The room seemed a chamber of echoes. They looked at each other, and on each face was a mystery waiting for the other to solve.

"Paris?" said the squeaky voice of George again.

"Yes, Paris."

Robert glanced from face to face, and the hold upon his wife's hand tightened a little.

"Buying stuff for a bridge?" persisted George, who could not leave it alone. The silent commotion in the room had passed and left him unstirred. Crises always left him unstirred because he did not understand them.

"No, trying to build one," Robert answered.

He felt Elsa's eyes fixed upon him searchingly, but he did not offer further explanation. However mysterious his movements—and at times they were mysterious—there was a certainty about Robert that choked mistrust even as it was born. There are men whose very silence is frank explanation. Only now Robert pressed Elsa's hand sharply as if in answer to her look, and the incident passed.

For two hours the merriment went on. Everybody sang; those who could not sing alone partnered for duets. And it was Robert who noticed that the old lady yawned once over her knitting.

"Come, Elsa," he said, jumping to his feet. "The mater's tired. We'll be going. She never will go to bed till everybody's cleared out. It's pride. Trying to prove that she's one year younger than she was the year before. The vanity of these women!"

He laughed at her across the room.

"You wouldn't let me get old, Robert," she said. "You've been fighting life for me ever since—since you married Elsa. You've been continually putting back the

Continued on Page 65

"Yes, I Had to Know Everything, Robert. If I Had Not Known I Could Not Have Given You Elsa"

The Battle of the Milk Bottle

By FORREST CRISSEY

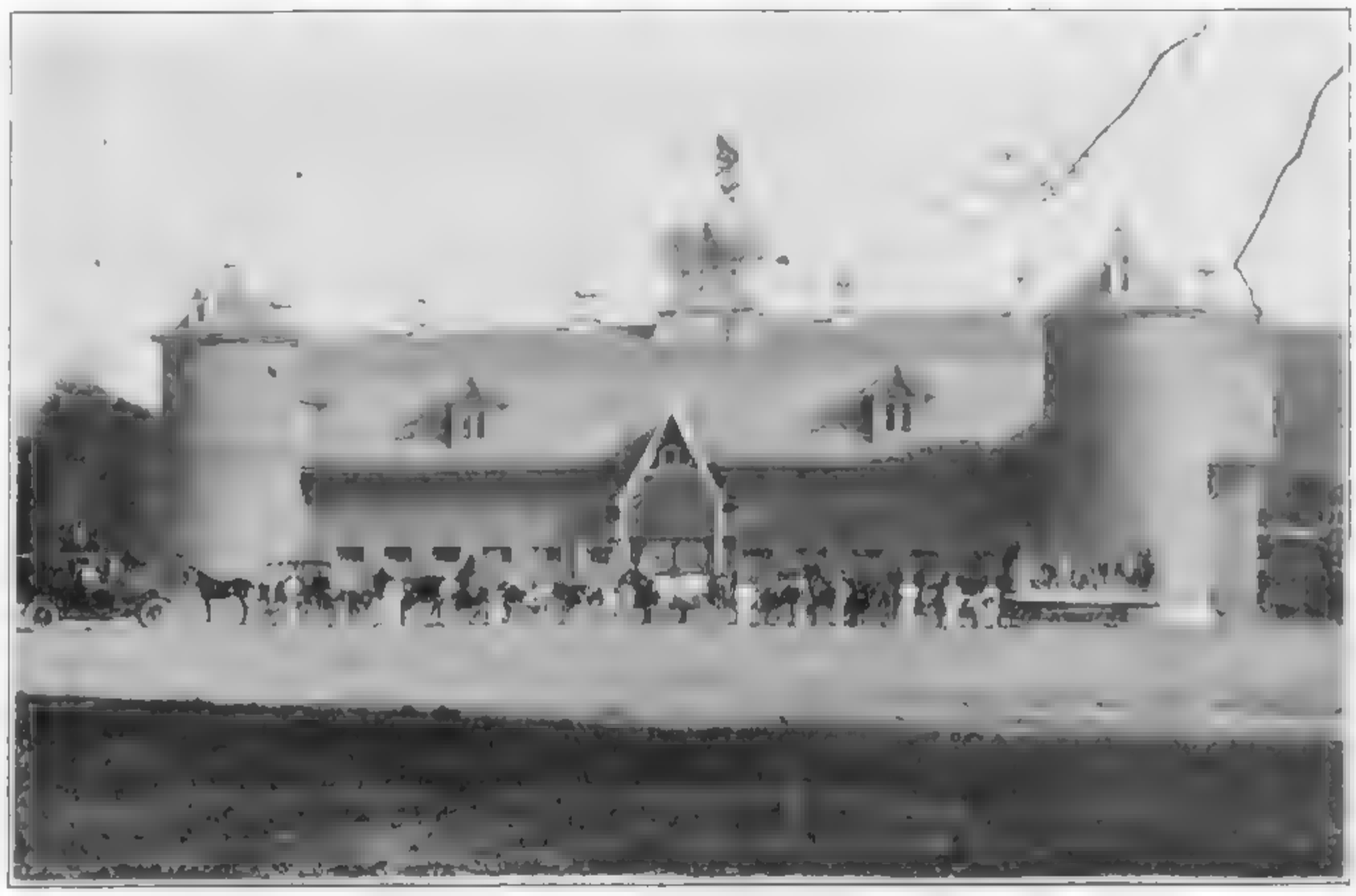
IT IS of greater practical moment to the men and women of America, and especially those living in cities, to secure an understanding of how milk is produced and distributed and the factors which make it cheap or dear, plentiful or scarce, and of good or poor quality, than that they should understand the conditions governing the production, distribution and price of any other article. This, in spite of the fact that millions of city dwellers are almost miraculously ignorant of the most fundamental facts involved in the making of milk, its distribution to their own doors and the factors which fix its price.

In point of sheer size the dairy industry is of a stature to challenge attention and respect. More than $2,000,000,000 was paid the milk producers of America in 1919. When passed on to the consumer in the form of bottled milk and cream, butter, ice cream, cheese and other dairy products this total was, of course, immensely increased. From the angle of the consumer's purse it is probably well within the facts to refer to the sale of milk and its products as a $5,000,000,000 industry.

However, measuring America's output with the dollar yardstick fails to give a graphic idea of its immensity. Uncle Sam's official Market Reporter draws the picture very clearly in this statement:

> During the calendar year of 1919 about ninety billion pounds of milk were produced in the United States—enough to provide 850 pounds for every man, woman and child, or practically 2¼ pints a day. Its cash value to the producer was more than two billion dollars. About half the milk produced is used in manufacturing dairy products: creamery butter, 18,375,000,000 pounds; dairy butter, 14,385,000,000 pounds; cheese, 4,200,000,000 pounds; condensed milk, 4,813,000,000 pounds; milk powder, 72,000,000 pounds; powdered cream, 12,000,000 pounds; malted milk, 40,000,000 pounds; sterilized canned milk, 5,000,000 pounds; ice cream (estimated), 3,450,000,000 pounds; other products, 87,000,000 pounds. These products are here expressed in pounds of milk used for their production, not to the pounds of produced article. The total consumption of milk in these products in 1919 was 45,439,000,000 pounds.

According to the same authority, 38,619,000,000 pounds were used for household purposes and 3,500,000,000 pounds were fed to calves; 2,500,000,000 pounds were wasted or lost. Add to these items the 45,439,000,000 pounds used in manufactured products and the grand total is 90,058,000,000 pounds of milk produced in the United States in 1919.



A Dairy Farm and Some of Its Choice Stock

Between Pasture and Doorsill

IN THE home a pound of milk is virtually an unknown quantity; the consumer invariably thinks of milk in terms of quarts. Therefore the statement that the dairy cows of this country last year produced more than 40,000,000,000 quarts of milk translates the output into terms that any consumer can understand. But only the man or the woman who has milked ten or a dozen cows by lantern light, morning and evening, day after day, can have the faintest realization of the physical toil involved in teasing 40,000,000,000 quarts of milk from the udders of some 25,000,000 cows to as many milk pails. If every adult consumer could see this initial phase of milk production from the viewpoint of actual experience it is probable that the entire consuming public would be inclined to regard milk as cheap at almost any price.

To the average consumer price is the essence of the milk problem. He wants to know what makes milk cost as much as it does, and he holds a rather stubborn conviction that someone is getting altogether too great a profit on this article because it must be used daily, in one form or another, by every man, woman and child. This attitude is not only natural but under the circumstances almost inevitable. Perhaps a majority of city dwellers know nothing whatever about milk excepting its price. Then there are relatively few cities in which conditions in the past have not at one time or another justified the consumer's suspicion that his price included an unfair profit somewhere between the cow pasture and the city doorsill.

With few exceptions bottled milk knows only two owners—the farmer who produces it and the milk company which distributes it to the doors of consumers. In contrast to this it should be remembered that there are relatively few articles of food that do not pass through the hands of a half dozen proprietors—or perhaps twice that number. Consequently, in the case of milk it should be comparatively easy for the consumer to get at the facts of costs and of profits, and to fix the responsibility for unfair charges where it belongs. With respect to a highly fabricated article, as the manufacturers say, it is virtually impossible for the final buyer to determine costs, because of the many processes through which the article must pass in its making and distribution. This is especially true of those commodities which, according to established commercial usage, must run the brokerage gantlet. The milk bottle is unweighted by any brokerage toll. At most it reaches the consumer with only three direct profits—those of the dairyman, the milk company and the grocer or retailer who keeps a daily supply for family trade. Generally, however, only the milk company intervenes between the producer and the consumer.

Now for a glimpse of what every city milk user should know about the dairyman's part of the milk problem. Here is what happens on a certain dairy farm of 200 acres about forty miles from Chicago and within the milk-inspection zone.

Four men are required to do the work. This is the winter force. In the seasons for putting in the crops and harvesting them some additional help is required. Four-thirty is the rising hour for these men in winter; in the cropping seasons the alarm clocks are set at four. Milking is an empty-stomach job on all dairy farms, for the milk must be cooling while the men eat breakfast.

The Ungentle Art of Milking

THE term "milking" is a compound one which covers a multitude of chores. First the cows must be cleaned—curried, brushed, and their udders and teats washed so that no particles of dirt can drop into the milk. It is no trifling job to barber and massage thirty or more cows. But it must be done, and well done, to keep the milk up to the rigid inspection standards. Then there is the little job of serving the cows their breakfast feed—a meringue of mill feed on ensilage—which is measured to each animal with considerable exactness.

Each milker operates two pails. When these are filled he carries them to the milk house, where their contents are strained into carefully sterilized cans holding sixty-eight

A Typical Pasture Scene on a Large

pounds of milk. For sanitary reasons the house containing the cooling vats must be located quite a distance from the stables. This necessitates the toting of about 600 pounds of milk a distance of several rods—for this dairy of thirty cows averages about nine or ten cans of milk a day.

After breakfast these cans must be loaded into the wagon or truck for haulage to the shipping station, where they are unloaded to the platform. About two tons of feed is forked or shoveled each day excepting in the season of open pasturage. Then there is the task of stable cleaning. Altogether it is a safe estimate to say that four tons of materials is now being handled each day as a part of milk production on this dairy farm.

The city worker who is keen on having a few hours of free time every day for recreation and who harbors the suspicion that the dairy farmer is getting too much of his money will do well to remember that milking is a lantern-light ceremony at each end of the day. The vesper milking begins about five o'clock and ends at six-thirty—and there are no layoffs for Sundays, holidays, weddings or funerals. No mistress was ever more exacting than the dairy cow. She is temperamental and also a confirmed creature of habit. If her milking and feeding hours are varied even slightly she resents the change by holding back—a form of retaliation that makes a material dent in the monthly milk check.

Does the dairy hand take a little layoff between milkings? Not so that you could notice it! If he gets a full hour for midday dinner he is playing in high luck. His siestas are strictly limited to Sundays. The time between the daily morning and evening milkings is industriously devoted to general work, which is decidedly a flexible term. It includes a repertoire of odd jobs too long to be listed. For example, the barns must be cleaned, swept and put into thoroughly sanitary condition; the cattle must be turned out for water and air, and all the dairy utensils must be sterilized. In the calving season the dairyman is as busy as a head nurse in a charity hospital, and looks upon more than six hours' sleep as sheer velvet.

A Fourteen-Hour Day

DAIRIES that sell their milk on the basis of butterfat content—as thousands of them do—must make constant tests and keep elaborate records. Often it is necessary, as a matter of good business, to test the milk of each member of the herd—not a light task for a dairy of twenty to fifty cows. The pressure for records and tests is constantly increasing, and the progressive dairyman finds himself a combination of chemist, statistician and laborer.

This is enough to show the city consumer that the making of milk is a fourteen-hour job every day in the year. If the dairyman gets the traditional eight hours of sleep he will have a margin of exactly two hours for recreation and social converse—that is, provided nothing goes wrong with the cows and the machinery moves perfectly according to schedule. If it doesn't he is out of luck—and likewise out of sleep!

Modern Milk Production Calls for the Most Sanitary Surroundings

The 200-acre dairy farm and its stock and equipment already referred to represent an investment of $80,000.

"For the last three years," says this farmer, who is an excellent dairyman, "I have not been able to make the farm pay interest on the investment. The prevailing prices of milk have been too low in proportion to the costs of production to permit a profit. Naturally this suggests the question: Why do I not switch the farm over to some other line of production or else sell out and invest the proceeds in securities? My main reason for staying with the dairy business is that I am looking for a better understanding between milk producers, distributors and consumers, and for a market which will be reasonably stabilized and will give all concerned a fair deal. I admit that this view of the matter involves the exercise of considerable faith, but precisely this sort of a market has been worked out in several cities, and I cannot see why it is impossible for Chicago and its contributing territory. If the dairymen of this whole great central milk-producing region did not have a mighty substantial faith in the future they would disperse their herds and go out of the milk-making business.

"But we cannot give up the belief that the consumers of the most essential article of food in the world can be brought to an understanding of the situation which will result in giving the producer a reasonable return on both his investment and his labor. Another reason why I do not desert the dairy business in spite of three lean and unprofitable years is that my helpers are my own sons, who have attended our State College of Agriculture and have specialized there in dairying. In this respect, as in nearly all others, my position is like that of thousands of other dairy farmers. Our sons are trained in this special line."

Why Not Sell Out?

"WE EXPECT to pass our farms and our herds over to them, and we believe that in the long run they will be able to make a living and a competency in producing milk for the children and the men and women of the great city within fifty miles of our farm. These are my reasons for standing by the cows, and they are the reasons why many thousands of dairy farmers throughout America are keeping their herds and their farms in the face of dairying conditions which have been unprofitable for a long period.

"These considerations call for all the emphasis which I put on them because the average city consumer, who does not understand farming conditions, sizes up the situation by saying: 'If the dairymen were not making a good profit on their milk they would quit milk production in a minute and go into grain raising, stock feeding or some other line of farming, or they would sell their farms and go into something else.'

"Of course this view of the matter is absurdly superficial to any person who has the slightest understanding of the farming situation—but just the same, it is the view held by millions of milk consumers in the cities who do not realize that a dairy farm cannot be scrapped as easily as a peanut stand."

Pure-Bred Holsteins, Bred and Owned by the University of Minnesota

Dairy Farm Rich in Grazing Material

There are probably not many men in America who have given more thoughtful study to the economics of the milk problem than H. E. Van Norman, Dean and Vice Director of the University of California Farm School, or who are better fitted by temperament and training to arrive at fair and intelligent conclusions as to all the elements involved in the battle of the milk bottle. In a recent conversation I put to him the question that is in the mind of almost every city milk consumer in America: Why does milk cost so much?

"Because of its remarkable food value," he promptly answered; "and because of the peculiar service and care required to get it to the consumer in a proper and sanitary condition. Let us dig into the details of this statement a little and see if it is justified from the viewpoint of the consumer. For example, let us contrast the service required to make and deliver butter with that of producing and distributing milk. Time is the essence of the contract with the dairyman who ships his milk to the city. The time at which he must turn out of bed for the morning milking depends, of course, upon the schedule of the milk train at his shipping station. In various localities with which I am familiar it is necessary for farmers to arise as

(Continued on Page 50)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 18, 1922

Ground-Floor Profit Sharing

DRAWING up plans for putting other people's money into circulation is an occupation so agreeable and stimulating that social reformers spend no happier hours than those they devote to working out—on paper—elaborate profit-sharing systems designed to bring about more harmonious relations between labor and capital. It is refreshing, therefore, to have a correspondent come out frankly and propose a concession to labor whose strong point is that it is to be put into operation before there are any profits to distribute. The sum and substance of his proposal is that employes be given jobs and be sold stock in new enterprises, and thus be let in on the ground floor with the original promoters.

It is common knowledge that employes of the United States Steel Corporation, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and many other important concerns are encouraged to buy stock in their respective companies on terms that are easy and at prices that are fair, but always within hailing distance of stock-exchange quotations. It is upon this admittedly good system that our correspondent seeks to improve. His idea is that labor should be admitted to partnership, through stock ownership, at a time corresponding to that forgotten period when telephone stock is said to have sold at twenty-five cents a share, with the expectation that employe stockholders may not only enjoy liberal dividends but may look forward with confidence to seeing their holdings increase in value twenty, thirty or fifty fold.

No doubt this form of philanthropy might be given a trial if workers enough to believe in it could be found. If any considerable body of labor in a manufacturing community should express a desire to enter into such an arrangement capital would meet it more than halfway. It would welcome with undisguised enthusiasm any such opportunity to allow labor to share the risks that are attendant upon every new venture. Suppose, for example, the starters of a manufacturing company could find a complement of men who were willing to become their ground-floor business partners in the truest sense. Hands would be hired at specified wages to be paid in stock or scrip. Labor and capital would share and share alike. For better or worse, the fate of every dollar's worth of labor would be the fate of every dollar's worth of capital. If the concern went into insolvency all hands, from president to switchboard girl, would be engulfed in the common ruin. In other words, the enterprise would be loss-sharing as well as profit-sharing.

A stock partnership of this nature, with the chance of gain counterbalanced by the risk of loss, is necessarily predicated upon the assumption that labor is in a position to live upon its savings or upon its body tissues until the hoped-for flood of dividends turns the tide and produces new income. Any man with brains enough to ply a skilled trade would greet with hoots of derision the offer of a job on any such precarious terms. Profit sharing with a black minus sign wrapped up in it is not what labor desires and is not what it should have.

Labor, like capital, wants a sure thing—with this difference: The capitalist knows only too well that in active business sure things are practically nonexistent. The manufacturer or merchant who has most of his assets in his business has his stakes on the table every hour of the day, year in and year out. Hard times, strikes, panics, floods, fires, canceled orders and even abnormal conditions in countries halfway round the world may sweep those stakes away. Not one, but twenty swords of Damocles hang over his head, and any one may put him out of business if it falls. Capital must fish and cut bait or else go ashore. It must stay on the job, fair weather and foul, or it must run to cover and give up all thought of large productivity. Only capital that is liquid has the magical faculty of changing itself at will into any form that it chooses. Capital that is money in the bank this morning may be turned into government bonds this afternoon, but capital that is frozen into plant and equipment or slow-moving inventories is as immobile as labor itself. Neither those who produce nor those who own the instruments of production can count on a sure thing.

Labor's inseparable weakness is its perishability. For milk and fruit there is cold storage; but there is no known form of refrigeration for the preservation of labor. This day's work must be sold to-day or never.

Mere good will and spirit of fairness on the part of capital are not sufficient to insure material and lasting benefit to labor. Countless well-meant plans for industrial betterment, projects involving large concessions and real sacrifices, have come to naught. A leading English manufacturer, who for more than thirty years has been wholeheartedly working for the welfare of his employes, virtually admits, in his book on industry, that a great many of his most liberally conceived profit-sharing plans failed to accomplish the ends he sought. The success he has finally achieved came only after years of disappointment. His whole experience is a mass of evidence tending to show that industrial evolution must proceed slowly and painfully by the crude but effective method of trial and error.

It is a curious fact that so many writers on industrial relations should leave out of account the inevitableness of friction between labor and capital, no matter how beneficent the economic system under which the two are asked to live in harmony. Taken by and large, the labor group is made up of young men, many scarcely more than boys. Capital is controlled by graybeards, or at least by men who have passed middle life. Broadly speaking, the conflict between these two great social elements is only one manifestation of the perpetual struggle between youth and age. Lusty youth, poor in gear and chattel, is rich in bodily vigor, ambition, hope and audacity, in willingness to take a chance, to try anything once. Age has lost these faculties and has received in exchange a spirit of caution, experience, foresight, and has gradually laid up some of that overplus of income over outgo that is loosely called capital.

If, in the course of time, we reach a period in which the average boy begins to doubt if he knows more than his father, and his sister refuses to think her mother a back number, the case of Youth versus Age may be struck off the calendar for the first time since Cain and Abel learned to walk. Then and then only may we look for the industrial millennium.

In the meantime agitators play upon the universal tendency of humanity to be sorry for itself by telling workers that they are downtrodden wage slaves. They might tell them with far more truth that they are wage masters. When a corporation goes to the wall the stockholders are entirely wiped out. The bondholders often lose all or most of their investment. Banks and bankers lose, commercial creditors lose; but in practically every case the wage master gets what is coming to him. He is the one creditor whom capital finds most formidable. Bank loans can be renewed; jobbers and dealers in raw material will listen to reason and consider pleas for mercy; but the hands have to be paid. If the average employer were asked "What is a wage slave?" he would reply, without any desire to be humorous, "A fellow like me who has to scratch day and night to meet his pay roll."

It is not hard to think of a dozen instances in which ground-floor enterprisers in industry have reaped tremendous profits; but in most cases they passed through highly critical periods that got worse before they got better. For every successful undertaking of this sort there are twenty in which the real winners were the second-story investors, who went in after the original promoters had built the plant, weathered hard times, defended costly lawsuits, made a market for their output, and then encountered such a long run of hard luck that they were starved out or frozen out and were thankful to get rid of a dying concern at thirty cents on the dollar.

Labor can ill afford to pay the price of membership in the ground-floor group.

Wheat for Europe

THE recent national agricultural conference in Washington had as one object the devising of ways for the sale of more American grain to Europe. The international economic conference at Genoa has as one object the restoration of the sale of Russian and Balkan grain to Europe. To a certain extent these efforts may be regarded as supplementary, designed to raise the grain consumption of Europe to the customary level. To a certain extent, however, our grain and Russian grain would be competitive in Europe, and it would be foolish to overlook this fact. We deplore the collapse of productivity in Russia, but the agricultural debacle in Russia has given, for the time, a new market to the American grain grower. This new or rather enlarged market in Europe we share with Canada, Argentina and Australia. The collapse in Russia, occurring simultaneously with the war expansion of wheat raising in the other exporting countries, relieved the glut in these countries and tempered the trend of deflation of the price of bread grains.

The following figures illustrate the replacement of Russian wheat by the wheat of other countries:

EXPORTATION OF WHEAT AND FLOUR IN TERMS OF WHEAT FROM THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, ARGENTINA, AUSTRALIA, INDIA, RUSSIA AND THE BALKANS

	BUSHELS
1913–14	666,000,000
1914–15	541,000,000
1915–16	654,000,000

DURING THE FOLLOWING FIVE YEARS, WITHOUT RUSSIA AND THE BALKANS

	BUSHELS
1916–17	557,000,000
1917–18	470,000,000
1918–19	554,000,000
1919–20	698,000,000
1920–21	692,000,000

Obviously the lapse of Russian and Balkan wheat has resulted in an enlarged export market for the other wheat-growing countries. Certainly the American farmer has lacked no market for his surplus wheat. The first of July will find us with a national wheat bin emptied down to a nominal carry-over. Surplus stocks may remain in Canada, Argentina or Australia, but not here.

When Russia comes back as a wheat exporter some one of the named exporting countries will have to feel her competition, and this competition may be expected to be severe unless the buying power of Europe is strangely augmented in the near future. There is a relative overproduction of agricultural produce in the world now, outside of cotton; the revival of Russia will intensify price disparities if the other countries maintain forced production, and credits will not make a fundamental difference in the situation.

THE VINTAGE OF 1922

WHEN Lord Northcliffe arrived in New York on his recent visit to America he was first entertained at dinner by some personal friends At that dinner, and at most of the subsequent dinners, liquor was served—good cocktails and good Scotch whisky. The next day the English publisher received reporters.

"What do you think of prohibition?" was asked.

"I hadn't noticed it as yet," he replied.

Forthwith that statement appeared in all the newspapers, prominently displayed. Some treated it importantly, others flippantly. It was regarded as a clever observation on American prohibition.

After they had turned in their stories two or three of the veteran reporters consulted as to where they might be able to get a drink, meanwhile discussing the kick in Northcliffe's interview.

"Didn't notice it, eh?" said one. "If you had seen the brand on that bottle of Scotch you wouldn't have noticed it either."

All distinguished foreigners are asked that question, and they are usually asked it just after a dinner where good wine and liquor are plentiful. Certainly they hadn't noticed it. But that was of no practical aid to the reporters in immediate need of a highball. They stood there on the corner and deliberated.

"How 'bout one of the key clubs?" suggested a newcomer. "I'm a member."

"What do you mean key club?" the senior asked.

"It's just down the street a way—a drop-in. Everybody who is initiated gets a key. All you got to do is unlock the door, walk in and buy a drink. There are several of them in town. The key is your password—saves all that trouble of being identified."

"How's the liquor?"

"Pretty fair, I think. I've never been there but once."

We moved off for the key club, an uptown one.

At the side of a ramshackle, dust-laden old building our guide, the member, stopped and inserted his magic key in the lock of a barred door leading to the stairs. Up we went, and eventually came into what had formerly been a pool and billiard room of the cheaper class. At first it was difficult to see, only two incandescent bulbs lighting up the whole place.

Key-Club Hooch

ALONG the begrimed walls was a row of uncovered wooden tables and plain kitchen chairs. At these tables were seated men whose forms gradually came into recognition as fellows about town. All were mumbling in subdued tones. In the back was a little partitioned-off room that appeared formerly to have been the lavatory. Here, we learned later, the drinks were poured.

The place was creepy. The semidarkness and dirtiness of it tended to subdue one's feelings. The only thing one of the party could liken this to was Fagin's rendezvous in the stage presentation of Oliver Twist, or one of those water-front places where murders are committed in melodramas. I had seen many saloons in my life, but never one quite so squalid looking as this. We went over to a table and sat down. A big fat man emerged out of the semidarkness and stood near us.

"What'll it be?" he asked, wiping perspiration from his forehead.

Two of us wanted Scotch, but hesitated at words from the next table. It seems that Scotch was seventy-five cents and rye fifty cents.

"Oh, go as far as you like," urged our friend, the member.

The fat man went away and returned in a few minutes with four little glasses of whisky held between the fingers of one hand, glasses like those they used to serve ponies of brandy in. In the other hand he held a small cream pitcher filled with water in case anyone wanted a chaser. He placed this in the middle of the table, put the right drink in front of each of us and walked away.

There was no ice, no glasses for making highballs. That was all.

The stuff was pronounced pure, but tasted vile. Someone ordered another, and then we all had to take turns. We had four rounds, with no sight of the bottle whence it came. The stuff was doled out to us by the thimbleful, we having no choice as to quantity.

The check for the four rounds of drinks was ten dollars, and to that we had to add a tip of fifty cents!

"Say!" suggested the senior reporter as we went away feeling itchy, "wonder if Northcliffe ever saw this. Hadn't noticed prohibition as yet, eh?"

We all separated, grunting our disgust. And two days later one of these friends turned in a news story which was regarded as showing that anybody in New York could buy all the liquor he wanted; that prohibition was a joke.

In another week that particular key club was raided and went out of business. Others continue to spring

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WHOSE NURSERY IS IT ANYHOW?

THE SECRET PARTNER

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IX

THE second day Pink unfolded to Celia his scheme for raising ships. But first he made her apologize for going to sleep. For he argued that if she went to sleep like that the first day of their real acquaintance, what on earth could he expect of her after they were married ten years? It was therefore necessary to nip that bad habit in the bud while it was a-budding. And this he did characteristically. He tiptoed away that afternoon, leaving her asleep under the tree. That night he absented himself from dinner; the next morning he absented himself from breakfast; and he absented himself from the midday meal. He ate in solitary confinement in his cabin and wrote things in a shabby little black notebook.

In the middle of the afternoon Celia came tapping at his cabin door, apologized, and Pink handsomely forgave her. But he permitted her to see that he was a magnanimous man.

"Aren't you hungry?" demanded Celia.

"No. 'The thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine,'" hummed Pink. "I beg pardon. I forgot you don't care for poetry. That's old Ben Jonson. He wrote it to a girl called Celia—in the sixteenth century. 'I sent thee late a rosy wreath,' and so on. Do you suppose she went to sleep too?"

Celia looked at him without speaking, a spark in her blue eye, and Pink decided not to rub it in.

"See here, Miss King," he said soberly, "I want to talk to you—awfully. About my work. I'd like to tell you about the whole scheme—see how it strikes you. Do you suppose you could endure another afternoon—without going to sleep?"

They looked at each other and laughed. Love, that mystery of the fourth dimension, takes its victims in diverse fashions. Some it steeps in melancholy; some in insane jealousy; some in awful solemnity or ineffable conceit. Pink, it inoculated with mirth. Laughter welled up from some bright and hitherto unplumbed fountain in the secret depths of his being. It ran over him in living ripples of gayety and bubbled from his lips in nonsensical nothings and absurd, crude rimes.

The second day, for reasons of his own, he led Celia to the selfsame pine tree under which she had slumbered the day before. And Celia, also for reasons of her own, had discarded her knickers and *petits amours* for slippers and a gown of soft, grayish, pinkish mauve, delicate as the gossamer mists shot through by the final rays of the sun, which floated down the valley in the twilight. This time Pink had brought with him, not poetry but a quantity of papers, figures and water-color charts.

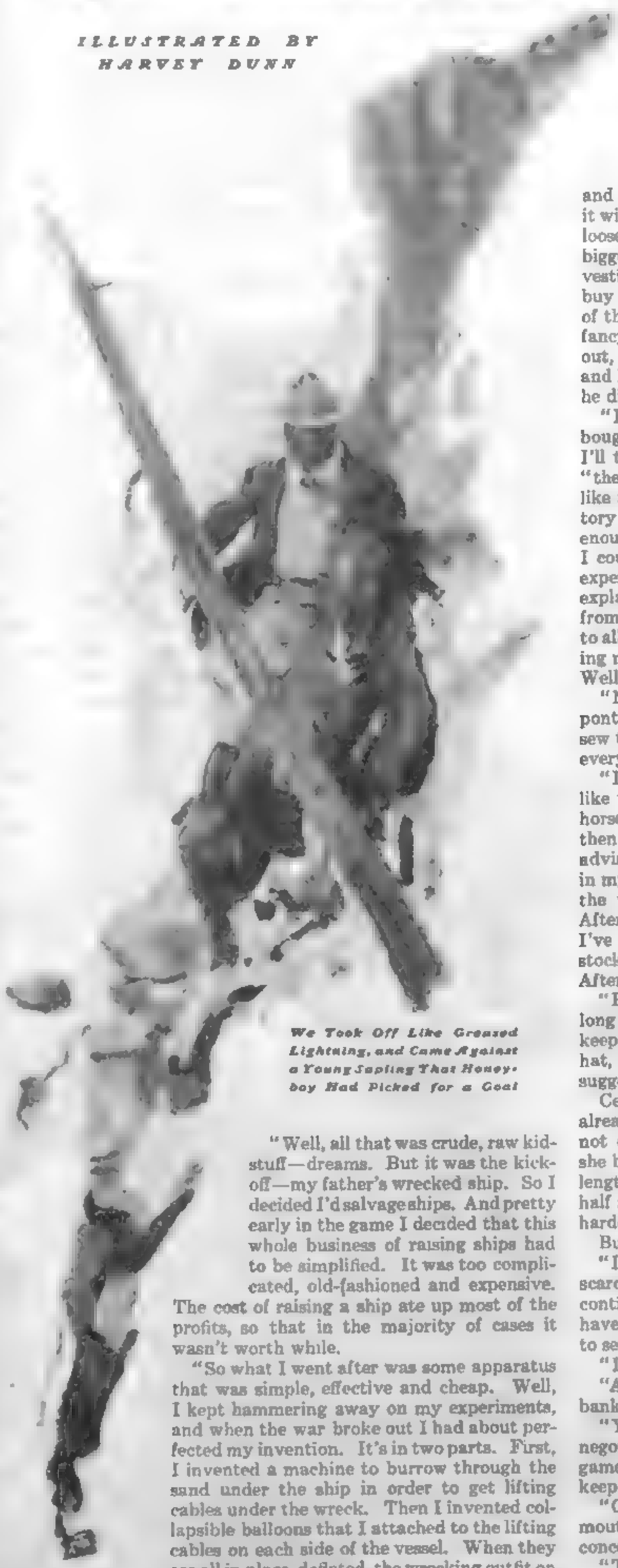
"I'm going to lay this whole proposition before you just like a deck of cards," he began, "and when I get through I'd like you to tell me exactly what you think. In a nutshell, my scheme centers around a new method for raising ships—sunken ships. It is my own particular idea, and the instruments are my own inventions. You remember, I told you yesterday about my father, the sea captain? Well, after he told me of losing that vessel of his I got to dreaming, as kids will, about that foundered ship down at the bottom of the sea, and that started me off on all the rest of the foundered and lost ships that must be down beneath the waves. I saw them as plain as daylight—all kinds of craft, packets and slavers and coasters and clippers, big fore-and-aft and three-masted schooners, great steamers of the line, little trawlers and smacks, lying keeled over on the floor of the sea—I figured that floor as a kind of wet, sloppy, seaweedy beach—or embedded deep in the sand, while sharks swam in and out of the portholes. I used to dream about those ships and wish I was a shark down there. And I suppose I drew a thousand pictures of my father's ship, which he told me had suddenly lifted and gone down by the head. Here's one—done when I was nine." He handed it to her with a laugh. "Let's call that Exhibit A."

The picture, drawn with a heavy, downright pencil on cheap, blue-ruled paper, represented a two-masted schooner, rigged fore-and-aft, capsized and impaled by its mainmast on the bottom of the sea. Amidship in the hull was a squat figure lying stiffly asprawl, with bubbles ascending dramatically from its mouth to indicate it was being drowned. Beneath, in scraggly letters, was the legend:

"Schooner Isabel. Commanded by Capt. J. A. Sloane. Foundered in a gale off the Solomon Isles and all the crew saved except Joe, the cook, who was below in the galley soused."

Celia studied it, smiling, her bright head bent.

"Joe was out of luck," she murmured. "Go on."



We Took Off Like Greased Lightning, and Came Against a Young Sapling That Honeyboy Had Picked for a Goal

"Well, all that was crude, raw kid-stuff—dreams. But it was the kick-off—my father's wrecked ship. So I decided I'd salvage ships. And pretty early in the game I decided that this whole business of raising ships had to be simplified. It was too complicated, old-fashioned and expensive. The cost of raising a ship ate up most of the profits, so that in the majority of cases it wasn't worth while.

"So what I went after was some apparatus that was simple, effective and cheap. Well, I kept hammering away on my experiments, and when the war broke out I had about perfected my invention. It's in two parts. First, I invented a machine to burrow through the sand under the ship in order to get lifting cables under the wreck. Then I invented collapsible balloons that I attached to the lifting cables on each side of the vessel. When they are all in place, deflated, the wrecking outfit on the surface begins to pump them full of air, and as they fill the balloons begin to exert lifting power until the point is reached when they lift more weight than the wreck. And then—up she comes! Here are some diagrams to show you exactly how it is done."

Celia looked, questioned, and listened while he explained every detail.

"It's all very wonderful!" she breathed at last. "And so simple I wonder somebody didn't think of it long ago. But ——"

She stopped, blushing brightly.

"But what?" he urged. "Go on! Shoot!"

"Does it work?"

He smiled tolerantly.

"I'm coming to that—presently. But first I wanted you to get hold of the two main ideas. They're both patented, of course. I was just on the point of forming a company when the war came and knocked me flat. I was gassed, had pneumonia and influenza, and came home sick and dead broke. Then I was offered the chance to teach English literature in a boys' private school. As it was an easy job—after what I'd been through it seemed like heaven—and gave me spare time to work on my scheme, I grabbed it with both hands. After I'd saved up a bit, though, I cut loose, went to New York and made some proposals to the biggest marine insurance company in the city. They investigated the matter thoroughly, and finally offered to buy my inventions outright. But Gilmore, the president of the company, and as white a man as ever lived, took a fancy to me, and he advised me privately not to sell out, but to go ahead and form an independent company and he'd back me with his influence and some cash, which he did.

"I started the Sloane Salvage Company, and Gilmore bought ten thousand shares of stock at a dollar a share. I'll tell you, Celia"—the name dropped unconsciously—"the day I received the letter containing that check I felt like the Iron Duke when he received the news of the victory at Waterloo. For Gilmore has a business head hard enough to break the tablets of stone, and I knew that if I could swing him I could swing all the rest. He'd sent experts and practical wreckers down to my office, and I'd explained and demonstrated my appliances thirteen ways from the ace. When he was convinced he sent out a letter to all his marine insurance companies strongly recommending me and asking them to throw wrecking jobs my way. Well, after that, of course, things began to drift my way.

"Now, I've a small plant that can turn out a dozen or so pontoons a week, and some old deep-sea salts to cut and sew the canvas and splice the ropes for the balloons. And every man jack of them has invested money in the concern!

"Last month I came to the parting of the ways. It was like this: I could go limping along indefinitely as a one-horse concern, selling off a small block of stock now and then as my expenses required; or I could do as Gilmore advised, borrow a big lump sum, shove on full speed ahead in my factory, raise a ship this fall and demonstrate to all the world what the Sloane Salvage Company can do. After that, if it's successful, orders will flow in. In fact, I've got some peaches in my order book right now. The stock will jump five, ten, twenty points inside of a year. After that—all aboard the millionaire express!

"But what I want to ask you is this: Shall I take the long slow road, continuing as a one-horse concern and keeping the whole business, so to speak, under my own hat, or shall I take the short cut and borrow, as Gilmore suggests? What do you say? Which course shall I choose?"

Celia, looking up into his glowing eyes, saw that he had already made his decision, and manlike wanted from her, not criticism but confirmation, applause. Nevertheless, she brooded so long, her gaze fixed straight ahead, that at length he stirred restlessly, and exclaimed half humorously, half aggrieved: "Well, Miss Skeptic, what is it? You're harder to convert than Gilmore!"

But still Celia brooded.

"It's all so wonderful," she breathed at last, "that I can scarcely take it in. Give me time." She paused, then continued hesitatingly: "If you borrow money, won't you have to meet a lot of tests—have examiners look you over to see if you're a good business risk?"

"I've met all those tests," he returned proudly.

"And you'll probably borrow that money from some bank?" she pursued.

"Yes, but not directly. I'm leaving somebody else to negotiate the loan; somebody who knows the financial game and can make good terms for me. For I'm going to keep the control. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Of course! It's your idea." A smile hovered about her mouth as she contemplated his square jaw. "But I can't conceive anybody overriding you."

"They'd better not try!" He laughed, and added soberly: "Though I've had black days—days when I'd have sold out, lock, stock and barrel, dollar for dollar of what I'd put in. For there are days when the idea is still half in and half out of your head, that torture and torment you and stretch you on the rack; days when details go wrong, or when you run short of money; days when all the world seems to mock at you for a crazy dreamer, and you wonder why in God's name you keep on hanging on. It's not any one particular thing that overrides you then. It's bitter stark reality; it's all of life. And it's only a kind of

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Nothing to do but eat them!

Welcome words to the housewife. No wonder thousands of women keep a regular supply of Campbell's Beans on hand—already cooked and ready to serve at an instant's notice for dinner or luncheon. They're so good and rich and tasty that you don't tire of them. Slow-cooked by Campbell's special method, they agree with everybody.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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black, fighting obstinacy that carries you through. That's one reason I won't let the control of this company out of my hands. I've fought for it and it's mine."

Their eyes met—a sudden luminous flash passed between them.

"But won't the banks, if they lend you money, want a controlling interest?" she demanded after a pause.

"They may want—but they won't get it. They can't force me to take their terms. I can still plug along with my one-horse show."

"I wish you would do just that!" she murmured in a low voice. "When I think of the other I—I have a sinking of the heart. Why don't you continue as you've begun—go slow?"

"Why don't I?" laughed Pink. "Because I've got a speed streak, a get-rich-quick streak in me—just like all Americans. They've caught the speed bug. Well, so have I. I want to get there, and get there as fast as I can. In this company of mine, however, the whole question boils down to one thing: Either it's a good financial risk—or it's not. If it's good, I can as readily borrow fifty thousand dollars as I can five thousand. Well, it's been already decided that I'm a good risk. It's been decided by a firm whose word goes with any bank in the country—the firm of Klaggett King."

Pink, busily engaged in restoring to his portfolio the drawings and maps, did not mark Celia's great start, or the sudden silence which fell upon his remark. Perfectly white, she stared at him with wide, dilated eyes. But she had her father's gift of silence in a crisis, and so she sat, speechless, hands tightly clasped in her lap, and stared hard at the westering sun which was dyeing all the world in its fiery glory. Not Klaggett King's own chin was squarer than Celia's in this beating moment of decision It fairly jutted with determination.

"Klaggett King," continued Pink all unconsciously, "is a big man. I don't like him particularly; for that matter, he doesn't particularly like me. My father used to have a saying, 'Keep your heart warm and your head cool.' I suspect Klaggett King has been so busy keeping his brain on ice that he's achieved a refrigerated heart. But I may be unfair. He may be just a sick man who cannot sleep." He glanced up suddenly and added with a laugh, "He's not by any chance related to you?"

By this time she had herself in hand.

"He might be," she parried coolly. "The King family in America is fairly large, but I suppose we're all derived from the same original stock. Tell me about your Klaggett King and I'll claim him if he's nice."

"Nice!" jeered Pink. "That's a regular girl-word. No, I wouldn't say 'nice' was exactly the word to describe Klaggett King. He's tall and black and emaciated, with a big heavy nose, a wide mouth that twists off to one side, and deep burning eyes that are always bloodshot. I've seen eyes like that on our men up on the line when they were exhausted and couldn't sleep. I can't explain them except by saying they're violent eyes—and yet sort of agonized."

Celia made an inarticulate sound in her throat.

"I wish you wouldn't borrow any money," she murmured, steadying her voice with an effort.

"Oh, that's all right," affirmed Pink easily. "It's all arranged now—all arranged except signing the agreement terms."

"And did my f—did Mr. King treat you well?"

For the first time he threw her a sharp glance.

"What do you mean by 'well'?" he retorted gayly. "Do you mean, did he embrace me like a Frenchman and kiss me on both cheeks? He did not! Klaggett King is not the kissing kind. But we lunched together one day. He wanted to take my measure, I suppose. And when he shook hands with me—it was the first time we'd met face to face, though we'd spoken together on the phone—he said: 'Well, young man, I've heard great things about you—from Gilmore. He seems to think the shipping on the Hudson ought to be insured against the fire of your great intellect.'"

Pink grinned ruefully, and Celia, nodding her bright head, fought an obscure sinking of the heart.

"And is it all arranged so you can't withdraw?" she pressed.

"No, I can pull out any time right up to the last minute when I set my name to the agreement terms. But I don't intend to pull out." He laughed reassuringly at her grave, clouded face. "Neither do I intend to fail."

"Why did you come up here?" she queried, switching the subject abruptly.

"I blew up," he explained, with a short laugh. "Before the war I used to be as hard as nails. But since I've been gassed I get groggy under a prolonged strain, and these last few months I've been working about twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. I've been inventor and manager and sales agent and publicity man all rolled into one, with a dozen different kinds of troubles all pestering me at once. And one morning after I'd finished with Klaggett King's men I woke up and decided it wasn't worth while getting out of bed. I wanted nothing so much as to fade right out of the picture and stay faded for a couple of eons or so."

"Were you alone?"

"The alonest man on the face of the earth!" he laughed. "I was stopping in a cheap lodging house downtown on the East Side, in a dreary, drab little cell of a bedroom as bleak and pinched as a miser's soul. There was a colored maid, Annie, whom I subsidized to bring up my food. I'd peel off a dollar bill from my thin wad, hand it out to Annie and she'd presently return, bringing a soup plate of tepid slop dotted all over the top with big pale islands of grease, like an archipelago. I figured that Annie must have realized about a thousand per cent net profit on her investment. It made me think that what Klaggett King said about life was true. For I knew to an absolute dead certainty that if I passed in my checks in that horrible

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"At First I Thought it Was Blind Luck That Landed Me Out in These Hills. Then You Came—and I Saw That the Annies of This World are All a Part of the Eternal Design"

THE years of reliable, low-cost service for which the Hupmobile is so well known, form the real basis for judging its value.

Beauty and style and fine finish; comfort and wonderful performance—each contributes, in its own way, to the owner's satisfaction.

But if any one thing makes a man say, 'It pays to own the Hupmobile,' we believe it is the uncommon way it stays fit, with the least of expert tuning and tinkering; and the way it lasts.

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frozen little cell Annie would have frisked my pants for my wad before she reported my demise downstairs. And yet Annie was a pretty good girl, at that—according to her lights."

"Don't!" murmured Celia in suffocated tones. "I—I can't bear it—to think of you—alone—ill—in that ghastly place!"

Her hand dropped to her side and lit by merest accident on his, palm downward, soft and warm. In a flash Pink's hand turned and bade the newcomer welcome to the city, in a clasp gentle but strong. But their eyes avoided an encounter. Pink's, very wide and a glowing gray, were fastened on a distant pinnacle; Celia's, blue as a hyacinth, were glued to the twin peak.

Down in the floor of the valley gathering violet mists were beginning to contend with the day, but in the upper sky and on the summits of the mountains a vivid orange glow still lingered in the magical air. From afar, subdued yet poignant, sounded the liquid lament of the wood dove.

Still accidentally retaining that which had been accidentally bestowed on him, Pink continued his narrative. But now he stammered ever so slightly.

"I didn't bear it very well either," said he. "And finally one day I staggered down the stairs, light-headed as the deuce, and found my way to a doctor. He informed me I'd been under a severe strain, and I paid him five dollars for the news.

"Then I drifted over to the station and climbed aboard a west-bound train. Finally I came into this wild, scraggy, he-man country, with those big silent sentinels up yonder keeping watch and guard, and I got down at a station and negotiated with a man to fetch me here. At first I thought it was blind luck that landed me out in these hills. Then you came—and I saw that the Annies of this world are all a part of the eternal design."

"Isn't that Miss Tauser beckoning?" murmured Celia suddenly. "Yes, it is."

She rose and stood shielding her eyes under a curved palm, rendered rosily translucent by the dying fires of the day. Pink rose, too, and stood watching her with narrowed eyes. Never again would he be able to see her in quite the same clear, independent, radiant light as that in which he beheld her that day. For there is a dead line in love. Up to a certain point the beholder is able to perceive with a clear, a cool and even a calculating eye. Then emotion seizes him, pushes him over the dead line—and he is a lost soul.

And so Pink, with his eager heels on the dead line, was beholding Celia as she actually was, independent of him, independent of love, for the last time. It was hail and farewell. Hail, sweet, warm, flesh-and-blood girl! Hail, love! Hail, wife! Hail, care, trouble, responsibility, death and birth and miserable pain. Farewell, all those bright images and winged dreams that haunt the pillow of heady youth! Farewell, dreams! Hail, reality!

It was possible that deep within him Pink glimpsed something of all this, for he had imagination—too much sometimes. Perhaps that was why he stared so hard at her now, and even swept his gaze around the encircling hills as if to stamp forever this precious souvenir upon the tablets of his memory.

"It's letters," murmured Celia. "See, she's waving them."

Pink started forward.

"I'll get them."

But Celia, for reasons of her own, objected to this.

"I'll race you!" she cried, and she flashed by him, while he stood still to watch the loveliness of her slim body in flight, and took the letters from Miss Tauser's hand. "One for you and one for me," said she.

She flushed as she marked the handwriting on his envelope, forwarded from his New York address, for it was identical with that upon her own, and both were in the unmistakable calligraphy of John Philip Pym.

"Forwarded from New York, eh?" commented Pink, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "That's from Pym. He'll keep. It's Klaggett King's partner," he elucidated. "Funny old cock! Writes all his letters out in long hand at night in his office after the stenographer has gone home. Says it rests his brain."

"What do you think of him?" she looked up suddenly from the opening paragraph of her letter to demand.

They were standing so close that their shoulders touched, but he had thrown back his head to gaze at the red and naked sun which was just dropping behind a smother of sanguinary clouds.

"Who?"

"That man—Klaggett King's partner?"

Had Pink looked at that minute he would have seen her face glowing like the evening sky. But his eyes were still intent on the fiery ruin in the west, and he murmured easily, "Oh, he'll do."

"Do what?"

"Oh, anything. He's all right. What do you want to know?" And he bent his head to look down at her with a smile.

"Nothing in particular," she stammered. "Only I thought—you gave me such a vivid impression of your Mr. King, and I—well, I thought I'd like to hear what you thought about this other man."

"I see," said Pink dryly, and it was a very flushed and scowling young man who hurriedly withdrew his eyes from her and stared once more at the darkening pile of clouds.

"Miss King," he blurted out gruffly, "I expect you'll think I'm the star-spangled limit, gassing on about people I—I don't know anything about." He seemed to be having some difficulty with his words. He swallowed and gulped, and his face was black as a thundercloud. "I—I don't really know a thing about Mr. King, and I only saw Mr. Pym once. I——"

He fetched a deep breath, muttered a sudden "Oh, hell!" between clenched teeth, and bolted away.

Celia stared after him in utmost amazement, her eyes round and very blue.

"Well!" she gasped finally, turning to Miss Tauser. "What happened?"

But Miss Tauser only shrugged her meager shoulders, smiled a smile of slow malice and stalked back to the dude ranch.

A word about Miss Tauser: In her horoscope she came under the sign of Scorpio, the scorpion, and she was cast as the spiller of many beans. She was one of those little elderly spinsters of whom Stevenson said that they could not hear a man laugh without feeling their virginity in danger. For this drab, mouselike little old maid harbored within her the unshakable conviction that all men were indecent, outrageous, Bluebeards of secret iniquity and vice. No man smiled in her presence but she imputed to him ferocious, sinister designs. No man performed for her a casual, trifling service that little Miss Tauser, twittering with feverish excitement, did not that night search under her bed and through her closet to see if the devilish monster had not concealed himself there in order to leap out upon her in the night. It will be seen that in a world swarming with men—icemen, mail men, coal men, policemen, to mention just a few—all of whom were apt to be kind to an elderly grayhaired little creature with scared-rabbit eyes, Miss Tauser lived a life of lucid mental adventure that would have brought the blush of envy to the hardened features of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

It was therefore natural that she should distrust Pink and all his works. From the very first day after their arrival she had watched him with the deep, glinting immobility with which a cat watches a mouse hole, ready to pounce at the slightest sign.

Having watched the trend of events until she was satisfied, Miss Tauser entered her cabin one afternoon, locked the window, barred the door, remained an hour in secret toil, rode over to the station the following morning—and shot her bolt.

She could therefore afford to smile with slow malice at Pink and stalk in triumph away. But Celia was deeply disturbed. She walked thoughtfully back to her cabin, Mr. Pym's open letter forgotten in her hand.

Pink remained invisible the rest of the day, and rose the next morning at dawn and rode away. Celia, who had slept fitfully, hearing voices in the early morning twilight, flung on a sleeveless smock of silky gauze, tiptoed to her cabin window, nipped the curtains discreetly beneath her chin, peered out and beheld Pink crowding Honeyboy to a gallop, headed for the state road.

A sudden sharp pang assailed her, startling her with its flash of revelation.

All that day the skies wept softly, continuously, and the landscape, somber as a beautiful, dark, brooding woman, was hidden under a fringe of clinging mist. And all that day Celia wandered about like one in a dream. What is love? Is it a more intent look—a sudden deepening of vision? How is it that an individual whom one has never marked before, or marked merely as a shell, a simulacrum or a respectable dummy stuffed with straw, changes all of a sudden into a bright, irradiated being, wigwagging tremendous, breathless, soul-thrilling messages with the single flash of an eye?

These and a hundred kindred questions Celia pondered pensively, and surrendered herself to the pleasure of taking out and perusing her mental portraits of Pink. She discovered she had quite a collection. There was Pink as she had first beheld him, sitting on the bench before his cabin, solemn to sullenness, his brows ridged, a fist on either knee; there was Pink struggling gallantly to chase away that scared-rabbit look from Miss Tauser's eyes; an indecent Pink, rocking with live laughter at some outrageous joke of Hunter's which she was not permitted to hear; a somewhat pale Pink—this was the prize of the collection—holding her hand in a strong, warm clasp with his eyes glued to the distant hills.

The day drew in to its moody close, and still Pink did not appear. Celia retired, deeply wondering and subdued. She was suddenly wakened in the dead of night, as it seemed to her, by laughter and voices. It was Pink's warm laughter and Hunter's grave, admonishing voice. With a flutter at her heart, Celia raised herself on one elbow to listen.

"It was a risky thing to do!" came Hunter's sober tones. "You had drunken-man's luck. Those mountain trails get so slick in the rain, what with loose shale and clay, that the best animal alive is apt to lose his footing."

"We slid once all right," laughed Pink, "and I thought we were headed straight for kingdom come. The trail was so steep I thought we'd tumble end over end. Presently we scrambled round a turn and came out on an apron of smooth, wet, shelving granite where a shoulder of the mountain had sheared off with the frost. Honeyboy snorted and turned and nipped me on the knee for getting him into such a fix. Then he crouched with his feet so close together that I could almost hold them in my hand, and we took off like greased lightning, and came up against a young sapling that Honeyboy had picked for a goal. If we'd missed that sapling, instead of talking to you I'd now be explaining my case to Saint Peter at the gate."

With a final laugh he slammed his cabin door. For a long time Celia lay staring with wide open eyes into the dark. Her heart contracted painfully. A big, powerful hand seemed to have gripped it in a viselike hold, and the new strange dolor squeezed sudden tears out of her eyes. So he had gone off mountain climbing in the rain—for amusement—and without her. What strange beings were men! To prefer a mountain to a girl!

There is a tide in the affairs of women, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fits of tears. So it was with Celia. The fountains in the deeps of her suddenly broke up with a rush, and she began to weep—to weep with a wild, passionate violence that surprised even herself.

Just why she gave way at this particular juncture she herself could not have coherently told; but once begun, she followed a system. It was a system she had built up from childhood. And now she wept, not only over Pink's defection—for it is a defection in the eyes of twenty-two to prefer a mountain to a maid—but also over all the other untoward events which had happened to her for months, and which she had been too busy to bother with at the time; events over which other girls of less stern stuff would have cried their eyes out, but which Celia had merely tossed into the back of her mind with the mental tag, "This is awful! Cry over this sometime!" So now, once the tears had forced their way to the surface, Celia let herself go, gathered up all her hitherto unwept-for troubles, enumerated them and cried over them one by one.

She began with Mr. Pym—in order, perhaps, to get him out of the way. She cried because she could not love him, and because he was not the type of man a girl was likely to love. Then she cried over her father's ugly temper. She cried because she fought him back. Then she circled wider, and cried over the wounded men in her ward, poor broken bodies that never would mend in this world. She cried for the men who had died, who had given their lives for a faith, a shining vision of freedom, which, so far as she could see, nobody cared for any more. She cried because, here in America, nobody now seemed to care for these dead.

She was now far from her original starting point, and still going strong, sobbing aloud as if her heart would break, when suddenly there came a firm double knock at the door.

"Miss King, can I—can I do anything for you?"

It was Pink's voice, firm and reassuring as his knock. But Celia was silent.

"I went out to see if Honeyboy was under shelter. I rode him pretty hard to-day. Returning, I passed your cabin and heard sounds as if—as if—— Are you ill?"

"I was crying," said Celia, suddenly resolving on the truth—at least that particular portion of the truth which was true at that particular portion of time. "I was crying over our soldiers who died over there, and because nobody over here seems to care. Do you remember how it used to r-r-rain—r-r-rain—r-r-rain"—her voice ran off into a sob—"at their poor, bleak little f-funerals?"

"Don't cry any more," Pink's voice came very earnestly through the door. "They're all right, you know. They've done their job. They've fought the good fight; they have finished the course; they have kept the faith. They're the real victors in this war. They wouldn't want you to cry about them."

"I know."

"Then promise me you won't."

"All right, I won't. I'd about finished, anyhow."

"That's good." There was a smothered note of laughter in Pink's voice. "Good night."

"Good night-o!"

In five minutes Celia was fast asleep, her lashes still wet as the drowned grass of an inundated meadow. But her lips curved upward in a smile.

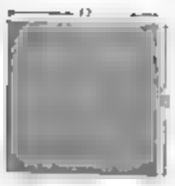
As for Pink, when he regained his cabin, still laughing, he said aloud, presumably to his own soul, "I'm going to marry that girl if it's the last thing I do!" And he was glad he had gone up into the mountain for a decision.

The following afternoon, which was the fourth, they again betook themselves to the tree, and seated under it they settled the affairs of the world. They finished off the war, the after-war materialism, and above all the sins of the reactionary, hidebound and muddling elder generation which had brought all these evils to pass. And when Celia waxed too severe, Pink, in a spirit of impartial justice,

(Continued on Page 157)

A prehistoric swamp forest, when coal was in its early stages of formation

It takes a million years to make a piece of coal —only a minute to waste it



Under average household conditions each square foot of bare furnace or heating pipe wastes 100 pounds of coal a year

ONE of the greatest and least-suspected sources of fuel waste in your heating system is the surface loss from the very furnace that generates your heat, and a still greater waste from the surface of the pipes that carry it to the rooms above.

Everybody knows that careful firing and frequent cleaning of the flues will conserve heat, but few realize what losses they pay for in coal when pipes and furnaces are poorly covered or left entirely bare.

Bare pipes waste fuel

Under average house-heating conditions a bare pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter wastes about 4 tons of coal a season.

You can prevent most of this loss by covering the pipes wherever they are open to attack by cold air.

If the pipes or furnace are already covered, check up and find out if the covering really keeps the heat in. If the cellar is too warm your heating system is not *properly* insulated.

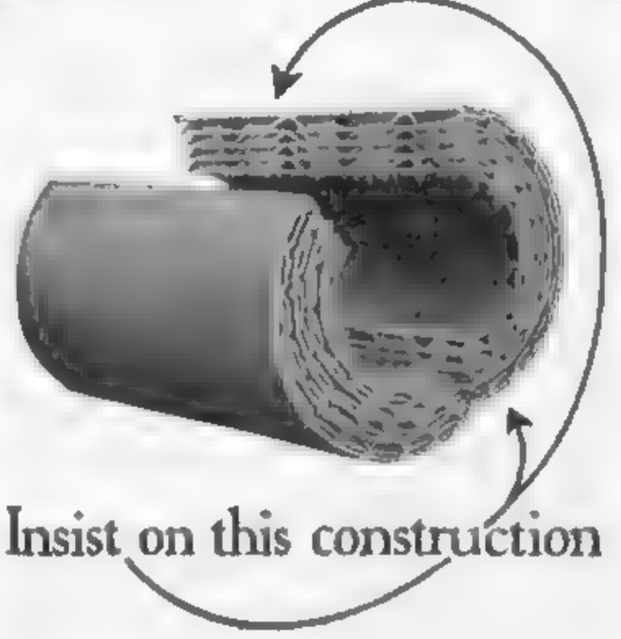
How Asbestocel checks heat loss

Improved Asbestocel saves heat because it is made up of asbestos sheets specially formed so as to produce a series f closed cells throughout the covering. These closed cells prevent the free circulation of air through the covering.

But remarkable efficiency is not the only feature of Improved Asbestocel. This insulation is easily applied. It is neat in appearance and very durable.

All in all, Improved Asbestocel offers the greatest household insulation value on the market, and is not to be confused with materials which cost about the same but only approximate it in heat-saving value.

You should insist on getting Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel for economy's sake. Nine chances in ten your heating man or plumber has it in stock. If not, he can easily get it.



Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise —instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings. Insist on closed cell construction as your insurance for maximum heat saving. Ask for

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel

To the Trade: Johns-Manville has just issued a booklet which tells how to sell and apply heat insulation. Send for a copy and get ready for inquiries.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 60 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos

PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

Send for this book. It will help you get more out of your coal bin, whether or not you're ready for Johns-Manville Insulation.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Technical Experts as Consuls

NO OTHERS play a more active part in the building of an overseas business for a nation than do its consuls. Years ago United States consuls abroad were notoriously inefficient. In recent times this situation, so vital to our foreign trade, has been bettered materially. However, conditions are far from satisfactory.

It has been and still is our policy to pick our consular officials largely because of their knowledge of international law. Though matters legal enter into foreign relations, they are really less important than matters commercial. It is far easier for an intelligent man to acquire an understanding of the laws which govern the conduct of nations one to another than it is for him to master the details connected with some important line of industrial development.

Many foreign countries with which the United States does business have so developed one industry or two that all other pursuits within the country are only supplementary businesses revolving around the one or two big basic industries. In any case of this kind the consuls sent by the United States to such a country should be thoroughly versed in those lines of business which constitute the principal activities of that foreign country.

Bolivia is the best and yet the least developed mining country in the world. It has great deposits of tin, silver and tungsten. It has no supplies of fuel, but there are great reserves of water power on the east side of the Andes. The country needs machinery and railways. Men to represent the United States properly in Bolivia should be trained in mining and mechanical or civil engineering.

Venezuela and Colombia have immense acreages of sugar and grazing lands, extensive oil areas and large forests of valuable tropical woods. Plainly the ideal man for these countries should be an expert sugar man, mining engineer or forester.

Argentina is a great grain country and a large exporter of hides and fancy stock. It needs immense supplies of farming machinery, and the man to serve the United States best in Argentina should be versed in cattle and plant diseases, such a man as might be found in our Federal Bureau of Animal Industry.

In like manner we might take up one country after another. Brazil has lumber and rubber. It also has the greatest undeveloped iron deposits in the world. A recent report by American engineers showed eight billion tons of iron ore in one property. Another engineer rode twelve hours horseback on one deposit. The country is barren of fuel, but has extensive water power. Brazil will need railroads to haul its iron ore to sources of fuel supply. Without doubt, in the future, the country that controls the iron of Brazil will control the steel of the world. Our consuls in Brazil should be experts in lumber, rubber, hydroelectric development and mining.

In Mexico we need mining men, while in Norway and Sweden electrical engineers could probably serve best. If we must find places in our foreign service for international lawyers let them go to posts in Europe where our chief concern for years to come will be the collection of debts rather than the selling of goods.

The fundamental truth underlying foreign trade is that buying power is limited to selling power. We wish to sell South America and the Orient machinery and manufactured products. The only way we can do this is to show these foreign peoples where to find materials with which to pay for what we propose to sell them. Our overseas sales in the future will be limited by a lack of money to pay for our goods rather than a lack of desire to buy them. Our consuls in the future must be able to show foreigners how to tap their undeveloped sources of wealth, and they must be qualified in the work of encouraging the greater production of native goods in the countries to which they are assigned.

Few Americans who have traveled abroad, particularly in the Latin countries of Central and South America, will deny the need for a higher grade consular service. In the raw countries to the south and in the Far East we must have technically trained men with sufficient imagination to see the industrial possibilities of a country and enough experience to outline a practical plan of development. A man who can master the intricacies of engineering, lumbering, stock raising or agriculture can quickly pick up a working knowledge of international law.

Some may inquire as to where we shall get technical experts for our foreign consular service. In answer let me point to the many splendid technical bureaus now run by the Government in Washington. Why can't we utilize these bureaus also as training schools for prospective consuls?

Instead of sending an engineer to South America or the Orient and expecting him to cover a half dozen or more countries in a limited time, as is now done, let us keep industrial and engineering experts in every great foreign center. Commerce rests on an exchange of commodities, and the United States will not progress far or fast on any other basis. What we need abroad is production. Engineers, not lawyers, can stimulate output.

Business and Memory

ONE of the most irritating and costly things in business is forgetfulness. Because of a poor memory many people fail to keep appointments, neglect to live up to promises and are unable to recall important facts when such data would be of immense value. Some people remember the names and faces of those they meet and benefit immeasurably through the exercise of such ability. Other folks seldom retain the names, even of important people to whom they have been introduced, and as a consequence are obliged to fall back on the weak excuse, "Sorry, but I've a poor memory for names." Such forgetful individuals lose many opportunities to pay delicate compliments which help to build friendships as well as to smooth business relations.

The question of the development of memory is an age-old subject. One trouble has been that many so-called masters of the problem have surrounded the art of memory cultivation with so many puzzling scientific terms and awesome theories that the average layman has been inclined to think the subject too deep to wade through. The fact is that in every practical sense the building of mind and memory is no more complicated by mystery than is the building of human muscles. Our physical and mental structures are not only closely related but are governed largely by the same laws of growth and decay.

It is probably true that the average man uses only about ten per cent of his actual inherited capacity for memory. No function of the human body responds more quickly to training than does memory. Of all labor-saving devices none have a greater sale than memorandum books. Whether or not this is a good thing is a matter of doubt. The fact is that evil consequences are sure to follow the use of a mechanical substitute for an important mental faculty, just as they would follow the constant use of a clever device that would make it unnecessary for us to use either our arms or legs. This is not intended to be a condemnation of memorandum books, ticklers and other splendid memory helps, but is rather a caution against the abuse of these essential everyday articles. There never has been and never will be any machine to take the place of a keen memory. No matter what walk of life one is in, a well-developed memory is sure to prove an asset of incalculable value.

Many people have devoted so little time to memory training that they use instinct rather than mind in their labor of recollecting. It is said that even an angleworm will keep away from a hole in which it has once received an electric shock. If this is true, then many people to-day have an angleworm memory. If suspended in mid-air they would probably forget to hold on to a stretched cable. In such cases they might be said to have monkey memories, for even the monkey remembers that he must not loosen the grip of his tail when swinging from the limb of a tree. Man was doubtless expected to use more of his memory ability than nature forces him to exercise in the mere act of self-preservation. Memory must be controlled by reason and conscious effort or it becomes a faculty but little higher than animal instinct.

Mind is helpless without memory, for the latter is the fighting force of the mind. Will is the field marshal in charge of the whole mental machinery of man, but even a great general is helpless without troops, and in the case of the human system the memory constitutes the troops. In nine cases out of ten where forgetfulness exists, the fault lies with the general and not with the troops. Weak will power and not poor memory is most often responsible for the failures of people to recollect.

Practically all normal people possess the equipment and capacity for dependable memory. Many individuals assert that their memory is poor, and attempt to shift the fault to an inherited deficiency. In nearly every instance this is pure bunk, for the blame for forgetfulness rests on our own shoulders and not on those of our forbears. Just as exercise strengthens the muscles, so does training develop the memory.

The more we use our memories, the more retentive they become. There is small likelihood that the mind will be subjected to any injurious mental strain because of its active legitimate use. One authority says that the beginning and end of the brain is memory.

As before stated, will power is the principal factor in the development and exercise of human memory. Without will power there can be no memory training, for the individual will lack ability to take hold and hang on. In the cultivation of memory the synonym for will power is concentration. It is fundamental that a person overcome the habit of mind wandering. The process of memory may be aptly compared to the act of taking a picture. When we make a photograph with a modern camera it is always necessary to see that there are no cracks or holes which permit light to stream into the interior of the camera from any other point than the object on which the lens is focused. If light does leak in from surrounding objects the negative is spoiled. So in the act of memory the person must shut out from his mind for a definite interval of time all thoughts except the single idea which he desires to remember. In this way the rays of thought shine from the idea to be remembered through the lens of the mind, focusing directly upon the brain cells, which act as the negative and record the picture that the person wishes to retain. In the exercise of memory the intrusion of unrelated thoughts blurs the image in the brain.

Concentration can be developed only through practice. The chief quality of some of the most successful men in America is their ability to give undivided attention to the matter that is immediately in hand. Many people will find on experimenting that they cannot center their minds on a single line of thought, to the entire exclusion of all other subjects, for so short a time as a single minute. One accepted method of developing concentration is to choose a certain topic of thought and then hold the mind on it for a definite period of time, increasing the time as the days of self-training pass. Experience has shown that with earnest practice some people have been able eventually to concentrate for an hour on a single subject, whereas at the commencement they were unable to hold to a single line of thought for more than thirty seconds. One of the chief essentials in concentration is the conscious control of ideas, for the minds of most people, most of the time, are a mixture of confused thoughts.

One series of experiments showed that in the case of the average person the time consumed in dressing in the morning can be greatly shortened if undivided attention is given to the task in hand. The investigation showed that when concentrated thought is given to each petty detail of a person's toilet the task of dressing is finished in far less time than when the mind wanders and the individual's actions are controlled chiefly by habit. The conclusion is drawn that frequently it is best to give undivided attention to even trifling matters, for by so doing energy is saved at every turn.

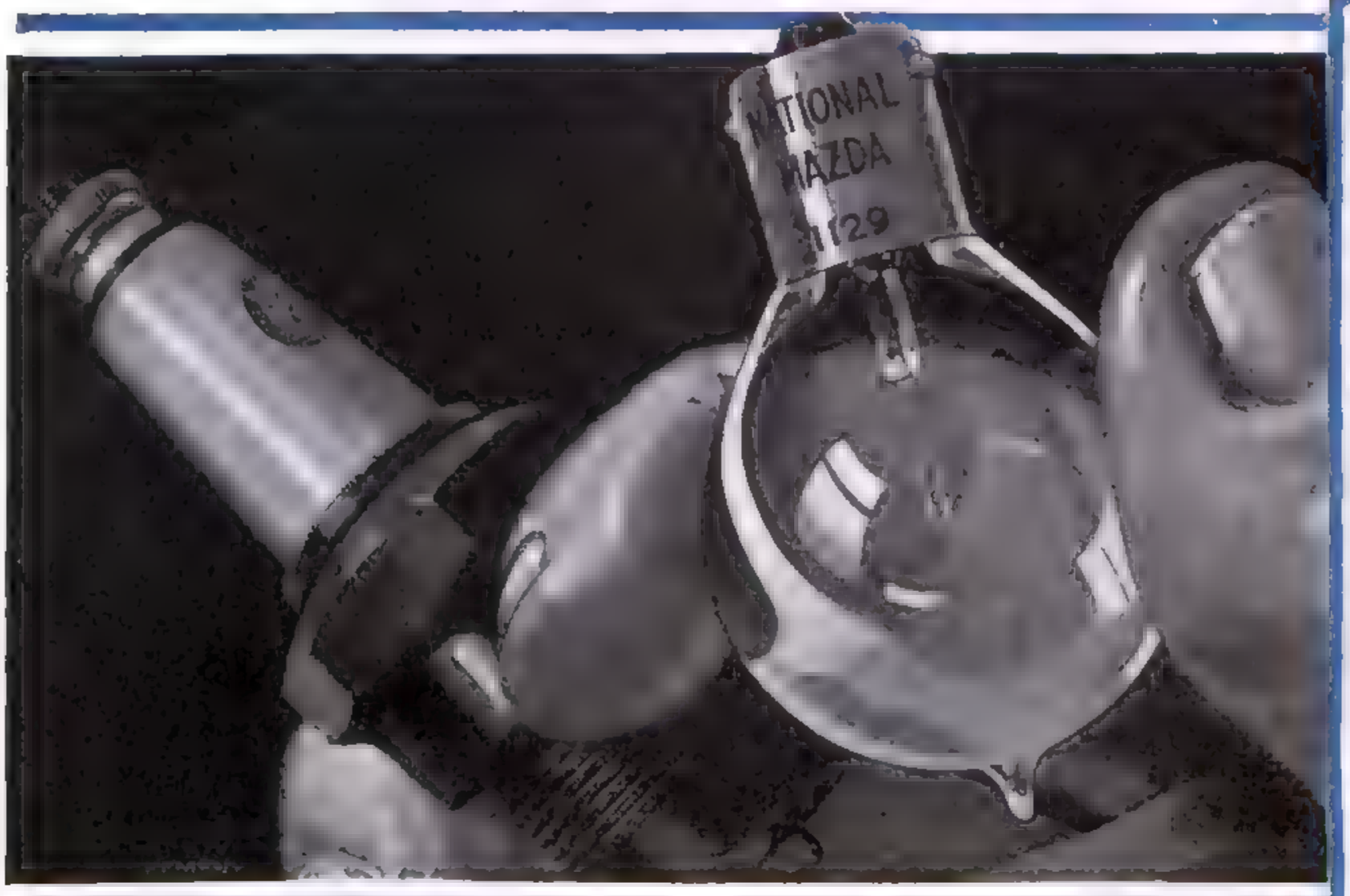
It is a common saying that "Where your heart is, there is your memory also." It has been suggested that attention is the mother of memory, and that interest is the mother of attention. If this is true, then to acquire memory we must secure both her mother and her grandmother. It has always been true that we remember best the people and things we like best. Many young men have a weak memory in business, but a splendid recollection for the names of baseball players and the dates and scores of the championship games. In the matter of cultivating memory we must accept the fact that when there is small interest the task of remembering facts becomes a difficult job. It is possible for a person to force his attention upon a matter, but concentration of thought that is spontaneous and semiautomatic brings the best returns. The most effective leverage for memory is a whole-hearted interest in the business or subject at hand.

In order to strengthen memory the individual must carefully systematize his habits of thought and action, and observe the accepted rules. In order most easily to retain a thought or impression one must form a concrete mental picture of the special object under consideration. The picture must be clear in every detail. In remembering people it is necessary to form the habit of carefully listening when the stranger's name is announced. If the name is not understood at first have it repeated, for such action, instead of being a breach of good form, constitutes an indirect compliment, since it clearly shows an earnest desire to know the stranger's name. Always mention the name of the person to whom you have been introduced, both in your greeting and again on saying good-by.

The common rule for remembering the face of a new acquaintance is to select some notable feature about it—the uglier the better—for experience has shown that it is easier to remember a deformity or an unusual facial characteristic than any regular feature. It is always best to photograph the face of an individual upon the brain at the same time his name is impressed upon the memory. Later on, the face may bring to mind the name, or vice versa, as the case may be.

(Continued on Page 37)

NATIONAL MAZDA



How to Get the Right Lamps for Your Car

Each MAZDA LAMP for automotive service has a MAZDA LAMP NUMBER stamped on the base. Look not only for the name NATIONAL MAZDA on the base of the automobile lamps you buy but make sure the MAZDA LAMP NUMBER is the proper one for the particular socket on your car where you intend to use the lamp.

Car	Year	MAZDA Lamp Numbers: Head Lamp	Auxiliary Head or Side	Rear Lamp	Instrument Lamp
Allen	'19	1130	64	63	63
Allen	'20	1129	63	63	63
Allen	'21 '22	1129	63	63	64
Apperson	All	1129	63	63	63*
Briscoe	All	1129	..	63	64
Buick	All	1129	63	63	63
Cadillac	All	1129	63	61	61
Chalmers	All	1129	63	63	63
Chandler	All	1129	63	63	63
Chevrolet	'19	1129	63	63	64
Chevrolet	'20	1129	..	63	64
Chevrolet	'21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Cleveland	'19, '20, '21	1129	..	63	63
Cleveland	'22	1129	63	63	63
Cole	'20	1129	63	63	
Cole	'19, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	64
Cunningham	'22	1129	64	64	63
Dixie Flyer	'18, '19, '20, '21	1130		62	62
Dixie Flyer	'22	1130	64	62	62
Dodge	All	1141		67	67
Dorris	All	1129	63	63	63
Dort	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Dort	'20	1129	..	63	64
Dort	'21 (17 12)	1129	..	63	63
Dort	'21 (49-490)	1129	63	63	
Dort	'22	1129	63	63	63
Elgin	All	1129	63	63	63
Essex	'19, '20	1129	63	61	61
Essex	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Ford (head lights only) '18, '19		1130			
Ford	'20	1129	63	63	
Ford (with dimmer coils) '21		1129	..	63	
Ford (without dimmer coils) '21		1158	..	63	
Ford (starter)	'22	1158	..	63	
Ford (without starter—head lights only)	'22	1126			
Franklin	All	1142	63	64	64
Grant	All	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'21, (47, 48)	1129	63	63	63
Haynes	'21 All others	1130	64	64	64
Haynes	'22	1129	63	63	63
Hudson	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	61	61
Hudson	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'18, '19	1129	63	63	63
Hupmobile	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	63
Jordan	All	1129	63	63	63
King	All	1129	63	63	63
Kissel	'18, '19	1130	..	64	64
Kissel	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
LaFayette	All	1129	63	61	61
Lexington	'18, '19	1129	63	63	64
Lexington	'20, '21, '22	1129	..	63	64
Liberty	All	1129	63	63	63
Lincoln	All	1129	63	61	61
Locomobile	'18, '19	1130	64	64	64
Locomobile	'20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Marmon	All	1129	63	63	63
Maxwell	'18, '19	1141	..	67	67
Maxwell	'20 (12 volt)	1141	67	67	67
Maxwell	'20, '21 (6 volt)	1129	63	63	63
Mercer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Mitchell	'19	1130		63	64
Mitchell	'20	1129	..	63	63
Mitchell	'21	1129	64**	63	64
Mitchell	'22	1129	64	63	64
Monroe	'21 22	1129	63	63	64
Nash	'18, '19, '20 21	1129	63	63	63
Nash	'22	1129	63	63	63
National	'19	1129	63	63	63
National	All others	1129	63	63	64
Oakland	'18, '19, '20	1129	..	63	63
Oakland	'21, '22	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21	1129	63	63	63
Oldsmobile	'22	1129	63	63	63
Overland	'19 '20)	1130		61	61
Overland	'19 Others	1129		61	61
Overland	20	1129		64	64
Overland	21 '22	1129		61	61
Packard	All	1129	63	63	63
Paige	All	1129	63	63	64
Peerless	All	1129	63	63	63
Pierce Arrow	All	1129	63	63	63
Premier	18 19	1129	63	63	64
Premier	20	1129		63	64
Premier	21	1129	63†	63	64
Premier	'22	1129	63	63	63
Reo	'18 '19	1130		62	62
Reo	'20, 21, '22	1129		63	63
Roamer	'19, '20, '21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Saxon	'18, '19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Saxon	'21 (125 DS)	1129		63	63
Saxon	'21 (125 DT) '22	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	'18 19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Scripps-Booth	'21	1129		63	64
Stearns-Knight	'18 '19, '20	1141	67	67	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	1141	67	67	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	1141	67	67	67
Studebaker	All	1129	63	63	63
Stutz	'18, '19, '20	1130	64	64	64
Stutz	'21 '22	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'18, 19, '20	1129	63	63	63
Templar	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Velie	'18, '19	1129	63	61	62
Velie	20, 21 '22	1129	63	63	63
Westcott	18, 19, '20	1129	63	61	62
Westcott	'21, '22	1129	63	63	64
Westcott Sedan	'21	1129		61	62
Wills Knight	'19, '20 Same as	Over	land		
Wills Knight	'21, '22	1129	63	61	61
Winton	All	1129	63	63	63

*64 on closed 1922 models. **64 on closed cars only

†63 auxiliary head—64 side.

On some cars having duplex headlights MAZDA LAMP NUMBER 35 may be substituted for MAZDA LAMP NUMBER 63 if brighter light is desired.

Protect Yourself!
Buy National MAZDA Auto Lamps

See to it, before you put a lamp in any socket on your car, that the words "National MAZDA" together with the proper MAZDA Lamp Number are stamped on the base. Both *name* and *number* are there for your protection.

In automobile lamps, more than most other auto parts, the name is important, for the great difference in the lamps themselves is not apparent to the eye.

Variation in the size of the slender filament, so small as to be detected only by the most delicate instruments, might mean short life for the lamp or excess load on the battery. National MAZDA lamp filaments are carefully weighed in scales so sensitive that they detect the most minute variations from standard size and length.

Incorrect placing of the filament in a headlight lamp would make impossible the correct focusing of that lamp. National MAZDA lamp filaments are placed within a small fraction of an inch of the absolutely correct position.

The present perfection of National MAZDA automobile lamps is the result of years of careful, patient research, that includes tests of lamps on all kinds of cars, over all sorts of roads and under all conditions.

It's as easy to get National MAZDA lamps as any other kind, and you will find them far more satisfactory. Be sure about the *name*, and the MAZDA Lamp Number. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 302 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

Carry a set of extra lamps in this handy kit in the side pocket of your car

MAZDA LAMPS; Nos. 1129, 1130,	52 cents each
MAZDA LAMPS; Nos. 61, 62, 63, 64,	28 cents each
MAZDA LAMPS; Nos. 1141, 1142,	55 cents each
MAZDA LAMPS; Nos. 67, 68,	30 cents each
MAZDA LAMP; No. 1126,	50 cents each
MAZDA LAMP; No. 1158,	60 cents each

AUTOMOBILE LAMPS

Accept with our Compliments—

The money that Friction costs you

IF you are coming to believe that it is a costly blunder to tolerate preventable friction in your plant—a costly blunder to waste power to overcome friction—a costly blunder to pay for friction in burned-out bearings and other repairs and replacements—then you will agree with this:—

Oils keep down friction, and the oils that keep down the most friction are the oils that save the most money.

But what oils?

To help you to determine beyond question what oils will reduce the most friction in each engine and machine in your plant, we offer to make a Lubrication Audit for you without charge. *See details in column at right.*

This will give you an exact picture of the lubricating conditions in your plant and the correct oils to meet those conditions.

No matter what the size of your plant, a Lubrication Audit will point the way to lower operating costs. Are these times when you can afford to be headed in the opposite direction?

After reading the column at the right, may we not send you further details about a Lubrication Audit? Kindly address nearest branch office.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

THE
Lubrication Audit
EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine. This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to check up the continuance of the desired results.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

Branch Offices:

New York (Main Office)
Boston
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Buffalo
Rochester
Albany
Chicago
Detroit
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan.
Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 34)

Another aid to memory is the plan of associating a thing with the place in which you expect to be at the time when the object must be remembered. For instance, if you have borrowed a book and wish to remember to return it, form a mental picture of the person who loaned it sitting in a chair reading the book. If you recall on a certain evening that you must take a small parcel to your office in the morning, clearly form in your mind a picture of the package lying on your plate at breakfast. The chances are that in the morning when you seat yourself at your dining-room table the picture of the package on your plate will recur to your mind. There are few things more valuable in building memory ability than the practice of clearly forming an association of ideas.

In developing memory grasp the elements; let essentials stand out in relief. Though it is necessary to concentrate on all that is said, it is also requisite that the person shall learn to discriminate in his stores of memory, casting out the things that are useless for those that are worth while. Each man must train himself actively and systematically to remember all facts that pertain to his particular business or profession. For example, the doctor during business hours will succeed best if he concentrates on medical matters.

The first impression received in making a mental picture is usually the best. It is wise to trust this primary impression. Be persistent in the effort to recall the image, and do this frequently. It is far better to form the habit of recalling an image that has already been fixed in the mind than to try to repeat the impression. In making the recall see that no irrelevant matters are included in the picture. Concentration is just as necessary when one recalls an impression as when the primary picture is formed and printed on the mind. Just as we can work best after a period of rest, so can we recollect best when the mind is refreshed after a period of relaxation. It is always better to remember ideas than words.

One authority suggests that in recalling a memory picture we should recognize the image as we would a friend. When we greet the memory images that come to us with warmth and confidence, they will be likely to return again in time of need. It is much the same in the case of a memory picture as it is in the case of a real friend; in both instances our feelings of worth, recognition and attachment reach out and bind them to us.

It is a fundamental law that memory depends upon the vividness of the first impression. For this reason it is wholly essential that every effort be made to see that the initial picture is perfectly clear. One must see with the mind as well as with the eyes. Good memory depends on good knowledge—that is, we remember best the things we thoroughly understand. The mind cannot properly recall what was never really known or understood. If the original occurrence was vague the image the person recalls will be still more vague. Newton is reported to have said that if he had made any worthwhile discoveries "it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent." In this connection it is well to remember that concentration on a problem does not mean a hypnotic gaze at any particular object. The individual with well-developed powers of attention can go from one phase or aspect of a subject to another and still keep his mind fixed on the original problem.

Mind wandering may be due to physical causes, such as the effect of shock, nervous illness, restlessness or an excitable temperament. On the other hand, the majority of the cases of mind wandering are due to mental causes, primary among which are lack of interest, natural laziness, a fixed habit of drifting, a profusion of interests and an overactive mind. In many cases mind wandering is due to a monotony of daily work or a narrowed mental sphere.

A great economic saving would result if millions of Americans would undertake the cultivation of their memories. The whole problem as already stated is chiefly a matter of will power and systematic mental exercise. Nothing worth while is ever gained without some effort, and so it is with the development of the memory—each person must practice, observe and experiment, no matter whether working in an office, walking in a park or lounging at home. Thousands of men and women sit in lawyers' offices and hear important legal documents read without being able to concentrate sufficiently to understand the facts of the case. Many people spend years in investing and speculating in the stock market, and yet are unable to remember the details of the happenings and the nature of the gossip and comment that preceded even the last important movement of security prices. The old scenery that surrounds each seemingly new cycle or major change in prices is wholly forgotten because of the inability of individuals to retain what should have been a strong impression.

One index of efficiency is ability to save time, and a first-class memory is one of the best eliminators of wasted hours. The person who has to grope about for his facts and figures is hopelessly handicapped in the severe competition which exists in modern business. American industry now needs the whole minds of those engaged in it, but because of weakened memories it receives only a small part of the nation's potential brain power. People who can retain ideas and impressions follow evidence while the others are prone to follow prejudice. The fellow who can remember, reasons from particulars to particulars, while the fellow who easily forgets, reasons from generalities to particulars. One cause why many uneducated business men outstrip those who are educated is that the former have acquired the habit of giving close attention to details and remembering exactly what they see and hear.

All people are born with certain original inherited responses, such as hearing, breathing, seeing and swallowing. There is just as much reason why we should stifle one of these functions as there is why we should neglect to develop our memories. It can be said in truth that memory is the treasurer of the mind and the warden of the brain.

Little Savings With Big Results

PREVENTABLE wastes in business to-day are found on every hand. Factory wastes are often caused by the failure of managements to furnish adequate incentives or rewards to employes for maximum individual effort; by a lack of proper plans for the execution of work; by the failure of management in effectively controlling work in process; and finally by a policy that fails to cultivate a spirit of coöperation between management and men and among employes themselves.

Labor can be efficient only when the creative faculty is stimulated, and this comes through the proper arrangement of work. Capital can be efficient only when the reproductive faculty is stimulated, and this comes through proper planning. Industrial efficiency, therefore, results from the efficient functioning of capital and labor in unison.

As an example of unnecessary waste it is interesting to note the conclusions of one expert who declares that 20 per cent of all the broken-down machinery and metal equipment in the scrap piles in this country to-day could be retained in service for periods ranging from two to ten years by the application of proper methods for their care and operation during periods of idleness. Hundreds of machine shops are now wasting large sums of money through their failure to separate the metal borings, turnings and filings which are produced as by-products each day. In many plants the metal piles consist of steel, cast iron and brass thrown together, and such a mixture has comparatively small value. In order to obtain the top price for metal scrap the manufacturer must provide separate containers under the different machines so that the various metals used will not become mixed. In many cases it is advisable to bale the metal scrap, for by doing this a greater quantity can be loaded on one car, with a resulting saving in freight. Thousands of dollars are wasted annually through the failure of companies regularly to paint iron and steel smokestacks. A new stack will often be ruined by an utter lack of paint during six months of idleness. In most plants there is an opportunity to save equipment and raw materials on every side.

Just as there is now loss in retail practice, there is likewise waste in selling and handling the products of factories. In boom years all salesmen had to do was to take orders. To-day the corporations that have an order-taking organization instead of a selling force are hoeing a hard row. Successful salesmanship results from knowledge rather than genius. The best sellers are those who give first thought to how their products can make money for their prospective customers. The truth is that clever salesmen are made, not born. Several concerns are keeping their selling organizations intact through the months of business depression by putting the men to other tasks in the plants when they are not on the road. One investigator found that normally one-half of the salesman's time is spent in traveling, and 15 per cent is devoted to actually selling goods. The cost of selling is materially increased by many buyers whose practice it is to keep salesmen waiting before seeing them. Every hour that salesmen lose while waiting to see prospects is a dead loss, the cost of which must be added to the prices of goods.

One common mistake is to take old customers for granted and assume that just because they have consistently patronized the firm they will continue to make purchases. It is not enough merely to sell a customer or to keep him sold; on frequent occasions he must be resold. It is not a good plan for a company to rest easy in the belief that customers are permanent patrons just because they refer to the company as a good old reliable firm. Reliability is all very well, but style and new improvements in any line of goods are equally valuable assets. Selling expenses can be reduced in many cases by supplying prospective customers with smaller samples. One company recently standardized its samples of automobile tires. Instead of five-inch samples, one-inch samples were used, and the saving will be $5000 this year.

One development of the present times is the picture method of selling. The colored photograph is taking the place of the sample case, and as a result of this departure transportation charges and sample-room rentals are less. Photographs may be used either loose or mounted in visible-index books. With this scheme the salesman can cover territory he could not have reached easily with a half dozen or more trunks and sample cases. When he uses photographs he is not subject to delays caused by missent baggage. Several large retail stores are now sending out salesmen with photographic albums and are meeting with success in their new and novel campaign to beat hard times.

A number of large manufacturing concerns are cutting costs by substituting mechanical handling devices for human labor. One company formerly used ten men for two days in loading their product into a railroad car. Now the boxes go first to a gravity conveyor, then to a spiral-chute conveyor, and finally to a roller conveyor which lands them in the cars. Three men do the work in thirty-five minutes. Another corporation effected a large saving through the use of demountable truck bodies. The time consumed in loading and unloading goods was materially cut, and idle-truck time was also greatly reduced.

In one or two cities the merchants have got together with the post-office authorities and have arranged for the post office to take over the delivery of all merchandise purchased in these stores. The post-office people first made a survey of the city and determined which sections would get the bulk of the parcel-post matter. In each of these districts a relay station was established to serve as a central distributing point. The districts were so planned that the majority of the deliveries would be no more than six or eight blocks from one of the central relay stations. In a few sections automobiles were used, while in several outlying districts horseback service was employed. Since one postman handles the deliveries in his district for all stores this reduces to a minimum the number of daily store deliveries which the housewife must come to the door to receive.

One manager with a splendid record for accomplishment attributes such success as he has had to his insistence on having only facts, not guesswork. When it is known that an executive will accept nothing but facts his employes are careful to give him what he wants. This man always bases his moves on a careful preliminary analysis. When an error is made he requires a complete investigation, which must disclose the precise cause of the mistake. Then a remedy is suggested for its nonrepetition. Before starting any direct mail campaign for his company he requires a tryout of each idea to decide which efforts have the greatest value. No large quantity of any piece of literature is sent out until an exhaustive test has shown that the letter or circular used will net the right kind of returns. Tests have shown that one piece of mail matter may bring only a 1 per cent return while another piece of mail matter covering the same subject may bring a return running as high as 10 per cent.

One investigation showed that advertised goods were turned over three times as fast as those that were not advertised. Another survey furnished an interesting estimate of the lifetime of an advertisement. Very few ads stop working as soon as the next issue of the paper or periodical appears. In the case of national weeklies, 75 per cent of the total inquiries were received in twenty-seven days.

In most lines of business to-day operating expenses can be reduced materially through devoting time and study to the chief factors which make up costs. In a majority of cases it is possible to effect a reduction in the volume of credit business handled. The time on charge accounts can be shortened. Budget systems can be adopted with advantage. Nine times out of ten it is a waste and a mistake to use men to do work that can be done by machines. Often work can be speeded by using a color index to show the relative urgency of each job. Red generally signifies immediate attention, green an early date, and white a no-hurry job. Slow-moving work can be put in the fast class by simply changing the color cards. In dozens of companies executives do not require a typist solely for themselves. A central stenographic bureau often saves money. An efficient office boy prepares all the necessary supplies for the typist, such as interleafing letterheads, carbons and tissues. Allocation of work is made by a chart, which is kept by the chief of the stenographic department.

Above all else in these difficult times, a corporation manager should bear in mind the necessity of retaining as many experienced employes as possible, for such workers will be needed to serve as a nucleus of the larger organization which must be built up again when conditions become normal.

THE POETS' CORNER

EDUCATIONAL PHOTO NEW YORK CITY

Cured

YES, Willy is much better now;
he did not look just right;
He was so tired and listless and he lost his appetite.
He did not openly complain, but plainly was distressed
And moped about the house a lot and lost his boyish zest.
His voice we hardly heard at all, it was so weak and frail,
And so we took him out of school before his health should fail;
But now vacation time has come he's learned again to smile,
And you can hear him yelling "Slide!" for fully half a mile.

It really was quite far to school, too far for him, we knew,
To walk in his enfeebled state, as he must always do;
He seemed to be so delicate and he said his good-by
With such a plaintive little voice and such a weary eye;
And when he dragged his steps back home it was pathetic quite,
And then to see him struggle with his chores to do at night.
But now vacation time has come—well, bless his little soul,
He walks three miles down to the creek with bait and line and pole.

He walked about the yard a bit, but, oh, his step was slow!
And once he got his garden tools and bravely tried to hoe,
But it was quite too much for him; the heavy hoe he laid
Upon the ground beside him when he rested in the shade.
And then he got himself a drink and wiped his sweating brow,
Too weak to do a thing he wished; but he is better now,
For when the circus street parade unrolled its wonders long,
He walked three times across the town and finished good and strong.

The blackboard was so very high and when he wrote for long
His shoulders ached and it was plain he was not well and strong.
And just to climb the schoolhouse stair left him so weak and spent,
He had to stop to get his breath before his way he went.
But he is so much better now—vacation time is here,
And he just climbed the big barn roof; while all his playmates cheer.
He'll slide down now and land somewhere in our old apple tree,
And we are all so glad, for he is well as he can be!
—James W. Foley.

Petition

GOD grant that I may always know
The beauty of a dream,
And that when I am called to go
Across life's silver stream
To meet the Great Reality the sunset's ruddy glow
May paint a dear, remembered road.
God grant that youth time's gleam
Will cause my heart to lose its load
Of age and toil and woe;
God grant to me a tender dream
When I am called to go!

A little dream—a cottage door,
And roses sweet with rain,
And sunlight dancing on the floor,
And love as keen as pain.
A little dream of mignonette,
And hands that touch my hair,
And laughter soft as vain regret,
And eyes that find me fair.

A simple dream of simple things,
A dress of drowsy blue,
An uncaged yellow bird that sings,
And, oh, the voice of you!
A dream of silences that cry,
And words left half unsaid;
A dream of hopes that never die
And fears that long are dead.

God, in your own far heaven place,
This is the prayer I make:
When you have shown at last your face
And bid the sleeper wake,
Let me remember, if I may,
The dream that was my yesterday!
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Piper

WHEN April is a piper, and youth is April's song,
When wistful buds are lifting their faces to the sky—
When birds fly northward fleetly, and new leaves whisper sweetly
Their secrets to the slow breeze that brushes gently by;
Then dreams that have lain silent beneath the winter's cold
Begin to breathe, to quicken—to raise their eager eyes—
And life seems all unfolding; and, oh, there is no holding
The days that pass as swiftly as vivid butterflies!

When April is a lover, and youth is April's joy,
When every shadow murmurs love's passion and love's prayer;
When every lad is waiting to hear the call of mating,
And every lass is pretty, with sunlight in her hair—
Oh, then all doubts seem answered, all fears are shut away,
Heroic deeds are easy, adventure lives once more;
And every road is leading—half winsomely, half pleading—
To cottages with gardens, and vines above each door.

When April is a challenge, and youth is April's hope,
All Nature stands expectant, to hear the pledge they take;
For April is the master, and youthful hearts beat faster,
And in the glowing tumult who knows what heart may break?
There is no looking backward, there is no vain regret,
There is no promise given—what promises last long?
There is no slow deciding, for romance may come riding,
And who would keep him waiting, when youth is April's song!
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Worthy Cit

OH, ANY man's a thoroughbred
And champs the frothy bit
When business runs full speed ahead,
When skies are clear and clouds have fled
And life is fine and fit.
But when the balance runs to red,
And when the world is sick abed,
I'm for the man who don't play dead,
When all the crowd has quit.

When all the crowd has quit!
Say, does he make a hit?
He does—a little bit.

Oh, when the team is going strong
And every play's a hit,
Most any man will join the throng
And ding the ding and dong the dong
And do his booster bit;
But I'm for him who plugs along,
When everything goes blooey wrong,
Who plays his part and sings his song,
When all the crowd has quit.

When all the crowd has quit!
Well, say, does that take grit?
It does—a little bit.

Oh, any man holds up his head
When folks proclaim him "It!"
And when he never needs to dread
The maxim "Please remit!"
But when he eats unbuttered bread,
And when his piker friends have fled,
Then not to squeal, but smile instead,
When all the crowd has quit ——

When all the crowd has quit!
Is he a worthy cit?
I'll say—a little bit!
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Rondeau Redouble

YOU might be worse—much worse—my sweet Suzette;
Far homelier damosels than you one sees;
You're not so foolish as they sometimes get.
I must admit in many ways you please.

That you too frequently reveal your knees,
Considering your age, I do regret;
But they're no eyesores. Am I such a tease?
You might be worse—much worse—my sweet Suzette.

Too bad you bobbed that pretty hair, my pet!
It may save labor and conduce to ease,
But it disfigures. Still I should not fret,
Far homelier damosels than you one sees.

Your damns don't sound so innocent as gees,
And there's your cocktail and your cigarette!
But though I disapprove of things like these,
You're not so foolish as they sometimes get.

And that complexion that you dare not wet—
Your lip-sticked lips, your powdered cheeks de riz—
Oh, fie! But then, with others of your set,
I must admit in many ways you please.

I shake my head, my dear, but when you breeze
In on me, little up-to-date coquette,
My moral sternness oozes by degrees.
You're pretty awful in some ways, and yet
You might be worse.
—Kennett Harris.

In the Bachelor's Chair

THE silver silence of the snow
Has locked the world in dreams; and I,
Heart witched by a time-worn picture, sigh
For the love and delight of long ago.

O little sweetheart, I wonder where
Is now your home; whose lips you kiss
In the old way now; and if you miss,
As I do, something we used to share!

In the big armchair that was built for two,
First on its arm, then on my knee,
What happy hours you winged for me
When my heart was young and my world just you!

While my blood is red can I forget
The glow of your happy, enfolding arm,
Your flower-sweet breath, and the nameless charm
Of the deep eyes holding Eden yet!

Oh, you were a woman through and through,
Embodying love as the sun does flame;
And you gave, with neither boldness nor shame,
Your whole heart, freely, as love's just due.

I sit with the years for company,
And doze and dream till I feel your mouth
Warm at my ear, like the whispering South,
And I reach to clasp you. Oh, could it be!

What songs the blazing logs intone,
The summers they knew within them sing.
O heart of mine, we have known the spring,
But now it is winter—and I am alone!
—Stokely S. Fisher.

The Lizard and the Polar Bear

THE Lizard and the Polar Bear were neighbors at the Zoo
One cheerless day in autumn when a bracing north wind blew,
"Good gracious," said the Polar Bear, "it's most amazing hot!"
"Your pardon," said the Lizard, "I assure you it is not!"

"You silly," said the Polar Bear, "I wish you'd feel my fur!
It's wet with perspiration every time I merely stir."
"My tail is like an icicle," the Lizard boldly spake,
"I'm shivering all over and I wish you'd feel me shake!"

"I'll perish with a sunstroke if I cannot find some shade;
I'm simply suffocating!" so the Polar Bruin said.
"This frigid wind will freeze me, and I'm sure my end's begun!"
Said the Lizard, who was looking for a corner in the sun.

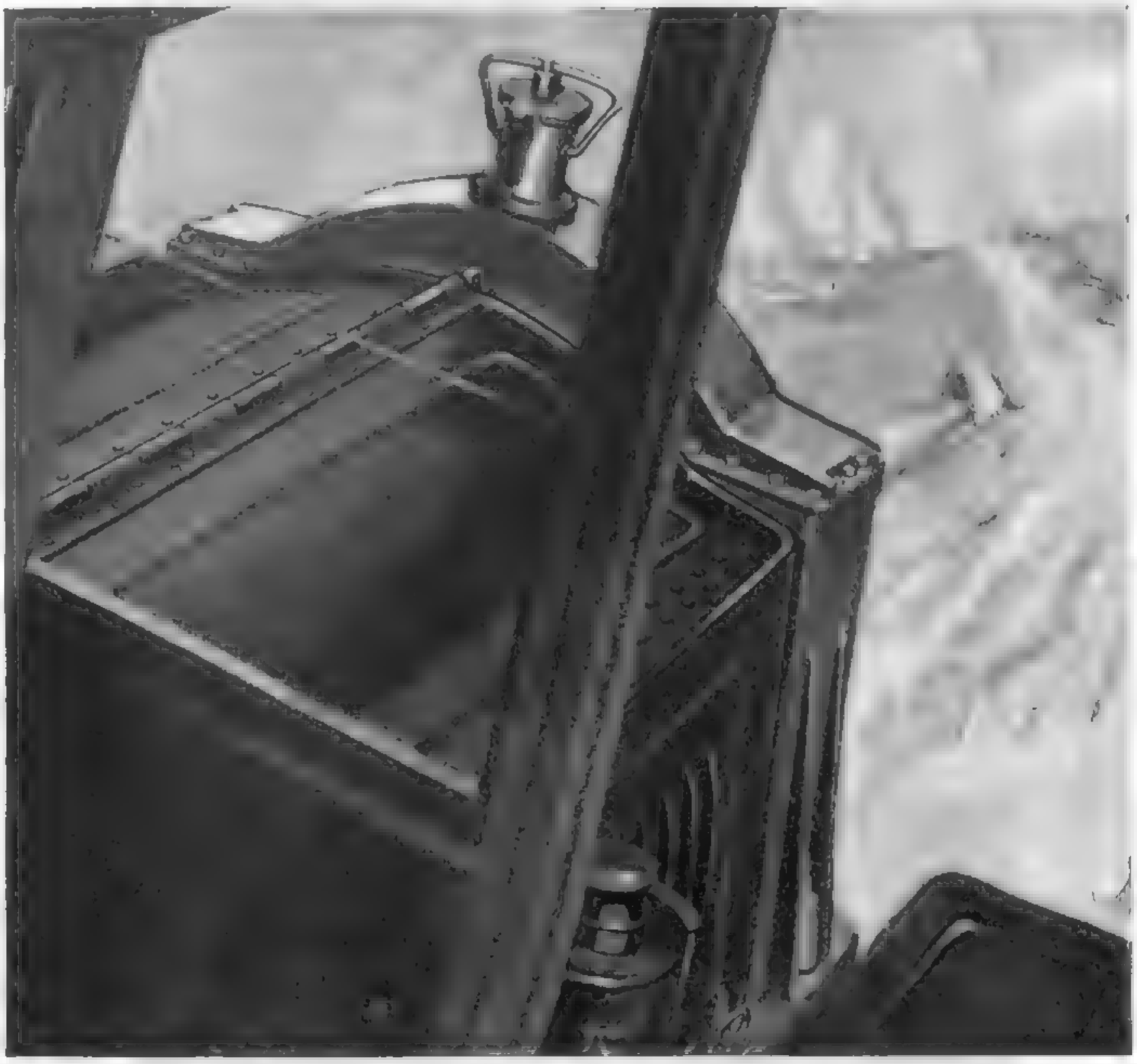
"It's strange," observed the Polar Bear, "how all the world's awry.
This heat is so depressing to a creature such as I."
"Indeed," replied the Lizard, "you have never felt such chill
In your marrow bones as I do, and I hope you never will!"

"I'm sweating," said the Polar Bear. "I cannot get my breath."
"I shiver," said the Lizard. "I am frozen half to death."
"There never was such weather," said the two—"no, there was not,
When one of us is freezing and the other burning hot."

So then they asked the Keeper with the ruddy, rosy cheeks
How came such funny weather in two such distinctive streaks;
"You're crazy!" said the Keeper. "There's no truth in what you say—
I don't remember when we've had so glorious a day!"

Then the Polar Bear grew hot with wrath inside his rocky cage,
And the Lizard heard the Keeper and went cold with bitter rage.
And the Keeper was astounded and he looked and gasped for breath,
For the Polar Bear had sunstroke and the Lizard froze to death.

Now the tale is very tragic but the moral's very plain:
You'll never grow an icicle upon a Tropic plain,
And the Polar Bear and Lizard may exactly disagree,
And both be absolutely right, as you can plainly see.
—James W. Foley.



The economy of the Packard Truck is the economy of better hauling at lower cost. It includes more tons hauled, more trips made, more days and months and years of working life, at less expense for operation and upkeep

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

MARY MARY

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

FICTION isn't what it used to be since they stopped having good people and bad people. Nowadays a heroine doesn't think she's doing right by her readers if she doesn't have at least one lapsus linguæ in the course of her diary, and your villain has the most conflicting habit of stopping to pet the janitor's grandson on the fire escape. Soon literature will be as confusing as real life, where the good lady on your right, who never misses church on Sunday, nags her invalid husband into acute dipsomania with attendant complications—after each of which, of course, she dismisses the attendant—while the bad woman on your left, who comes home every Sunday morning at a questionable hour with questionable friends in a questionable state of holiness—namely, alco-holiness—nurses her cook through the flu and anonymously sends the furnace man's daughter to musical college. All of which, if you are Dulcinearsighted, and love to think of life as a lexicon, makes it very strenuous and confusing.

Which leads up to the fact that there were two girls whom Bunny Brinkerhoff might have married. Florrie would have made a model wife for any man. Mary might have made a model wife for six or seven men if she could have taken them on simultaneously. But Bunny Brinkerhoff married Mary, leaving Florrie to lead his brother Guilfoyle to the altar. And the funny part was that everybody aided and abetted and approved.

Everybody then proceeded to say that Mary ought to be ashamed of herself, and a man like Roi Brinkerhoff deserved something better than a wife who was forever dancing, golfing, motoring and appearing at public places—not to mention disappearing from them—with men—men—men; or worse, man—man. But, on the other hand, Bunny himself was to blame for not putting his foot down. Everybody likes nothing better than marrying couples off and then deciding who is to blame—except deciding that both are, which satisfies everybody's passionate devotion to abstract justice, at the same time offering up two victims to the ax.

"Somebody," remarked Florrie Brinkerhoff during an intermission at a matinée, "ought to tell Bunny about Mack Mullen. He isn't the right sort of man for Mary to be lunching with day after day."

"Mary," announced Kit Logan, who was Mary's chum, "is not in any danger from Mack Mullen. He has fringes on his cuffs. And if Mary must have her quart of blood before breakfast I'd rather see her with a man like Mack Mullen, who's so impossible she couldn't ever make the mistake of taking him seriously."

"Well," Marian Gillette commented, "he certainly isn't the kind of man I'd choose to play around with if I had a good-looking husband like Bunny Brinkerhoff."

"Child," sighed Kit, "you're going to break a leg some day hopping over bridges from such a distance. You don't know what you might do if you ever got a husband of any sort. As for Mary, she has the laboratory itch. When any new kind of specimen heaves in sight Mary gets feverish if she can't investigate him and find out what's on the inside. And the people who know Mary and love her understand that and don't go round — "

"Nobody can say I don't love Mary, and I always stick up for my friends," volunteered Florrie stiffly; "but I don't think there's any excuse for the way Mary leads men on."

"Men don't need any more leading where Mary is concerned than a six-year-old needs to be led into a lollypop

"Mary, This Must Really be the Last Time. It Mustn't Ever Happen Any More"

den," said Kit. "You'd have to post a sentry to keep them away."

"Well, then, Mary ought to begin posting," asserted Marian. "It isn't fair to a man ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" Kit was impatient. "Why don't they stay away if they're such frail blossoms? Of course I admit I'd like to see Mary learn to say no ——"

The curtain was going up, but Florrie ventured to say in that last moment in which so many important things always remain to be said, that some day Mary was going to carry things too far, and to wonder why it was Bunny never did put his foot down.

As a matter of fact, he did, several times. But either he put it down too lightly or picked it up too soon, for nothing permanent ever came of it. Of course he had never done anything drastic like issuing an ultimatum or threats or anything like that, partly from the normal American adult male dislike for scenes and partly from a hazy fear that did he utter such an ultimatum and did Mary fail to live up to it—with the odds strongly in favor of the failure—it would be rather hard on Bunny Brinkerhoff. There were only two things on earth Bunny Brinkerhoff was afraid of. One was that some day he might be called upon to face existence without Mary Mary—so called because she was the most consistent person in the world, naturally; and the other was that some day a four-alarm fire would break out in his neighborhood and he would miss it.

Bunny was what is known as a buff, or, in the language of his home city, Toledo, a piker, a congenital fireman. At the first sound of the siren up would come Bunny Brinkerhoff's blond head with the hair all plastered back in molasses-taffy docility; up would go the corners of his blue eyes behind his bone-rimmed glasses; up would go his ears—well, as up as they could—and he was half an inch less than six feet of tense, straining-at-the-leash expectancy.

At the second call he was murmuring absent excuses to the hostess—if she happened to be between him and the door—and by the time the untrained ears of the other people present had sent messages to their untrained brains to the effect that there must be a fire somewhere, Bunny Brinkerhoff was on a trolley or a taxi or haply the nonbusiness end of some fire apparatus headed in the direction of the blaze.

Fire-engine-itis is just like any other kind of sickness. If you've inherited it it's hard to get it out of your system. One of Bunny Brinkerhoff's earliest and outstandingest recollections was a daguerreotype of his Grandfather Brinkerhoff trying to look unconscious of a red shirt and a tin trumpet. Back in the old Goose Neck days grandpa was Foreman of Niagara 4, which was a pretty important job. He was the boy who used to yell through the trumpet, and all that the other fellows had to do was put the fire out.

Instead of taking him to the menagerie of a Sunday morning Grandpa Brinkerhoff used to lead little Roi to the engine house, where the chief gave him a hook-and-ladder catalogue—after which his mother wondered why her Roisie had lost interest in all the nice sheepsies with all the nice woolly woolly wool in the picturebook.

At the age of seven he took his dog Don to the engine house to be clipped, where he showed such appreciation of the shiny nickel engine that the firemen adopted him and Don, even permitting the latter to roll to fires with them.

As he grew older, being a lovable youth, he had many friends in all the varied walks of life, as the saying is. But his deepest and most passionate friendship was for the operator at fire headquarters who used, whenever there was a real fire—say, a third or fourth alarm affair—to call up his friend Bunny and give him the glad word. By that time Bunny was rated a regular fireman, with a fireman's privileges—so long as he did not make a fool of himself—and a regular turn-out—rubber hat and coat, and boots with waterproof pants fastened over them, and a badge marked Toledo Fire Dept.

When he came to New York as sales manager of the Vehie Rubber Company the first friends he made were at the engine house nearest the frat house where he lived. Bunny spoke the firemen's language and he used to bring them magazines and candy and cigars and hang rather bad music on the terrible old square piano which somebody had given them. And soon he became pretty popular with the men.

Bunny Brinkerhoff's eyesight, with the aid of his horn-rimmed specs, was as good as anybody else's; good enough for driving an ambulance for a year and a half in France before we went into the war. But none of the idiotic examining boards before whom he came, in his various and desperate endeavors to get into the service, could be

(Continued on Page 42)

Facts

Oldfield Demand Has Passed All Precedent, As Oldfield Performance Has Broken All Records

Public acceptance of the Oldfield Tire as an important factor in automobile progress is a story without precedent.

At its introduction the public accepted the tire on the name and the word of a man who had played a major part in making motor history.

Their confidence was quickly confirmed by performances which set new records of speed and endurance in nearly every racing classic for the past few years.

Their faith was further established by enthusiastic stories everywhere of Oldfield endurance in public and private service.

As a result Oldfield has, in less than three years, overtaken 85 per cent of the other companies in volume of sales.

Seventy-five distributors, since last December, have become carload lot buyers of Oldfield Tires to give their customers the service that they require.

The reason for the growing good will towards Oldfield Tires lies in the scientific yet practical development of the tire itself—personally tested by Barney Oldfield in every state in the Union.

Draw lines across the tread at right angles to the tire itself. Note how much rubber lies under each line—a full, broad, powerful road contact—and an equal amount at each point. Uniform balance is an essential Oldfield quality.

The shape and arrangement of the riding strip and the darts which parallel it are based on scientific calculations. Slip, spin or skid in any direction is counteracted by the lines of resistance which grip securely on slippery pavements.

And the self-evident quality of both carcass and tread makes Oldfield's moderate prices doubly attractive.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TIRES

Oldfield Warehouses

Akron, Ohio
Atlanta, 20 Walker Street
Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
Dallas, 2121 Commerce St.
Kansas City, 2001 Grand Ave.
Los Angeles, 1165 S. Figueroa
San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness St.
Minneapolis, 444 Stinson Blvd.
New York, 1871 Broadway
Seattle, 1518 11th Ave.

"999" *$9.99 for the 30 x 3½ Fabric* **$9.99**

For the special service of the light car owner Oldfield has developed a full size, 4-ply, 17¼ ounce fabric 30x3½ tire, the now famous Oldfield "999" to sell at the above remarkably low price in the 30x3½ size and $8.99 in the 30x3.

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made to listen to reason. There was one time when he memorized the chart and so managed to be sent to a training camp, where, however, the darn fools took away his glasses before he could even glimpse their double-blank chart, much less memorize it; and consequently he shortly found himself back home again, where he alternately fumed and sulked until he learned, between frantic trips to Washington, that the fire department was short of men and an auxiliary force was being organized for the emergency.

Bunny was made sergeant of an all-American auxiliary fire-fighting unit consisting of Frank and Benny—an Italian who drove a fruit wagon and his Jewish chum—who had run to fires all their lives; a Scandinavian who was the Svenska edition of my brother Sylvest'; a member of the Swiss Salvation Army; and one native New Yorker with a wife and two babies, who hampered but were unable to check his career as an amateur fireman.

For eighteen months this auxiliary company drilled, spent from three to five nights a week at the fire house performing regular firemen's duty—being carried out of blazes feet first; taking a deal with the rest in subcellar workers, Bunny in particular being laid on a sidewalk more than once and tendered the gentle offices of the pulmotor; getting a whack from the negotiable end of a hose which knocked the breath out of him and then sent him after it; and nearly losing a thumb by reason of a two-hundred-pound woman whom he was carrying out of an Italian tenement without having stopped to pry her teeth loose from it. I mean the thumb.

At the end of that time the service was disbanded and Bunny Brinkerhoff received a badge and the indefinite extension of his privileges as an honorary member of the fire department, at the discretion of his captain. And although when he married Mary he moved out of the neighborhood he was still at all times welcome at the fire house and could feel sure of a bed any nights he chose to sleep there—as, for instance, when Mary was away. And sometimes when she wasn't.

Of course Mary didn't enjoy being left alone. And she was always sure that every fire Bunny went to was going to be his last, and she might just as well get used to the idea of a veil even though they always did get tangled in her lashes. But she never exercised her wifely prerogative and asked him to quit. Other women used to say they wouldn't put up with such a thing—not for a minute. But then, they themselves were flawless wives, like Florrie, who felt that perfection was the stern duty of humanity and who, ever since she had achieved it herself and helped her husband to approach it, had been rather busy at odd moments straightening out kinks for the rest of the world.

Florrie was a plump, dark woman with an agreeable complexion and a disagreeable voice, and it was in a large sealskin dolman and an antikink crusading spirit—for surely no really good woman enjoys such a mission—that she dropped in to see the vice president of the Vehie Rubber Company, and to open his eyes to what people were saying about his wife and Mack Mullen.

This Mack Mullen was a very dark sheep. Nobody had a good word for him. He was an unsuccessful writer. He was violent. He was unkempt. He was shabby. He lived somewhere in the Village, naturally, whence he emigrated only to attend the theater, for the purpose of writing acid articles about it; and to see Mary, for what purpose heaven only knew. He was rude, he was vulgar, he was radical—manifestly an impossible person. And Mary was seeing him every day.

Bunny wanted Florrie to think he was not worried. He tilted back his swivel chair against the wall to prove it. There must have been an immoral streak somewhere in Bunny, for although Florrie was his sister-in-law, and an undeniably good woman, Bunny could only with the greatest difficulty maintain his liking for her at freezing point. Most of the time it kept flopping below zero.

So Bunny thanked her for her good intentions and interest—he realized she meant it all for the best—and assured her rather coldly that he knew about Mary's friendship for Mullen, and while he personally did not hanker after Mullen's company—as a matter of fact he could not abide him and would walk miles to escape one of his tirades—nevertheless, he did not feel that he had the right to dictate Mary's preferences.

Of course Florrie, filling to capacity a small leather armchair on the opposite side of his desk, understood all that. But did he know Mary had Mullen at the house every time he, Bunny, was out, and also had lunch with him either at home or downtown nearly every day?

No, he maintained, keeping his balance with difficulty since the chair seemed bent on returning, he never inquired what Mary did with her time. It was hers to use at her own discretion.

Why on earth was he so furious at Florrie? Shouldn't his anger have been directed toward Mary?

But did he think it right for Mary to go down to that man's studio alone for tea?

Florrie delivered this without looking at her brother-in-law, being rather intent on an inspection of her agreeable complexion in the mirror of her vanity case.

Bunny's chair and his jaw came down hard. And his voice had a strained inflection as he replied that if Mary had taken tea with Mullen in his studio Mary was the kind of woman who could take tea with a man in his studio.

"But that's just it," interjected Florrie, closing the vanity case, "Can she? Everybody's talking about her and Mullen and saying you ought to know." She met his eyes frankly.

Bunny began to clean his pipestem vigorously and thanked Florrie. If people were talking he would speak to Mary. But, of course, Mary's *friends*—he gave the cleaner a vicious jab through the pipestem—knew that it was all right for Mary to take tea anywhere she chose; in fact, that anything Mary did was quite above question.

The way he said it—as though she, Florrie, had been caught doing something wrong, instead of Mary! It made her perfectly furious!

"Well," she admitted, not without asperity, bunching the dolman protectingly about her plump shoulders, "we know that anything Mary does is quite above question, but you can't expect other people to believe that it's quite all right for Mary to let Mack Mullen make love to her."

Bang! Bunny's fist came down on the desk and Bunny was on his feet towering over his sister-in-law like a very thundercloud of righteous wrath, his rather pinkish face absolutely purple, his blue eyes flashing such black fire that in some way his bone-rimmed spectacles grew misty.

Well, he needn't look at her in that way, because Miss Batchford sat in back of them on a Fifth Avenue bus one evening, and she heard Mullen making love to Mary all the way up.

And furthermore, if he was going on that way—calling Miss Batchford names and almost throwing her, Florrie, out of his office when she was doing a disagreeable duty just for his own sake—why then, in justice to herself, Florrie had to leave him a letter which she hadn't meant to show him at all, because she knew how it would make

(Continued on Page 44)

"I Think We Women Ought to Stick Together." "I Suppose We Ought," Agreed Mary

The Coach
$1795

HUDSON

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Closed Car Comforts— Open Car Cost

Hudson's Latest Achievement— On the Famous Super-Six Chassis

THINK of a closed car on the famous Super-Six chassis for $1795. That is less than 6 percent above the cost of the open models. This sensational achievement marks a turning point in motor car manufacture.

The new Hudson Coach offers convenient comfort against cold and rain. It affords the protection and advantages that are exclusive to enclosed cars. It has open car grace and freedom from unnecessary burden.

In the Coach you can now enjoy the year round utility of a fine closed car, with all the abundant road performance of the touring Super-Six.

This new type arrives at a time when motorists are turning decisively to the closed car. It is sure to be the most popular model Hudson ever built. Be one of the first to see it and make sure of early delivery.

The Most Astounding Value Hudson Ever Offered

Phaeton	$1695	Coach	$1795	Coupé	$2570	Touring Limousine	$2920
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Freight and Tax Extra

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Jim Henry's Column

Tested

Our tremendous increase of sales shows that a lot of men have just taken my word for it that Mennen Shaving Cream is amazingly efficient.

I suppose some have indifferently ignored my statements as mere advertising claims.

But here is one man who really put Mennen's to the test.

It seems that after trying almost everything, he finally settled on one soap as the least irritating of the lot. But a friend told him that his experiments were inconclusive since he had overlooked Mennen's. So, he bought a tube.

First, he used Mennen's on the right side of his face and his old soap on the left, employing two brushes.

Score—Mennen—1 Opponent—0

Next time, he reversed—Mennen's on the left side. Mennen's won.

In the last round, he shaved three times running with the old soap, and then three times with Mennen's.

To quote from his letter:

"There was no longer room for doubt. My face certainly felt better after using Mennen's."

The other day, I was explaining to a friend the scientific reason for Mennen's startling superiority and he asked, "Why don't you put that in your column?" I showed him the letter from which I have just quoted.

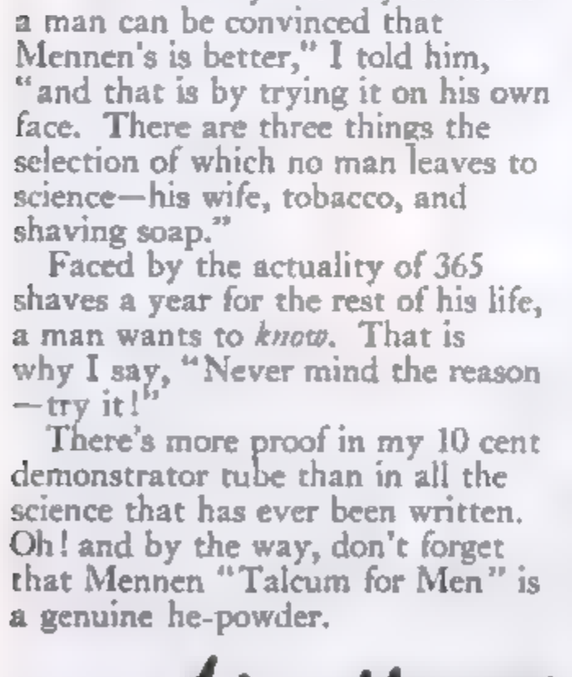
"There is only one way in which a man can be convinced that Mennen's is better," I told him, "and that is by trying it on his own face. There are three things the selection of which no man leaves to science—his wife, tobacco, and shaving soap."

Faced by the actuality of 365 shaves a year for the rest of his life, a man wants to *know*. That is why I say, "Never mind the reason—try it!"

There's more proof in my 10 cent demonstrator tube than in all the science that has ever been written. Oh! and by the way, don't forget that Mennen "Talcum for Men" is a genuine he-powder.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



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him feel. After which she pressed her dolman lovingly against her righteously indignant breast and took her departure. He needn't think his Mary was such a saint. Nobody else thought so.

No, nobody else thought so, and yet in some miraculous way Mary escaped the unpopularity that usually falls to the married woman whose lack of saintliness takes the direction of other men. Women loved her—especially truculent colored washwomen and superior saleswomen in the corset department; even wives, probably because she took such pains to make them. And oh, patriarch of tritisms!—dogs and children adored her. You see, everybody—man, woman, child and policeman—was Mary's oyster. And Mary was a glutton for sea food. Hard shells preferred. She liked to crack them with her teeth. The harder the better. That was why Bunny had first come to call her Mary Mary.

To Bunny, Mary Mary was the sixth day in the week. Because after God made her he rested. Not because she was his, Bunny's wife. Even strangers admitted that they had never seen anything quite so lovely as Mary Mary. She was little and piquant, with eyes the exact color of Circassian walnut, almond shaped, very large and luminous, of a vivacity which seduced the meek and a wistfulness which disarmed the strong. She had smooth hair, which she wore in braids around her oval face and everybody referred to it as black, but it wasn't. It was the color of Spanish mahogany.

Her chin was pointy and her mouth suffered from arrested development. So small was it, in fact, that you wondered how there was room inside for the full set of apparently normal teeth which flashed at you whenever Mary Mary wasn't being wistful. She had dark, slightly tinted skin and a surprisingly full column of throat—for so small and wiry a body. Her lips never needed any lipstick, although she was forever daubing at them out of sheer contrariness. But even she couldn't tell whether she had or hadn't unless she happened to remember. Her hands were full of gestures and she never sat with both feet where they could smite the eye of the beholder at once, and sometimes it would have taken an X ray to locate either of them.

There had been several hard knocks in Bunny Brinkerhoff's married life, several times when things had grown rather dark before his eyes, but never with such Stygian inkiness as this time. Never before had he felt so humiliated. Never before had the situation seemed quite so grave, as he assured Mary that evening in the charming little living room of their charming little apartment on the upper West Side.

He had to wait until Emily had finished clearing away the supper things from the dining room before he began.

Mary, curled up in one corner of the mulberry-colored davenport, with a yellow cushion behind her head, invisible as to feet, looked exactly like Mona Lisa caught in the act of borrowing her mother's white gloves for the junior prom. She had on a pink lawn dress, for Bunny's benefit, the fichu of which crossed in a V disclosing the full column of her throat. She did not deny anything, even before she knew he had that letter whose possession he had failed to make Florrie explain. Her frankness had always made similar situations seem less hopeless to Bunny.

"Yes," she admitted, "I've been seeing an awful lot of Mack. He's the most interesting unattached man I know. Yes, he is, Bunny—terribly interesting. Of course he has perfectly outrageous ideas, but he has a lovely nature underneath. Very poetic and imaginative and beautiful. Only he doesn't show it to everybody. He just doesn't care what people think of him."

"And I don't either." Bunny stopped pacing long enough to face her sternly. "But I do care what they think of you."

Mary Mary arched her straight black eyebrows over troubled eyes. "Of course I don't expect people to understand what I see in Mack. I don't even expect you to, Bunny, because he doesn't show himself to you the way he does to me."

"No!" Bunny's glasses began to grow misty, denoting agitation. "If he did I'd break his neck!"

Mary looked at him. He threw the letter into her lap. "He wrote you that letter, didn't he, Mary?"

Mary nodded but did not lower her eyes. "Where did you find it?" she asked curiously. "In my pocketbook?"

Bunny felt suddenly overwhelmed with the hopelessness of it all.

"Oh, Mary, how could you let a man write you that way?"

"What do you mean—'let him'?" She settled her smooth head more snugly into the cushion at her back. "He just did. I told him not to do it again because you wouldn't like it."

"I wouldn't like it! But, Mary, you don't like it, do you?"

"Oh—me?" She shrugged.

"Mary! Don't you resent it?"

Instead of answering she withdrew one satin-slippered foot from the pink concealment of her skirt and regarded it thoughtfully.

"Why, Mary," he burst forth, standing before her, his hands dug deep into his pockets, "it's positively sickening! Anybody can see the man is in love with you! Every line—every word ——"

"That's what makes me so sorry for him. When he told me ——"

"You've discussed it with him? He's dared to tell you ——"

"Well, if a thing is, I can't see the harm in discussing it. I'm not a baby."

"Well, then, stop talking like one! Stop and think! You admit this man makes love to you, and still you continue to go out with him, you entertain him here. Mary Mary, why do we have things like this coming up in our lives? Don't I satisfy you, Mary?"

"Why, Bunny! What an idea! Of course you do. But you always said you didn't object to my having men friends."

"I don't. But you don't seem able to keep men, friends. You let them make love to you."

"Heavens, Bunny, don't get so tragic! You know I don't take that seriously."

"Well, how do I know you take anything seriously? How do I know you take me seriously?" He would not meet the hurt look in her eyes. "You take constant chances of losing me. Don't look that way, Mary. When you go down to a man's studio—a man who is in love with you and to whose avowals you have listened—not only you, but some of the other passengers on top of a Fifth Avenue bus"—she whitened—"you're gambling with something for which I have paid rather a high price under the delusion that it was to be my exclusive property."

"Oh, Bunny—how on earth can you talk that way? You know that everything that really counts in me belongs to you."

"Well, you can hardly blame me for not being willing to have you dangle it before strangers as the stakes of a more or less thrilling game at which I know you are a good player—or, at any rate, a very lucky one."

"Bunny! Don't say things like that."

"Why not? Are we to be the only two people in the world who are not to discuss your little affairs frankly? Other people ——"

"Oh—other people make me sick! They always misunderstand."

"You bet they do. That's why you ought to be careful not to give them things they can misconstrue into a unanimous conclusion that I'm a fool. I'm not a fool. And I don't think you ought to keep making me look like one."

"Oh, Bunny! Such a mountain out of nothing! You know Mack Mullen doesn't mean anything to me."

"Well, it's even less complimentary to me to think you would take a chance of making me look ridiculous for the sake of any casual stranger who happened to pay you a little flattering attention."

"Bunny—that isn't fair!"

"Well, is it fair for you to do things which make it look that way to other people? If you have no pride about those matters, Mary, be good enough to consider mine!"

"Stop it, Bunny! You muan't talk that way to me. It isn't kind. It isn't necessary. If there's anything you don't want me to do, you just have to say so and I'll ——"

Bunny sighed. "I have said so, Mary; many times."

"I know." She hopped off the sofa and came towards him. "I'm awfully careless, Bunny. I just don't stop to think." She was standing in front of him now, her fingers interlaced, her eyes on the third button of his vest. "You're right. This isn't the first time. But if you'll forgive me, and not be angry"—one finger detached itself and hooked itself tentatively round the vest button—"I'll see that it won't happen any more."

He removed the finger gently. "All right, Mary. I forgive you—again." She winced. "But, Mary"—still holding her hand gravely—"this must really be the last time. It mustn't ever happen any more."

"It never will, Bunny. Honestly." She looked at him appealingly. "It never will. I promise."

"Wait a minute, Mary."

He dropped her hand, fending off the appeal in her eyes.

"I want to believe you. I do believe you." He crossed in front of her to the table. "I don't believe you really care about things like—this." He picked up the envelope and tore it deliberately in half, then tore the halves in little pieces, very deliberately, and threw the whole thing with an angry flip of his hand into the fireplace. "I believe you mean to play fair. But I don't think I can quite trust your discretion."

She looked over at him quickly. He was leaning against the mantel, gazing into the grate.

"You have a reputation for being unable to say no. I will have to safeguard our love against your—your generous heart, Mary. I hate to do it, it sounds so theatrical, but"—he searched her eyes then—"I shall have to ask you not to see Mack Mullen any more. And if you permit him to come in here I shall not consider it my home any longer. As for going to his rooms ——"

"Oh, Bunny—please! Please don't be cross with me any more." She came over to him again, her eyes luminous with something very like tears. "If you don't want me to see him again I shan't. I'll tell him you don't even want me to speak to him if I meet him on the street—and that I intend to respect your wishes."

Bunny steeled himself against her eyes, her softness, her—oh, well, her whole desirableness!

"Tell him anything you like. Only if you ever let him in here again ——"

"Oh, Bunny—I won't. I promise you I won't"

"Very well."

Still he did not yield and take her in his arms. The situation was grave. He was quite sick about it all. And he knew that for once he must be so firm that the memory of his firmness, or fear, or something else would step in when his love did not seem compelling or potent enough to keep Mary from doing impossible things.

"Very well. We will say no more about it—ever. But understand, Mary, the next time you put me in a position where all the women I know and most of the men are sorry for me, I shall simply—well, I shall simply clear out. You can get any man in the world to make love to you, without even trying. We all know it. Henceforth you will have to be satisfied with that knowledge without putting it to the test any more. I couldn't stand having our life a series of these scenes, with interludes while you were gathering courage to try again."

He had been brutal. But Mary had to face the truth. It was high time she realized what marriage really meant, and that this business of having your pie and eating it, too, isn't exactly feasible. Mary liked having men in love with her. If she could not give up the gratification of that vanity, then she had a small soul and he would be better off without her. If Mary preferred—but that was out of the question. Mary did not prefer. Mary really loved him and she was no baby. All she needed was to have the fear of God thrown into her once and for all time.

And it seemed as if he had been right. For Mary did actually settle down completely, more completely than he had demanded, expected, even hoped for. Mary stopped golfing with men, motoring with them, lunching with them. She devoted every bit of her time and attention and thought to Bunny Brinkerhoff. It was like another and better honeymoon. They seemed to have arrived at a newer, fuller understanding of each other and marriage, even though Mary did poke fun at it all. She was a brazen rascal, was Mary. That was part of her charm.

"I can't dance with you," she informed a perfectly strange man, quite gravely, at a party, "because my husband is so insanely jealous that he would undoubtedly shoot you."

(Continued on Page 46)

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

IN an incredibly short time the VAN HEUSEN Collar has become the vogue.

The stiff-bosomed boiled shirt and its starched cuffs had given place to the soft, dressy shirt with comfortable cuffs.

Men were asking for a soft collar: "Something that looks smart and feels smooth."

And because it has a dressy dignity no other collar can equal, men who scorned the ordinary soft collar are wearing the VAN HEUSEN.

Its trim and stylish appearance is *woven* and *tailored* into it, not *starched* nor *ironed* into it.

It needs no starch, and is as easy to launder as a handkerchief. It will outwear many ordinary collars.

Nine styles and heights in quarter sizes from 13½ *to* 20, *price fifty cents.*

If your dealer cannot supply you with the VAN HEUSEN Collar—and the VAN CRAFT Shirt (a soft white shirt with the VAN HEUSEN Collar attached)—write us for address of one that can.

No Starching

No Rough Edges

Will Not Wrinkle

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The spice, the zest and frequently the greatest enjoyment are furnished by the short subjects.

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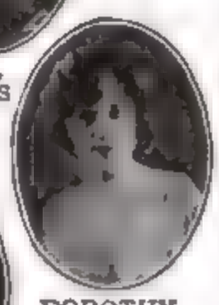
NEAL BURNS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EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E W Hammons, President
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 44)

And the strange man was seen to show a marked disinclination for the society of Mr. and Mrs. Brinkerhoff all evening.

Another time she telephoned Bunny at his office to hurry home because there was a book agent going in next door and he was so young and handsome that she was afraid when he came to her she would be unable to say no. And she used to write him anonymous letters to the effect that his wife was on friendly terms with the green grocer, who had been distinctly heard to call her "My dear lady," and the neighbors were talking, and everybody was feeling so sorry for Mr. Brinkerhoff.

But Bunny could stand a lot of ragging, and he was altogether happy; so happy that for three whole months he failed to show up at the fire house. And although he could not help jumping up when the engines went by, he always promptly sat down again.

Mary was trying so hard to please him that it seemed up to him to try equally hard to please her. And although she had never said anything about the engine house he knew she had never been quite happy about it.

One Sunday, along towards spring, when Mary had just settled herself comfortably for a nap on the couch in the living room, the engines went by. Well, you know how it is in the spring. At the first wail of the siren, up went Bunny's head so that Mary, who had heard nothing at all, recognized the symptoms and smiled. And when the next call came, punctuated by a staccato whistle and the ding-dong of a locomotive bell, "Ambulance, dear?" she asked innocently.

"Ambulance nothing!" By that time he was hanging halfway out of the window. "There goes Truck Ten."

After a while he withdrew reluctantly, brushing his hands together to remove the dust of the outer sill.

"I guess it isn't much of a fire," he began with fine unconcern.

"Don't you want to run out, dear, and see? I don't mind."

"N-no," he began, when the persistent note of a higher-pitched siren reached them. "M'm," he murmured, suddenly tense again, "the salvage corps."

"Run along, angel cake. I'm going to sleep and you'll only disturb me doing the caged-lion act. Go ahead and get it out of your system."

"Well"—he decided to accommodate her—"guess I will run round and see where it is."

"But don't forget, Bunny Wiggles, Florrie expects us in time for tea."

"Tea!" He had to laugh. "You don't suppose I'll be there from now till teatime, do you?"

"No! Of course not! But just in case you should find it getting later than you had planned, do try to get out and phone Florrie. You know how intimately her nervous system is bound up in her waffles."

"Don't be silly, Mary Mary." He tucked a cover about her shoulders. "It's not quite warm enough to sleep in such a negligee-ble costume." And when she made a face he stooped and kissed her. "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Better arrange to meet me at Florrie's. It'll save wear and tear on your conscience. Besides, I might leave early and take a walk."

He was about to assure her again that he would be back within the hour when he heard the shriek of another siren—the clang of another bell.

"Second alarm. Good grief!"

He forgot what he had been about to say. He forgot Mary.

"Honey," she called after him, "are you coming back here or shall I go straight to Florrie's?"

It was fifteen minutes before she had her answer.

"I'm in the fire lines," her husband told her over the telephone. "It's the Dexter Building, and it looks like a real worker. Guess you'd better not wait for me. I'll go straight to Florrie's."

"All right, Bunny dear. Try not to be late. And dear, do be careful!"

But he had already hung up the receiver.

It turned out to be mostly smudge, after all; an excelsior fire, which was handled by the first-alarm companies without aid. Bunny hung round and watched. He might as well, since Mary was not expecting him. Suddenly he heard his name called in a familiar voice. It gave him no particular thrill of pleasure. Florrie, who was taking a walk with Guil, had come by to look at the fire.

"Mary's sleeping, isn't she?" inquired Florrie.

"No," replied Bunny, "I guess she's out walking by this time."

"Walking?" repeated Florrie. "That's funny. I called her up and asked her to walk with us and she said she had a headache and was going to sleep all afternoon and didn't want to be disturbed."

"Well"—Bunny thought he understood—"probably she will sleep all afternoon. Mary's an awful sleepyhead."

"I don't think," remarked Florrie, and Bunny knew intuitively something unpleasant was in store for him, "that Mary is going to get much sleep to-day, because I just saw Mack Mullen duck into Ryder's drug store. And the only reason anybody's ever known Mack Mullen to get this far uptown —— By the way, were you coming over to the house, Bunny? If you are we'll walk back with you."

"No—no," said Bunny, whose head was suddenly going round and round, "don't spoil your walk. I'll just go home and—change my collar and get Mary, and then we'll both be over."

Bunny felt it easier to draw his breath the minute she was out of sight. He drew a long one. Almost before he had drawn the next he was home. He had run all the way. He slipped his key into the lock and pushed the door open. That is, he pushed it. But it did not open because the chain was on.

Now there was nothing unusual at all in the fact that the chain was on. Mary, who was timid, always put it on when she was alone nights.

But this was broad daylight.

He rang, and it seemed an eternity before she came. And it also seemed to him that he heard stealthy sounds through the partly open door. Then Mary appeared, and she was just as he had left her. And he knew she could not have been entertaining callers in negligee.

The whole nightmare tumbled down like any other well-behaved nightmare at the first contact with reality.

Still, as he followed her into the bedroom he was conscious that all his senses were terribly alert. Had there been the minutest sound, the least unusual sight—his ear and eye would have detected them. All the time he was changing his collar and brushing his hair and telling Mary rather feverishly about the fire and Florrie and what Florrie had said, he was watching her in the mirror, watching her face for any signs of—well, of anything. But her poise and her calmness shamed while they did not reassure him. He felt he was wronging her. And still something would not let him relax. Something made him keep watching her while she dressed—very quickly, for Mary, hardly stopping to daub rouge on her lips—and follow her with his eyes when she went to see whether Emily had shut all the windows in the rear of the apartment.

And while he watched he had the queerest sensations about Mary. It seemed to him in the first place, that her eyes were veiled, that her mouth looked strained, and in some way she had become a stranger to him. And in the next place, it seemed to him that he hated her, and that, above all, if he watched carefully enough ——

And that was how, in the panel mirror of the bedroom door, he saw Mary stoop, far down the hall before the passageway to the kitchen, and pick something from the floor which she crowded furtively into the pocket of her coat. Bunny said nothing but kept watching her with eyes so intent they smarted. And then it seemed to him that she was indeed nervous and eager to get out of the house. And all the way to Florrie's she talked unusually hard and fast. And when he had insisted on taking her coat from her and hanging it in Florrie's closet, he slipped his hand into the pocket and pulled out a handkerchief; a large handkerchief, with the monogram MM in the corner.

Bunny did not eat a mouthful of waffle, and Mary did not do much better. Florrie, who was no fool—in a way—decided it had, indeed, been as she suspected. Bunny had gone home and stumbled on Mullen and there had been a row.

The evening wasn't so bad as the supper because other people came in, and that relieved the strain somewhat and took attention from Bunny and Mary. And Kit Logan dropped in and wanted to stay overnight because her Bert had just gone to Boston and she was lonely and blue.

"Kit," suggested Bunny, as naturally as he could, "you go home with Mary and keep her company. I'd like to spend the night at the engine house. I haven't been there in years."

Mary looked at him queerly, but said nothing. He did not return her look. It was a terrific load off Bunny's mind. All evening he had been revolving what to do. To face Mary and have a scene was too degrading. Besides, to what end? Mary had broken her word. He must keep his. He had said he would quit. It was just a question of the most dignified kind of exit. There was no possibility of reconsideration or misunderstanding. It was all too ghastly clear. Once he was safely out of the way Mary must have phoned that scoundrel. How else would he have known the coast was clear? Whenever he thought of it a lump came into Bunny's throat and his stomach felt unsafe. And it occurred to him that if a man tried he could really cry salt tears. It was all so ugly—the chain on the door, the handkerchief at the passageway leading to the servants' corridor. Mary must have let that man out the back entrance while he waited at the front. There was no question that the end had come. The only question was how to go about it.

And so he was vastly relieved at the simple solution which presented itself. To-morrow, when his head was clear, he would write Mary a note. To-night he was spared the necessity of facing Mary—of discussing the thing while he was still suffering and numb with the smart of it—of entering that house which was no longer home to him. Often in an abstract way he had wondered how he would feel and what he would do, face to face with a situation like this. Would he see red and desire to commit murder? Would he grow heroic and depart with a flourish? Would he become bitter and leave with a laugh? Well, here he was face to face with it, and he was sneaking off silently to the fire house—licked, utterly licked.

They were glad to see him at the engine house, and of course there was a bed for him. The captain was particularly cordial and insisted on having a talk with him. Bunny was in no mood for banging on the old square piano that night, so after he had talked an hour with the captain in his office he wished him a good night and withdrew into the bunk room. It was still early. A few men were already asleep in their beds. The rest were up in the dormitory playing cards or checkers or reading.

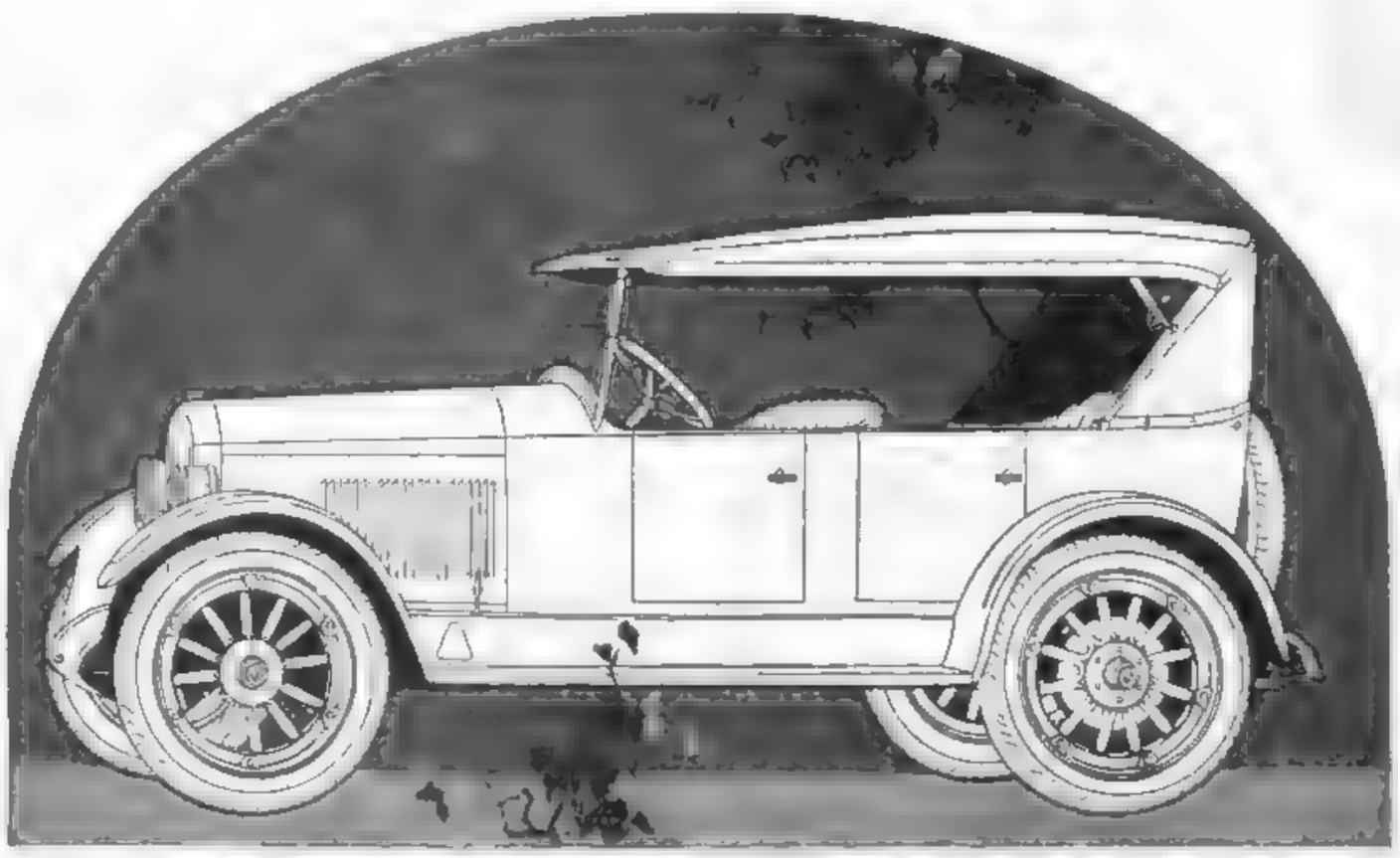
Bunny sat down on the edge of his bed in the semidarkness of the bunk room, and never in his life had he drunk so deep of bitterness. The bunk room was the ideal back drop for the play of Bunny's thoughts. There was no light save that which glimmered through the transom from the captain's office, and a reflection, on the big brass pole, of the light in the dormitory above. Subdued noises reached him through the opening in the ceiling—the rustle of turning paper, the slap of a palm on a table, an occasional laugh and the undercurrent of humming talk.

Bunny Brinkerhoff tried not to think. He tried to confine himself to wishing. He was wishing for a fire the way a drunkard wishes for a drink. A fire was the only thing that could keep him from realizing all the things—the uncompromising things that were clamoring for entrance into his consciousness. But fires are like any other strokes of luck—they never come when you need them. And certainly never when you sit and wait for them ——

But even while he was reasoning so, the joker in the bunk room began tapping out its call. Automatically Bunny began to count. Automatically his mind registered how in the room above him the front legs of chairs came tap-tapping to the floor. You could feel the silence up there. With the first round of four taps he knew. At the next eight he was getting into his boots and pulling up his trousers, and the men, sliding down the pole, were hitting the floor from the room above. And before the final round of eight was tapped in, Bunny had dropped to the apparatus floor just as the man on watch yelled, "Four-eighty-eight. Madison Avenue and Forty-first Street. We roll!"

He was in terrible pain. It was his face. And his shoulder. And oh, his leg! He was being lifted somewhere and they were leaving his leg behind. He opened his eyes. He had just been laid on a table. He had been in operating rooms before, so he knew where he was. A man all in white, even to

(Continued on Page 48)



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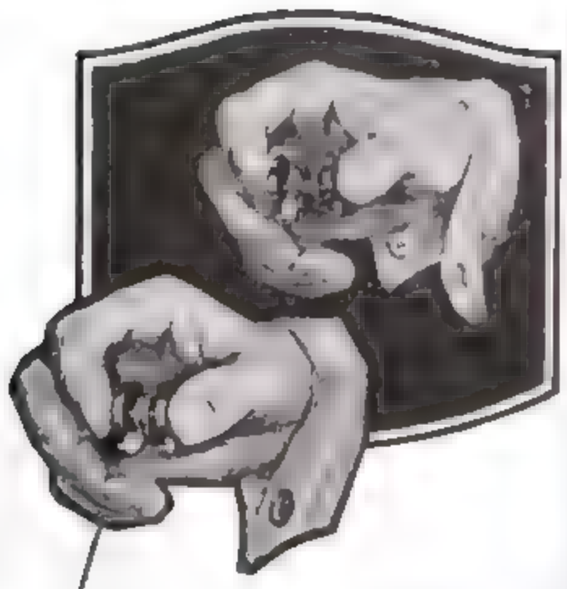

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Write for the Kum-a-part Book "C" of Correct Dress.

The Baer & Wilde Co.
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(Continued from Page 46)

a white covering over the lower part of his face, stood at his head and slipped something over Bunny's face and told him to breathe quietly and deeply. He tried to do so and a sweetish smell went dizzyingly up into the cavities of his head, causing them to swell. Also he had a sensation of suffocation.

He became conscious of another man all in white, and a nurse. They did not seem to be paying any attention to him. The thing on his face was keeping the air from getting into his lungs. So he reached up to take it away. But somebody held his hands. He began to fight. Two of them held him down. Then suddenly the desire to fight left him, and it became a little easier for him to breathe. He closed his eyes. Somebody lifted up his arm and let it drop, and he realized in a sudden flash of what seemed like superhuman vision that they thought he was unconscious and they were going to cut his leg off. But he wasn't.

But he was.

The next time he opened his eyes he was in another room, a small room, and he was feeling sick. His lips were terribly parched and his face hurt him. Also his leg. He wanted to know what was the matter, but he was too tired to bother. And too sick. He wanted Mary.

Again he wanted Mary. And a drink of water. A nurse wet his lips and gave him some ice to chew, after which, with sickening and increasing waves of pain—waves which rolled into his consciousness with the relentlessness of a tide—it all came back to him. He had left Mary—forever. And the fire had been a bad one. His company, first due, had been the first to stretch in. And he had been one of the first men in. If his mind had not been so upset about Mary he would not, when they sent him back, have acted like such an amateur. No real fireman would have failed to follow the line of hose. But he had not been himself. He had plunged back through the smoke and suddenly stepped off into space.

It grew clearer and clearer to him. An unguarded stair well or an air shaft. And his leg—no, they had not cut it off. It was still there. In plaster, it seemed. Broken, no doubt. Probably a bad break or they would not have given him an anæsthetic. And his shoulder hurt when he moved it. And his face was bandaged; maybe bruised or scorched. Lucky to have come off so well. He had paid his last honors to many a man who had stepped off into an air shaft.

A broken leg and bruises. Long-winded, perhaps, but not irreparable. But Mary—ah, that was graver! He wished suddenly, passionately, that when he had stepped off into space he had made a thorough job of it and stepped off into eternity.

And then a wonderful thing happened. A great happiness stole over him until it almost suffocated him. He lay perfectly still and simply let it soak in, although it was hard to be absolutely still. His heart seemed to be making his chest bump up and down—up and down.

Mary's voice. Mary had come. She was there—in the room! Of course she was. She did not know that he had left her forever. A weak, foolish joy seized him, and he felt a guilty satisfaction as if he had cheated the devil. Mary did not know. And she need not know—yet.

But still he must not open his eyes, because if he did he would have to smile at her and she would see how foolishly glad he was to have her there, how foolishly mad he was about her, in spite of everything. And that would make it so much more complicated afterwards—when he came to write that letter. But if he just lay there quietly—and drank in her presence. He was shamelessly without pride, although his pride was not really involved. He had threatened to do a certain thing and he meant to do it. But in the meanwhile ——

In the meanwhile he fell asleep.

He grew conscious, then, of another voice which mingled with Mary's. He wondered what time it was, and when Florrie had come. They were talking very softly and it took him a little while to catch more than the mere hum of their voices. But after a while either his ears grew more accustomed to the sound or they raised their voices, for he began to be able to distinguish what they said. The trouble seemed to be in his own head. When he kept that clear ——

"It's terrible!" Florrie was wailing. "Simply terrible!"

A fear shot through Bunny. Terrible? But no. "Oh, no"—Mary's voice was smooth and velvety and soothing—"it's not terrible. But it might have been. He'll be up and around soon, and not a bit the worse for it. One can be a good sport about a husband with a broken leg when one's been as frightened as —— Florrie!" There was a catch in her lovely voice. "If you only knew how frightened I was!"

Bless her heart!

"Don't I know?" retorted Florrie. "It makes me feel faint just to think about it! Why, I thought he was k——"

"I know," Mary interrupted quickly. "That's why I'm so thankful it's only this. Although it will be hard on him to be laid up so."

"Well, it's hard on you too. And maybe this will be a lesson to him. In a way it serves him right."

"Don't, Florrie! I won't let anybody say that anything serves Bunny right. My Bunny is God's own lamb. And if he has any faults at all they're more precious to me than anybody else's virtues and I'm glad he has them. It makes things more even."

A lovely little warmth suffused itself dreamily around the region of Bunny's heart.

"Of course Bunny is sweet. But I think you ought to put your foot down on this fire business. It's so unnecessary. And he has no right to risk his neck every time some dirty old tenement catches fire. He ought to think more of you."

"Florrie," said Mary, "if Bunny thought any more of me I couldn't support the weight of it. Even if I try, I can't keep thinking of him all the time. Not all the time. There are lots of times when I don't want to think of anybody but myself."

"That's very selfish of you, Mary. When people get married they ought ——"

"Oh, if you only knew how I hate that word! Just as soon as I think I ought to do something, there isn't a nerve in my body that doesn't rise up and shriek against it. Here's my only philosophy of life: If there's something he wants to do and I don't want him to do it, and his wanting to means more to him than my don't wanting him to means to me, then I ought to give in and be a good sport about it. But if it means more to me than to him, he ought to be a good sport and give it up. Going to fires is just part of Bunny, the same as liking a lot of men around is part of me, I guess. And for four years Bunny grinned and bore it, because he knew it was part of me—even if it wasn't exactly admirable. But when it began to hurt him more than it pleased me—well, I had to cut it out. At least I tried." She sighed. "I kind of wish I hadn't promised, though. I sometimes feel that if I don't break out in little places I'll break out all over and do something terrible from sheer accumulation of devil."

"Mary, how can you even think of those things! With a husband like Bunny!"

"Oh, well, it's just something inside of me that starts to ferment, husband or no husband. I think I'll explain it to Bunny when he's all better. He's awfully understanding. And maybe he won't mind my playing golf with some of the boys again. I like playing with men so much better than with women—don't you?"

"No. Decidedly not. And you ought to be glad to have women for your friends."

"I am. But not exclusively. I just naturally like men better. They're better friends. Oh, I don't mean good friends like you and Kit. But in general, don't you think we women are awfully unscrupulous?"

"I don't like to hear you talk that way," replied Florrie. "I think we women ought to stick together."

"I suppose we ought," agreed Mary, "but it's a terrible bore. It's so much easier sticking together with men. I was brought up with two brothers, you know, and I never did meet a woman who was one-two-three to my Bunny."

This in the teeth of the old proverb about listeners.

"By the way," inquired Florrie, "was Mack Mullen up to see you yesterday?"

Bunny could almost feel Mary's eyes boring through his lids. And her voice and his heart dropped as she answered: "Yes. He'd been writing and phoning me for two weeks, begging for a chance to say good-by, because he's going away for good; has gone away, in fact, by now. But you know I gave Bunny my word I wouldn't, so I didn't. Although it made me feel awful to think I was refusing to say good-by to him when I'm the only friend he has in the world."

"He doesn't deserve any. He's a trouble maker and ——"

"I know. But I guess even trouble makers need friends once in a while. Anyway, when Bunny went to the fire yesterday, and I realized it was my last chance to do that little thing for Mack and it might make all the difference in the world to him—well, I couldn't resist doing it. So I phoned him and he came right up."

"You phoned him—after promising Bunny?"

"Yes," admitted Mary; "I thought it all over and then I just followed my impulse and called him. It couldn't possibly do Bunny a bit of harm and it might do Mack a lot of good. Maybe the fact that he found me among his enemies will make it easier for him to believe, some day, that the world isn't all against him. And I reckoned that the good I could do him was so much bigger than any harm that I could do Bunny, that I let him come. Only I wouldn't want Bunny to find out."

"Mary," announced Florrie, "you deserve to be spanked. Haven't you any sense of honor?"

"No," replied Mary, "I don't suppose I have. They're a sort of impediment, and you don't really need one if you stop and reason things out."

"Mary, I don't understand you. How could you dare to let that firebrand in your house? Why, he might have—he might have—why, there's no telling what he mightn't have done to you—alone in that house."

"But he didn't," said Mary Mary. "And so you see it was all right. I've made him happier and myself happier and nobody any unhappier. I consider it a fair deal. Men never do anything awful to me—well, at least not very awful."

A Coconut Palm in Hawaii

(Continued on Page 50)

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"Pockets with holes!"
"Pockets with holes!"

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BUXTON KEYTAINER

The original patented Key-Kase

(Continued from Page 48)

There was a commotion then on the other side of the room. And he heard something being pushed through the doorway. Bunny Brinkerhoff was a brave man, but a little wave of fear swept over him. He opened his eyes.

Nobody noticed him. They were all regarding the object which was being wheeled in. It was a stretcher.

"You're sure," Florrie was asking anxiously, "that it's quite all right to move him?"

And Bunny, surmising that she did not think it quite all right, decided on the spot that it was. Only he wondered where and why—shutting his eyes again, because you seemed to acquire so much more information that way.

"Miss Merley," a strange voice was saying, "will be right here with his card. She had to get it signed before you can take him home."

Home? Home? Now was the time for Bunny Brinkerhoff to assert himself. He could not let them take him home. Of course he wanted to go. Being ill in a hospital would be a long, dreary affair. And home would be—well, it would be home. And Mary did not know he knew about Mullen—need never know that he knew. He was convinced there had been nothing between that man and her. And she had shown her true value so clearly while that miserable pill, Florrie, had been saying what she wouldn't stand for. What she wouldn't stand for, forsooth! There was nobody in the world like Mary. Her faults were so much more palatable than Florrie's virtues.

But, on the other hand, there was his honor. He had made an ultimatum, and Mary had ignored it. He paid the rent of that house. Surely he had the right to decide who might not come into it. And he had exercised that right only once—once in four years. And she had not respected his wish nor her promise. Her sacred promise. The woman was not to be trusted. That was what hurt. She really had no sense of honor. She ought to be made to realize the seriousness of broken promises. If love could not control her, nor fear, nor honor—what would? What would he be going back to? What did the future hold for him, married to a woman whom he could not trust? And how could he trust her when she had such a weakness and would never make a serious, sustained effort to conquer it? How could he come into his home at night, now that he knew a man had once made such an exit through the servant's door? How could he ever believe a word she said, knowing she held her given word so lightly?

There was another commotion at the door and the thing was being wheeled to his bedside. Now was the time. If he did not open his mouth now ——

Bunny opened his eyes. Mary was smiling down at him. All of Bunny Brinkerhoff came up into his eyes and answered her smile. Two men in white lifted him to a stretcher. When they raised him it hurt his shoulder terribly. He had to bite his lip to keep from crying out. That was what made it impossible for him to open his mouth.

And so, of course, it was too late. And Mary was sitting at his head in the ambulance, and Mary's fingers were twined in his and Mary was taking him home. He closed his eyes in utter happiness. Home—with Mary. What did anything else matter? Honor—and pride—were they not, after all, a sort of vanity? Would they ever bring him the joy, the happiness, the meaningfulness of one hour with Mary? Mary who could make him laugh. Mary who could make him smile. Mary who could make him feel like this. Mary whose dishonesties seemed suddenly more honorable than other women's honesties. Mary who, whatever her faults, was his Mary, his to love and protect, his to pet and adore and come home to, his to help to learn the hard word "no."

She might never stop flirting—any more than he could learn to sit still when the engines went by. But when Mary was sweet to him, and when she was at his side, he could learn to sit down again.

Perhaps Mary would never outgrow that quickening of her pulses when a man paid her court. But if he were always there and always sweet to her, perhaps it would be easier for her to learn to take her seat again.

And they would both grow old together, and some day Mary would be too old to flirt and he would be too old to go to fires and then ——

The ambulance stopped. They were home.

THE BATTLE OF THE MILK BOTTLE

(Continued from Page 25)

early as two o'clock in order to get their milk to the shipping station in time to be taken to the city that morning.

"His barns and stables come under the inspection of the health department of the city to which his milk is shipped. Under modern health regulations his barn must have a cement floor, an abundance of windows, and a ventilating system which will carry away the foul air of the stable. Then, the cow barn must be kept neatly whitewashed and thoroughly clean in every respect. All this calls for a constant expenditure of both money and labor.

"The can required to carry four dollars' worth of milk costs about six dollars. At the same time there is an additional can in the city being washed, another on the way to the country, and still another waiting on the platform of the home milk station ready to be taken to the dairy for the next day's milking. In other words, for every four dollars' worth of milk shipped per day the farmer must have an investment of twenty-four dollars in milk cans.

"When the milk arrives in the city it is hauled to a plant costing anywhere from $50,000 to $1,000,000. These bottling plants are equipped with expensive automatic machinery for Pasteurizing, refrigerating, bottling, capping and the washing and sterilizing of bottles, milk cans and all other utensils.

"In most cities the prevailing price of milk at the present time is fourteen cents per quart. The bottle into which this fourteen cents' worth of milk is placed costs seven cents and is delivered to the consumer in a $200 wagon drawn by a $200 horse and handled by a hundred-dollar-a-month man, who frequently finds it necessary to walk up three flights of stairs in order to place eight cents' worth of milk on the doorsill of an apartment building. If the consumer is out of town for a day or two the milkman must take the bottle back to the plant, unless he is able to dispose of it as an extra before finishing his route for the day. And remember that all milk must be disposed of in some way on the day of its arrival at the plant or it becomes so much waste! Again, the milkman must start out with a certain number of extra bottles in order to meet unexpected demands of customers needing an additional supply of milk for the day.

"How about the dairyman whose product goes into butter? As a rule he may sleep several hours later than the dairyman who ships his milk. His equipment consists of a separator costing about sixty dollars, and less than one-third the number of cans that would be necessary if he were shipping his milk. However, the cost of his separator is made up to him, many times over, by the skim milk which is retained on the farm for feeding calves and swine. A representative modern creamery costs in the neighborhood of $10,000—as against the $50,000 bottling plant—and the cream is converted into butter in a churn costing about $500. The vats and other necessary creamery equipment are a small matter."

Bearing in mind the influence of the price of butter and other dairy products on the price of milk, and consequently upon the ability and disposition of the dairyman to maintain or increase milk production, it is highly important to call attention to the fact that in 1920 the imports of butter into this country were 37,454,172 pounds. By comparison, all previous imports amounted to little. That 37,000,000 pounds of butter fell on the head of the American dairy farmer with a fierce impact. He hasn't yet recovered from the shock, and naturally he is now camping on the doormat of Congress with a demand to be protected against further blows of that sort.

"A box costing twenty cents will hold twenty-five dollars' worth of butter and may be shipped by freight in carload lots to the city jobber," Dean Van Norman states. "Here the butter may be held in an ordinary refrigerator for weeks and even months. In a word, the highly perishable quality of milk is a big factor in its cost. Because butter can be kept perfectly under ordinary refrigeration for several months, not only is a heavy loss from waste eliminated but it is possible to carry the surplus of summer production over into the winter period of restricted production, and thus stabilize the price. In this connection it should be remarked that stabilization of price in any article generally spells economy to the consumer, not only because it operates to insure the producer a dependable market for his product but also because it offers less excuse to the wholesaler and the retailer for jumping up the price on the basis of temporary scarcity. In virtually any line a man can produce for a stabilized market at lower cost than for a fluctuating one.

"During the war, when the farmer was receiving eighty to eighty-five cents for his butter, the consumer was paying only a dollar. The city commission merchant or jobber sells the butter to retail grocers in lots as small as fifty pounds. The grocer takes a pound of butter in a carton and parchment paper costing less than one cent, and delivers it, say, once or twice a week along with several dollars' worth of groceries at the back door of the consumer's home.

"If this doesn't tell why milk costs so much, let me summarize the situation in a sentence or two. Of the dollar spent for butter by the city consumer the farmer receives eighty to eighty-five cents; of the fourteen cents which the city dweller spends for a quart of milk the farmer gets seven cents, or only fifty cents on the consumer's dollar. On the other hand, the dairyman's costs for producing a dollar's worth of bottled milk are much greater than for turning out a dollar's worth of butter. The highly perishable character of milk, the heavy investment and expense of processing it according to modern sanitary requirements, and the small amount delivered to each customer, make it inevitable that milk must carry a price making it an outstanding item in the consumer's monthly food bill. This cost is invariably appreciated by the city dweller, but he is prone to overlook two vital considerations—first, that a dollar spent for milk buys more actual nourishment than a dollar spent for any kind of meat, for most vegetables and for virtually any other kind of food; second, that children cannot be raised in health or to a normal development without milk. Neither the young of man nor of any of the lower animals will grow properly without milk. Perhaps this fact is so frequently reiterated that it has come to seem trite and monotonous. But there is need to keep hammering away on this chord until the great body of city consumers stop, look and listen. If this fact were generally appreciated by consumers and reflected in their purchases the city consumption of milk in this country would be at least doubled, and the standard of health and development of city children would be immensely raised.

"For example, recent investigation among 500,000 school children in a large Western city showed that not only were the children taller, heavier and further advanced in their grades in grammar school when they were given at least a glass of milk a day, but in the eighth grade the children who had this amount of milk regularly averaged at least two years younger than those deprived of this milk ration.

"The city consumer should bear in mind that he is able to live in the city only because someone lives on the land, producing not only enough for his own food but enough also for two people in the city, and that if the farmer is to remain in the country and produce food he must be paid enough for it so that what he sells will enable him to buy from the city those necessities, comforts and luxuries which the city dwellers make and sell and which the country people must have in order to live a decent and satisfied existence in the country.

"In the early days of this nation, eighty-eight people out of a hundred lived on the land, produced their own food, wove their own clothing, made their own shoes and produced a little surplus of each to trade for sugar, coffee, tea and a few other

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The economical "roadbed for power"

Where conditions permit its use, the reliable millwright will save his employer money by using Dodge Pressed Steel Hangers on line and countershaft.

On the other hand, where extreme vibration and heavy belt pull endanger the alignment of shafting, he will insure continuous operation by using either a Dodge Ball and Socket or an Oneida-Keystone Four Point Adjustable Hanger.

This opportunity for selective specification occurs only in the Dodge line and extends to pulleys, bearings, couplings and clutches as well as to hangers.

For true running and perfect balance use the Dodge Standard Iron Split Pulley—specify Oneida or Keystone Steel Pulleys for all general purpose uses—Dodge Iron Center Wood Rim Pulleys for high speeds and Dodge Wood Split Pulleys for any line shaft purpose where leather belts can be used.

The Buick Motor Car Company bought 985 Capillary Self-Oiling Bearings for their plant at Flint. The E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company use thousands of Dodge Ring Oiling Bearings. Dodge Capillary Bearings are usually specified by the American Can Company, and the Corn Products Refining Company have practically standardized on Dodge Ring Oiling Bearings.

The tremendous growth of the Dodge Manufacturing Company is largely due to this provision for the interchangeability of units which has characterized Dodge shop practice since 1881.

Complete stocks of Dodge products are carried by over 700 local dealers who can handle your orders on an immediate delivery basis.

Dodge Sales and Engineering Company
Mishawaka, Indiana, and Oneida, New York
Canadian Manufacturers, Dodge Mfg. Co. Limited of Toronto and Montreal

Power Transmission Machinery

DODGE

Number 988 Radio Pen

—one of the twelve most popular pens in the world

No. 988 has a rounded oval point that writes with velvety smoothness on almost any kind of paper. It is one of the best-liked of the Esterbrook Radio Pens. Triple-plated, with silver finish, these pens resist for an unusually long time the corrosive action of the ink. And to the very last, they retain their smoothness of action.

Choose from the dealer's display case, order by number for safety's sake, and buy by the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave.
Camden, N. J.

Canadian Agents:
Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto

Send 15c for samples of the twelve most popular pens in the Esterbrook line.

Esterbrook

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things imported from foreign lands. In short, they required little which they did not produce themselves. To-day, sixty-six persons out of every hundred live in the city, and only thirty-four in the country. The food requirements of the average city dweller are greatly increased and multiplied as compared with those requirements in the early history of our nation. This means that the burden of production resting on the shoulders of the American farmer is immensely increased.

"It is well to remind the dwellers in the cities that the country people do not have to feed them. This is being proven in Russia to-day, where the people on the land are producing only enough to feed themselves, with the result that the dwellers in cities are starving. And this situation arises from the fact that under the chaos of soviet rule, with commerce and manufacture at a virtual standstill, the city people are offering the tillers of the soil no substantial inducement to produce a surplus of foodstuffs beyond the immediate needs of the producers."

A Get-Together Movement

"It is imperative that city people begin to think about their relations to the men and women out on the land. When this condition is general instead of exceptional, the city housewives will no longer complain if the price of milk is high enough to encourage the farmer to continue in the dairy business and to pay for the necessary care and service incident to supplying their families daily with the varying amount of wholesome milk which the children of those households require if they are to grow to a normal stature, mentally and physically. The hope of both the people in the cities and out on the land lies in reaching a mutual understanding of their economic dependence upon each other. Such an understanding would speedily solve the problems of milk prices and milk supply in any section where it obtained."

Philadelphia has made a whole lot of mighty good American history, and one of the choicest of its latest contributions in this line is the record of what it has done to make the milk bottle equally popular with consumers, distributors and producers.

To accomplish this result has, of course, required leadership of a high order. An outstanding figure in this decisive engagement was Prof. Clyde L. King, of the University of Pennsylvania, now milk-price arbitrator for Pennsylvania, and during the war the representative of the United States Food Commission in charge of milk production and milk-price conferences east of the Rocky Mountains.

"I feel very keenly," declares Professor King, "that the Philadelphia milk distributor has done a good job. I know this because I went from place to place for Mr. Hoover during the war period attending milk-price conferences. Infact, I did nothing else. Wherever I went I always had from the milk dealers the query as to how Philadelphia distributors were able to do business at the spread from f. o. b. city to consumer which they received for handling, Pasteurizing, bottling and delivering milk. The fact is that the Philadelphia milk distributor has had the smallest spread of any city of any size in the United States or in any foreign country, and has still made money."

The Pittsburgh dealers have done almost as remarkable a job as those in Philadelphia. While the spread in the Steel City is not as narrow as that of the Philadelphia distributors, they have still done a remarkable job. This difference is largely due to more difficult hauling conditions in Pittsburgh. As in Philadelphia, they have carried an increase in labor and material costs with only a 25 per cent increase over their prewar spread to consumers. The only competitors of these two cities in the matter of narrowness of price spread are a dealer in Milwaukee and a large distributor in Ottawa, Canada. The methods by which these results have been accomplished are described at length in Doctor King's book, The Price of Milk.

From the start, the Philadelphia job was a get-together movement with all the cards on the table. Representatives of the press, of the local, state and Federal governments, of the consumers, distributors and producers—all gathered about the conference table and took a hand in the proceedings. The distributors furnished their monthly financial statements and the producers met this move with a display of their costs and sales records. All that was asked of the newspapers and the representatives of the consumers was to publish the facts and thereby encourage greater milk consumption. That this job was convincingly done is evident from the fact that as much milk was consumed at fourteen cents per quart as had been consumed at eight cents per quart. In short, the consuming public accepted the fact that it was getting a square deal and that fourteen-cent milk under war wages and costs was cheaper than eight-cent milk under wages and conditions prevailing in 1914. Another element that helped greatly was the encouragement of a policy which tended to increase the load on and shorten the hauls for the retail wagons. Again, the elimination of duplication in deliveries without doing away with competition was also effectively encouraged. The result was, to use Doctor King's words, that "Philadelphia milk has been delivered bottled at below the cash-and-carry-plan price for loose dipped milk in New York City during most months of the past two years, and below the cash-and-carry price for bottled milk or loose milk anywhere else." In the opinion of this authority a saving of about half a cent a quart might still be made in Philadelphia if the city were zoned so that there would be no duplication of delivery whatever. This, however, would require a rather elaborate system of regulation. He is of the opinion that a saving of more than one cent a quart could be effected in many other cities, having greater duplication on the streets than Philadelphia, by zoning and rigid regulation. This conclusion was arrived at by mapping the route of every wagon in the city for a stated week. More than 90 per cent of the milk consumed in Philadelphia is sold in capped bottles from the retail wagons—a form of distribution that eliminates adulteration and infection.

One of the chief bones of contention always encountered by a city which sets out to clean up its milk situation is the matter of drivers' wages. The Philadelphia solution of this sensitive problem has been to put virtually all drivers on a commission basis, thus allowing them to determine their own reward. This policy naturally tended to increase the consumption of milk. The net result of this policy appears to be that direct labor costs of delivery in Philadelphia are less than elsewhere, but that Philadelphia drivers earn as much as do the drivers in other cities.

Perhaps no element was more important in working out the Philadelphia milk situation than the give-and-take attitude of producers and distributors with relation to a new adjustment of the normally sharp difference between winter and summer prices to the dairymen. The season of open pasturage is, of course, the period of heavy milk production, and is therefore the buyers' market.

Stabilizing Prices

Under the old practice, which took no heed of a mutual advantage to producer, distributor and consumer in a stabilized market, the distributor pressed his summer advantage and pushed the price down as low as possible when milk was plentiful. And in the winter months, when milk was scarce and the producer was in the saddle, he promptly turned the tables and drove as hard a bargain as he could with the distributor. Incidentally, it should be remarked that this practice has been more extreme in most other primary markets than in the Philadelphia district; but when all interests there united to see what could be done to solve the problems of milk supply and price intelligently and to the permanent advantage of all, it was seen that here was an opportunity for an adjustment that might be of decided value in helping to stabilize prices to consumers and producers alike

As a result, producers agreed to take a lower price in the months of milk scarcity than commonly prevailed in other districts, and the distributors met this concession by paying more in the season of green pastures and abundant milk.

Commenting on this, Doctor King says: "Without this cooperation from the producers Philadelphia consumers would have had to pay higher prices than they did pay in the fall and winter months, and hope for lower prices in the summer months. Under this latter plan the average saved by consumers for the year would have been higher, even if the farmers' net returns had been the same, because of upset business conditions for the city milk distributors."

In commenting on the milk dealers' part in making Philadelphia known as the model city, Doctor King points out that during 1919 Philadelphia consumers paid an average of one and a half cents the quart for each month below the average paid by consumers in New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago for Pasteurized milk. Back in 1914, when milk sold in Philadelphia at eight cents, there was a fifty-fifty split of the price between the producer and the distributor. In 1919 there was an advance in price to the consumer over 1914 of six cents. Of this advance five cents went to the producer and one cent to the distributor—which would indicate that Philadelphia distributors were decidedly sincere in their professions of a desire to put the milk business on a basis that would encourage larger production on the part of the dairymen of their district and larger consumption on the part of the milk users of their city.

Referring to a statement on the part of shoe manufacturers that their cost had increased from $3.35 in 1914 to $10.04 in 1919 Doctor King makes this statement: "Had the milk dealers in Philadelphia increased the charge for their services in the same proportion as that stated for shoes, milk would now have to sell at twenty-one cents the quart instead of fourteen cents, keeping the same price to the producer. Had the price to the milk producer and distributor both gone up in the same ratio the price of milk in Philadelphia would be twenty-four cents the quart. The same would have been true if a comparison were made with clothing or other necessities."

Milk Inspection Laws

Among the other elements which have made Philadelphia a shining example of a large city with a satisfactory milk situation, is the fact that stabilized prices and a constant demand encouraged and permitted distributors to perfect both their plants and their methods to the end of eliminating waste and reducing costs. In other words, the distributors realized that the new adjustment had put their business upon a stabilized and an expanding basis and that they were warranted in turning their attention to increasing their net earnings by economies of operation instead of through driving a sharper bargain with either the producer or the consumer. They realized that the stabilizing influence of the new situation had contributed greatly to the goodwill value of their business, as it had also to that of the producers. This is a point that milk dealers everywhere should ponder. To have satisfied customers at both the buying end and the selling end of their business is about the biggest asset for which any distributor can ask. This is especially true of the milk distributor, who handles a product that is peculiarly sensitive to public sentiment—often of the manufactured sort—which is powerful in disturbing both production of supply and consumption of output.

In attempting to answer the universal question, What makes milk cost so much? the point has been stressed that modern health requirements have made production much more expensive. This observation applies with equal force to milk distribution. No representative city milk dealer of to-day will deny that these regulations have been necessary or that they have raised milk distribution to an important and respected industry, having as high a standard of ethics as any other. In a word, its morals have been standardized and it is now far better business to live up to those standards than to attempt to discount or evade them. Under prevailing laws and inspection systems milk adulteration has undoubtedly been virtually eliminated in most cities of any considerable size. And this observation applies also to selling contaminated milk or giving short measure. Cheating in any way has been made decidedly unprofitable for city milk distributors.

This has not only been effective in driving out of the business those to whom a crooked dollar is more enticing than an honest one, but it has drawn into the industry men of large capital and vision who could not have been interested in it under the old wildcat conditions.

But the fact remains that the modern regulations aimed at insuring the good quality, the full measure and the healthfulness of the contents of every city milk

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Everymeal *Everyday*

Sunshine Biscuits

Serve Plenty — They Go Fast

Creamy vanilla filling between two chocolate wafers that really taste like chocolate.

Appetizing in their dainty appearance—delicious in fragrance and richness of flavor.

Made of the highest grade sifted flour, creamery butter, whole cocoa beans, sugar, and vanilla.

Serve Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits alone or with preserved fruits, ice cream, or light desserts.

So popular are these crisp chocolate morsels that they are said to be the largest selling sweet biscuits of their kind in America.

Many imitations have appeared, so be sure to get the original by insisting upon Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits.

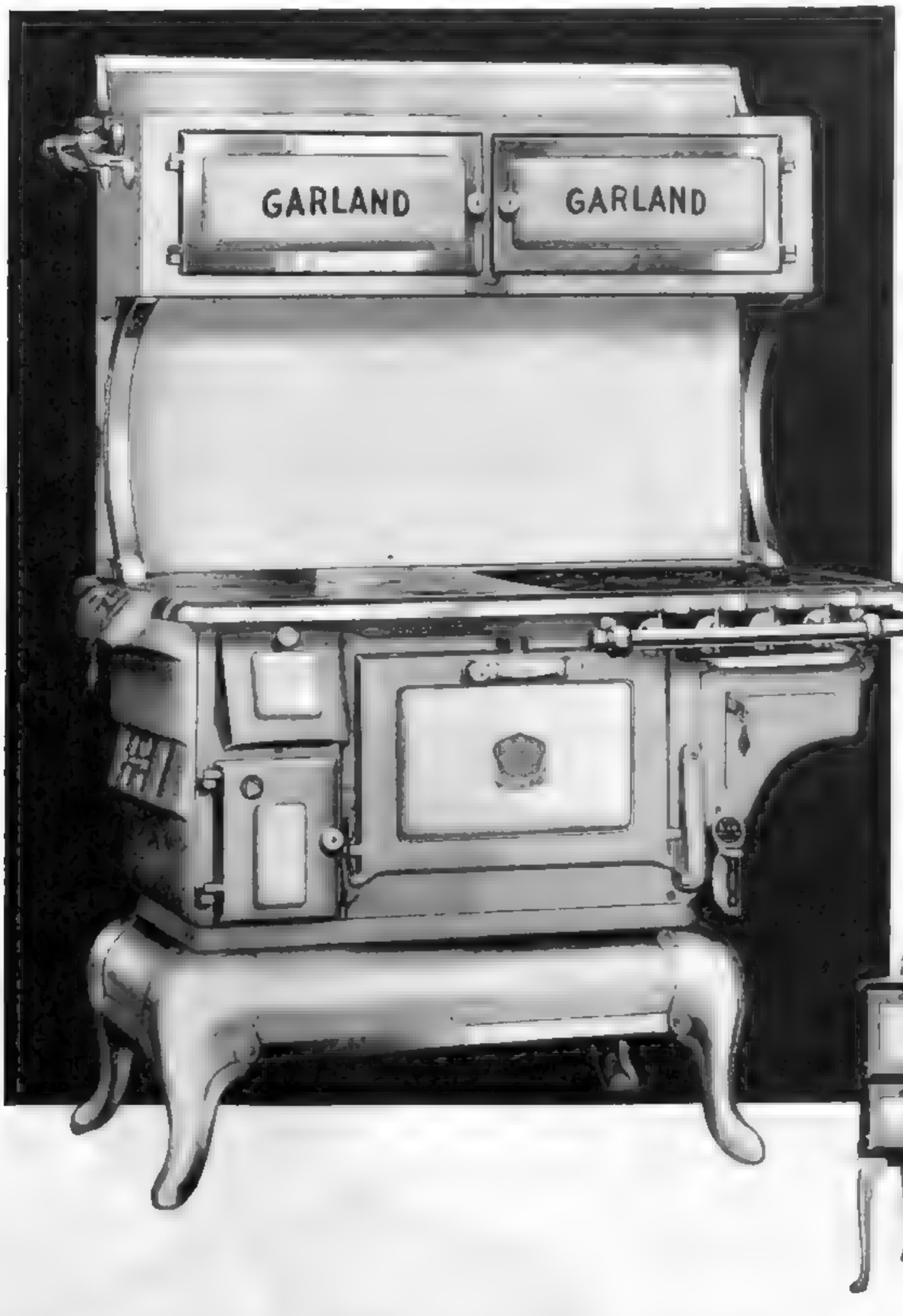
This is but one of over 300 kinds of Sunshine Biscuits. The Sunshine Display Rack in many good stores will make you acquainted with tempting biscuits that perhaps are new to you.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

Sunshine
Hydrox Biscuits
Served with Cherries

From the Thousand Window Bakeries



By simply pulling a lever you change this Garland Combination range into either an exclusive gas or coal range. Both fuels can be used simultaneously when needed. Made in various sizes and styles, including those in beautiful enamel and nickel finish, like the one illustrated

This beautiful Garland Gas Range is finished in glistening white porcelain enamel. It is wiped clean, like a china dish. Both the baking oven and the broiling oven are carefully designed to give best results; and the big cooking top is equipped with burners that use 10% less gas.

The actual facts about Garland Ranges are clear and unmistakable. They cook and bake better, with less work and less fuel; and they last longer.

These things have been proved, time after time, and over and over again. They are being proved right now, in the enormous number of more than 4,000,000 American homes, and in nine hotels and restaurants out of every ten in America.

There are specific and exclusive structural features which make Garland so much better, in every way, that every housewife should know about them. Be sure and ask your Garland dealer about them.

If you do not know the name of the nearest Garland dealer, or if you have any heating or cooking problems, write direct to us, because there is a Garland heating and cooking device for every purpose.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, or Electricity

GARLAND STOVES AND FURNACES The World's Best

GARLAND

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bottle, have greatly increased the distributor's costs, and consequently the price which the consumer must pay.

Following the line of common practice, here is a thumbnail sketch of what happens to milk after it arrives at the railroad's unloading station in the city: It is unloaded from the milk express car—which must be liberally iced in warm weather—and hauled in trucks to the platform of the bottling station. Here it is weighed and tested to determine that it is absolutely sweet. If bought on the basis of butterfat content—a practice which is increasing in popularity—it is subjected to a test for this purpose. Then it passes through four processes. First, it is clarified by the removal of all foreign substances. Next, it is Pasteurized to protect the consumer from anything unhealthful. As this involves heating, it must then pass through a chilling process. Its next journey is through an automatic device that puts it into the bottles, which are automatically capped or sealed. These bottles are then conveyed into a cold-storage room, from which they are loaded into the delivery wagons or trucks.

This statement indicates only the high spots of the distributor's costs as to processes alone. Every representative city milk plant has a laboratory, and many of these are decidedly expensive in equipment and in scientific talent required for their operation. Milk shrinkage and bottle breakage are big items of waste. There's also a substantial loss in sour milk sent back to the producer, and in bad debts and collection expenses.

Milk Machinery

To understand the development of the dairy industry in America to its present immense stature, or to form an intelligent idea of its logical expansion in the future, is impossible without at least a slight knowledge of what inventive genius has contributed to it in the way of machinery and other equipment.

Not long ago I made the rounds of a great exhibit of machinery used in all branches of dairying, milk handling and the manufacture of milk products. My guide, Dean Van Norman, paused before an elaborate display of creamery equipment and introduced me to Mr. S. J. Van Kuren with the remark: "Here is a dairy research specialist who can shed a lot of light on what machinery and science have done to lift the making of milk and its products and their distribution from obscurity to a great industry. He has dug into the subject with a true scientific spirit."

"One thing is certain," responded this authority, "the machinery and the methods used in the handling of milk and its products thirty or forty years ago bore about the same relation to the equipment of the industry to-day that the tools of the caveman bore to the present-day equipment for furnishing modern civilized man with the foods on his table other than milk and its products, his clothing and his other comforts and luxuries. Then dairying was not an industry at all, but merely a haphazard and incidental calling. I have been at some pains to arrive at a reasonable estimate of the amount of money which this country spends each year for equipment and machinery for the use of the dairy industry. My belief is that $75,000,000 is a very conservative estimate of our annual national expenditure for dairy machinery of the power-driven type designed and constructed for the exclusive purpose of converting milk into the various finished products for the general market. This covers churns, Pasteurizers, butter cutting and forming machinery, starter cans, cream-r pening vats, ice-cream freezers and mixers, milk-bottling and bottle-washing devices, bottle-capping machines, milk-condensing machinery, separators, clarifiers, refrigerating machinery, conveyors, weighing devices, controlling and recording instruments and various other forms of automatic devices.

"In this estimate, which I feel to be quite inadequate, I have not considered milk and ice-cream cans and containers, bottles, butter tubs and packages, delivery trucks and wagons, electric motors, pumps, generators, and many other forms of equipment which might be grouped under the head of dairy supplies and the machinery required for making them. There are three distributing plants in New York, for example, which undoubtedly represent an expense of virtually $1,000,000 each, with a capacity of 200,000 quarts of milk for a seven-hour day.

"A small creamery of the ordinary co-operative type costs $5000 to $7000, but the big creameries represent an investment ranging from $100,000 to $500,000 or more. Probably the most important individual contribution of inventive genius to the development of the modern dairy herd is the device known as the Babcock test—a simple piece of mechanism which enables the dairy farmer to determine the percentage of butterfat in any sample of milk. This device enables the dairyman to spot the boarders in his herd and to eliminate them. As the percentage of butterfat in the milk of various cows ranges from 2½ to above 6, it is easy to see that the old-time practice of estimating a cow's value solely by the quantity of milk which she produced involved the keeping of many cows at a heavy loss to their owners. This became especially important when the consumers of fluid milk passed the point where all milk looked alike to them and made an effective demand for milk which came up to a certain standard of butterfat contents.

"Another epoch-making invention of inestimable value to the dairy industry was the cream separator. So far as its operation on the dairy farm is concerned it was an immense improvement over the old-fashioned plan of setting the milk to sour in pans, skimming it by hand and churning it in the kitchen with a dasher churn—the dread of every farm boy's life! This had two important results: It gave the dairy farmer an abundance of sweet skimmed milk for the raising of calves and swine; and it transferred butter making from thousands of farm homes to community creameries.

"But the separator achieved its highest usefulness when established in the creamery. Milk that has soured to a point where the least formation of curds begins cannot be separated successfully, as the curds clog the separator. Before the separator became a cardinal piece of equipment in every creamery much milk that had just begun to turn was accepted and turned in along with the perfectly sweet milk. This resulted in a constant injury to the quality of the butter. To produce the finest quality of butter the operator must have control of the raw material when it is sweet and fresh. In other words, the separator in the creamery has placed every step in the process of ripening the cream in the hands of the butter maker, who is generally a man with a certain amount of scientific training behind him."

Butter Making

"Under the old farm and creamery practice, working the buttermilk out of the butter was largely or wholly a hand process. Consequently the cleanliness of the butter depended upon the cleanliness of the butter maker's hands and of the room in which the work was done. To-day all the labor of working and packing butter is done by machinery. The churn is a combination churn and butter worker. In being transferred from the churn to the mold the butter is handled with sterilized wood paddles. The large creamery uses molds or boxes holding about a thousand pounds of butter. After being chilled in the molds the butter is passed through a machine which cuts into bricks, wraps the bricks in tasteless and odorless parchment paper, and then places these bricks in cartons of paraffined cardboard.

"All this is done without bringing the butter into contact with human hands.

"While it is true that the butter maker in the whole-milk creamery has some little advantage in control of the quality of his product over his competitor who gets much of his cream from shippers who separate their milk on the farm, this must not be taken, in all fairness, as an inference that as a rule there is any marked or even perceptible difference in the quality of butter put out by creameries receiving whole milk only and those receiving cream in cans from dairymen using the home separator. The fact is, the hand separator on the dairy farm is pushing the whole-milk creamery off the landscape at a very rapid rate. Only a very small fraction of the creamery butter used by the consumers who buy the best on the market is made in a whole-milk creamery. Most of it is manufactured in the big centralizing plant. This name is given to these plants by reason of the fact

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CLINTON W. GILBERT
Political Correspondent
of the Public Ledger
(Evening Editions)

The man who gets the "beats"

Here are a few of the big stories on which Clinton Gilbert has scored "beats."

At the Chicago Convention a sensation was created by his story predicting the nomination of Harding 24 hours before it was accomplished.

He had the first news that Hughes was Harding's choice for Secretary of State, and of the choice of Colonel George Harvey to be Ambassador to Great Britain, also of Harvey's intention to quit the publication of his famous weekly.

He was first to tell of the break between Colonel House and President Wilson and the reason for it.

At the Paris Peace Conference he saw earlier than anyone else that President Wilson was making a peace that would disillusion this country about the League of Nations, and he said so in a prophetic cable.

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Gilbert's dispatches, averaging 1000 words a day, appear in the evening editions of the Public Ledger, and also in many other newspapers, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

PHILADELPHIA

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At your club *At hotel newsstands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Gilbert's political news, by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

"Yes, Jerry, I know your car is more comfortable, but on these slippery roads I'd rather ride on Dick's Kelly-Springfield Cords."

KELLY KANT-SLIP CORDS are not only a remarkable achievement in non-skid tires, but in addition to their ability to hold the road they deliver the long, uninterrupted mileage for which Kelly Tires have always been noted. Also, Kellys now cost no more than many other tires that have never had the Kelly reputation.

(Continued from Page 55.

that the cream separated on the farms in a wide radius of territory is collected at convenient buying stations and forwarded to the big central plant which manufactures butter on a wholesale scale—hundreds of thousands of pounds a day. In an immense plant of this kind economies are possible which cannot be practiced in the small local creameries. It can cut costs of operation, reduce leakage from waste, stimulate increased consumption by large and well-planned advertising campaigns, and do many other things of economic advantage which the small creamery cannot do. And all this important development is fairly to be credited to the hand separator back on the farm.

"In the plant of the large city milk distributor the separator plays an equally important part. Most city families, it must be remembered, buy bottled cream as well as bottled milk. Certainly a large percentage of them do. The separator in a bottling plant not only makes it possible to meet this demand but also to meet it with exactness—that is to say to give the consumer the quality of cream which he wishes. For certain purposes the housewife wishes a rich heavy cream, and for other purposes a thin cream. The milk separator can be so adjusted as to turn out cream of a given percentage of butterfat or richness. Again, it often happens that the city distributing plant has a surplus of milk which would become waste unless converted into butter. The separator facilitates this sort of economy."

The city consumer should remember that there is a direct and sensitive relationship between the family milk bottle and the butter brick. The price he pays for the contents of his milk bottle is influenced by the price the brick of butter demands in the market, to such an extent that it is scarcely inaccurate to say that the price of bottled milk is very largely determined by the price the producer could get for his milk from the manufacturers of butter, condensed milk, milk powder, ice cream and other dairy products. But there are, of course, many reasons why whole milk bottled must bring more than milk used for butter purposes. Therefore, no matter how little butter any individual city family may use, it has at all times a vital interest in the price of butter.

Before dismissing consideration of this nation's immense annual investment in the equipment and supplies necessary to the making and handling of milk and all its products, it is well to get a somewhat broader view of the call this great industry makes upon capital.

Delivery Duplication

Fairly accurate estimates made by leaders in the various branches of the dairy equipment and supply industry indicate that the annual expenditure of this nation in this field amounts to more than $250,000,000. This refers to the business of barn equipment men, silo manufacturers, creamery and dairy supply manufacturers, together with the makers of prepared dairy feed.

The question of overlapping milk deliveries in cities is a live one which never fails to interest either the consumer or the producer. That it will stand considerable attention is indicated by a careful survey made in Chicago some time ago.

"We found," says Charles K. Mohler, who directed the survey, "that ten different dealers were delivering 330 bottles in one 450-foot block. In another instance eight competitive dealers were delivering 120 bottles in one block. But when we discovered that wagons of eleven different dealers made daily calls in one locality to serve only nineteen customers we concluded that duplication in deliveries must cut quite a figure in the cost of milk to the consumer. A more typical case, however, was that of a group of 303 families supplied by thirty competitive dealers. When we made our survey there were 3168 wagons, 607 dealers, 707 depots and 306 Pasteurizing plants engaged in supplying Chicago with bottled milk. There were only three milk stations in the city which were free from duplication.

"Contrast this situation with Uncle Sam's mail delivery—which averaged 3½ deliveries a day against one for the milkman. Instead of 707 stations the mail was sent out from 47; Uncle Sam did the work with 1810 carriers as against 3168 milkmen."

In spite of these facts, which are probably typical of duplication conditions in many other large cities, the consumer is not wholly warranted in jumping to the conclusion that the forcible elimination of duplication is a sure and easy road to lowering the price of milk. Competition spells duplication—every time! The only cocksure remedy for duplication in milk deliveries is to create a monopoly for one company or to have the city take the job on its own shoulders. As a nation we are decidedly shy in our attitude towards monopolies; they must be notably natural, not to say inevitable, to get past with the American people—who feel that they have strong justification for this attitude.

Again, the alternative raises the interesting question: How would you like to place the baby's milk bottle in the hands of the average city politician? No? How distrustful of the servants of the people!

There are many milk producers who have an itching to take on this job in addition to their regular exercise at the right hand of the cow, back. But I have yet to hear any city consumer applaud this suggestion. As a rule the city dweller is not obsessed with the idea that the farmer will give him better measure, better milk or a lower price than the traditional city-bred milk baron. Nor is he inclined to feel that the milk farmer could do the job more efficiently or more economically than the familiar milk distributor who is already on the ground. This attitude may be unkind—but its existence can hardly be disputed with any show of success.

In the Milk Bill

The net of the whole milk-distribution problem is that the city distribution of milk is a job for experts—and a big one too. Again, there is a formidable array of costs which cannot be eliminated, no matter how artfully they may be camouflaged. They will be in the consumer's milk bill whether distribution is made by a municipal bureau manned by superhonest job holders, by the agents of a milk producers' association or by the present incumbents. As Dr. Charles North cleverly says: "A change of auspices does not necessarily mean a change of expenses."

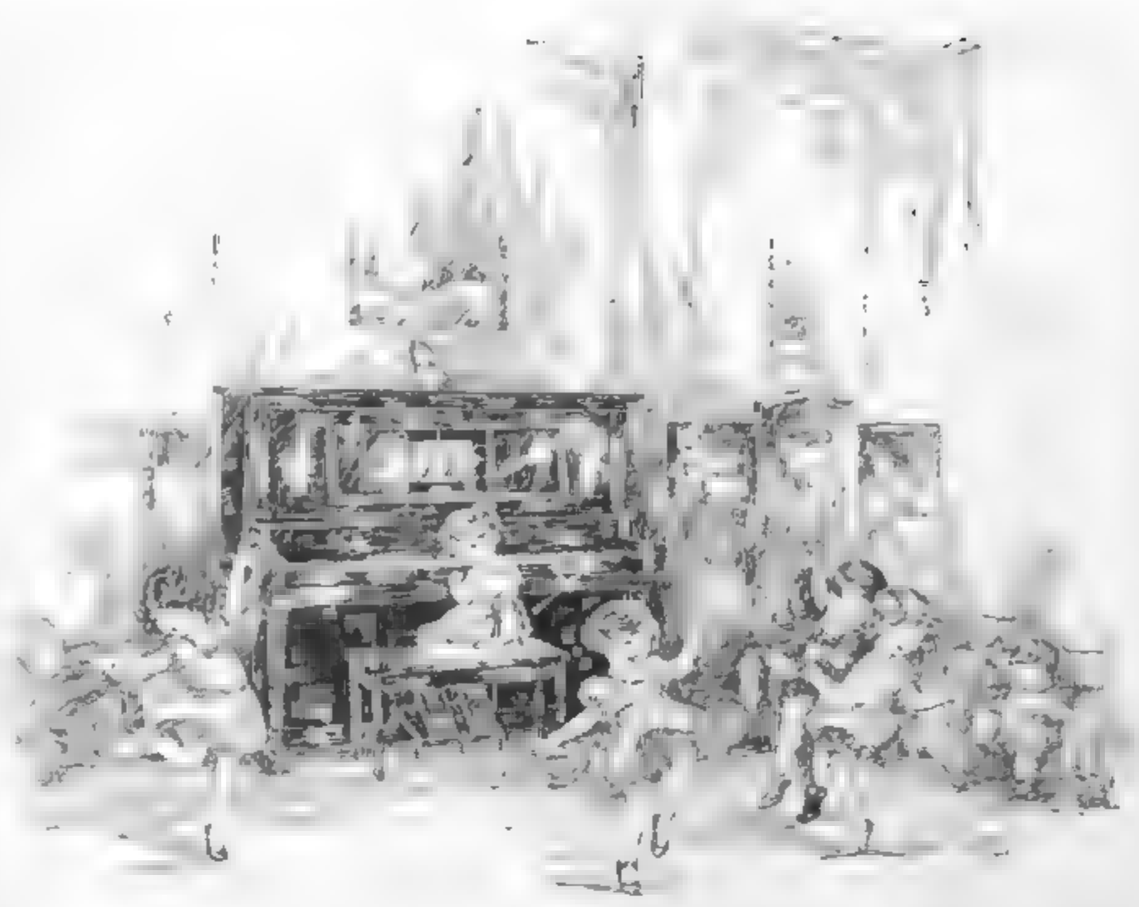
This outstanding milk authority summarizes these obdurate costs as country charges, transportation, shrinkage, loss on surplus, city labor charges, city plant charges and administration salaries. The consumer who can eliminate any one of these costs or make a material cut in any of them can find a good position at a substantial salary with any large city milk distributor. Doctor North estimates the ratio which these various fixed charges make in the cost of a quart of milk as follows:

Country Charges	$.00803
Transportation .	.00689
Shrinkage	.00305
Loss on Surplus .	.00027
City Labor	.04
City Plant Charges	.25
Administration Salaries	.00027
Total	$.[illegible]

These are his maximum figures. The average would be considerably lower. He summarized his estimates in these terms: "The expenses mentioned under the most expert and efficient management in America in a small city are as low as $.0356 the quart, while in one of the large cities they are as high as $.0872 the quart."

The more the city consumer knows about the full milk bottle—about the food value of its contents and what it costs in toil and money to fill and deliver it—the easier will it be for milk producers and distributors to get together upon a basis which will materially encourage production, stimulate consumption and reduce the cost of distribution. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, and Ottawa, Canada, have demonstrated this conclusively.

The October price of milk to the consumer in Philadelphia was eleven cents a quart—a price not met with in any other city excepting probably Milwaukee. And how have the Philadelphia consumers responded to the highly favorable milk situation which has been so carefully and so intelligently worked out for them? The daily consumption of milk in 1914 was nine-tenths of a quart each family; the 1921 consumption stands at a quart and a quarter each family. This substantial increase shows that the public will gladly drink more milk when encouraged to do so by a relatively cheaper price.



Longfellow and Children

"Awake, he loved their voices,
And wove them into his rhyme;
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time."

James Whitcomb Riley

If you ever see one of your little tots pumping a

STORY & CLARK PLAYER PIANO

you'll buy it

Priced within reach of every home—your children can play the world's finest music with beautiful expression

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Is due to the many features included exclusively in the Story & Clark Imperial Player Action, installed only in their own instruments, which makes them so easy to play and gives them permanently a wonderful tone. Investigate

We will gladly send booklet of designs and name of nearest dealer upon request

"Instruments of finest quality since 1857"

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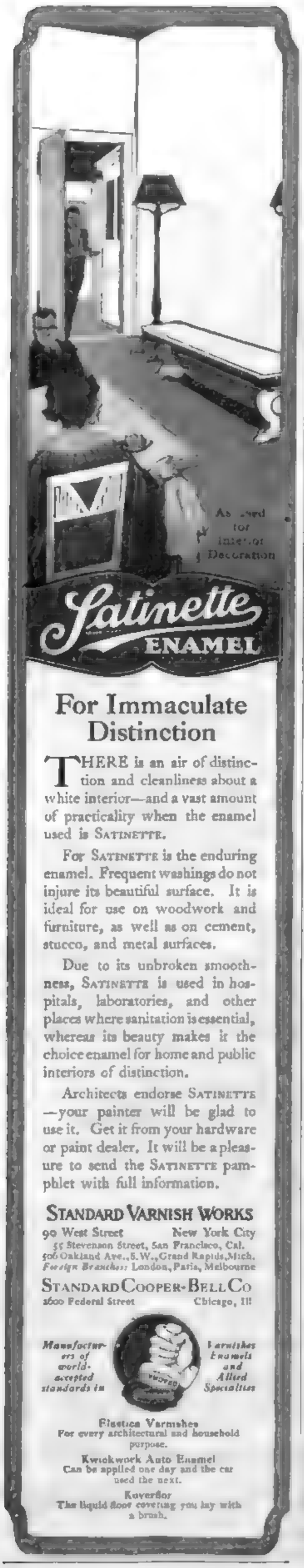

For Immaculate Distinction

THERE is an air of distinction and cleanliness about a white interior—and a vast amount of practicality when the enamel used is SATINETTE.

For SATINETTE is the enduring enamel. Frequent washings do not injure its beautiful surface. It is ideal for use on woodwork and furniture, as well as on cement, stucco, and metal surfaces.

Due to its unbroken smoothness, SATINETTE is used in hospitals, laboratories, and other places where sanitation is essential, whereas its beauty makes it the choice enamel for home and public interiors of distinction.

Architects endorse SATINETTE—your painter will be glad to use it. Get it from your hardware or paint dealer. It will be a pleasure to send the SATINETTE pamphlet with full information.

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For every architectural and household purpose.

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Can be applied one day and the car used the next.

Koverfloor
The liquid floor covering you lay with a brush.

HOW TO GET A JOB

(Continued from Page 11)

A colored chap came in yesterday and almost before he entered the door said, 'I want a job as a chauffeur.' 'Good for you, George,' I replied. 'I know what you are anyway.' Thereupon I called up the garage to see if they had any opening. There was none, and then the man said his second choice was a messenger. We didn't need one at the moment, but very likely we can fix him up soon in one place or the other.

"This doesn't apply to only the lower grades. Men come in every day and say: 'I am an executive. I can organize; I can handle men and get things done. I'd like a job as assistant to a very busy and important executive.' I feel like saying: 'The only way you could assist him would be to put on his coat.' I can't speak for other big corporations, but we don't buy executive ability in the abstract. We can't use it that way. If we hire an engineer we hire him as such, and hope he has executive ability. This was not true to such an extent during the war and the boom that followed. Abstract executive ability seemed to have a market then, but not now. Times have changed.

"We employ two classes of men, and I think the same is true of many large established organizations. In the first place we take comparatively large numbers of very young men of promise and no experience, often just out of college. Under no circumstances will we ever pay such men more than two thousand dollars a year to start with. Then occasionally we take older men because of something specific they have to offer, perhaps an accountant because of his knowledge of income-tax matters, a chemist, although we try to develop our own, a lawyer, a safety engineer or an advertising man.

"Of course if these men are going to advance far they will have to develop executive ability, and we hope they will; but we hire them for their knowledge of taxation, chemistry, law, safety engineering, advertising and publicity, not because of some intangible abstract executive ability which may be lurking within them."

Practice Without Theory

At about the same time the permanent secretary of the alumni association of a great university, a man in touch with thousands of his fellows, said to the writer: "It seems pitiful to me that so many fellows, even able college fellows, are just filling jobs. It seems as if every college man ought to be stirred before he leaves college to a realization that there is some particular job in the world which he is especially suited for, that it is up to him to find it, and that unless he attacks his whole work with the creative spirit of an artist he is not getting any joy out of it."

One of the foremost bankers of the country once said to the writer that a man is almost sure to succeed if he has a real inclination, but that very few men have any.

"Most minor executives have no established goal in their minds except a ten-thousand-dollar job," said an experienced business man. "They may know a good deal about the practice of their business, but they have not mastered its principles enough to have any goal ahead."

The chairman of the board of commissioners who has charge of building a great ocean pier for one of the New England States told the writer late in January that on the previous afternoon forty-seven men, including college graduates, had applied to him for positions or jobs, and when he asked them what they could do most of them replied "Anything." But he wanted specific things done, and he was at once suspicious that the applicants who said "Anything" could not do any one thing well.

Just to ask for a job usually means nothing. An applicant should take something definite and constructive to the employer, something that fits in with the employer's policies, aims and competitive business. He should bring with him some constructive idea for that particular work he has in mind, whether it be in the line of creative planning, routine methods or sales and promotional effort.

Suppose that a successful and experienced writer of political articles for several different newspapers suddenly hears that all these have failed and are about to be discontinued through the exigencies of business and from no fault of his own. Will he go to one or more other newspapers and beg for a chance to write anything?

Of course not. He will suggest a series of articles along political lines which his own qualifications and experience fit him to write and which fit in with the policies of the paper he calls upon. But suppose he cannot find any paper that wants such articles in the first few days of his search and he has no money to live on. Then of course he will have to write anything, and that is what any other person must take who has no savings. Good positions are never to be had by people who cannot afford to take the time to look for them.

But no man can promise definite and constructive achievements to an employer unless he has plotted his own talents in relation to the field he has entered or hopes to enter. It is the man who has a goal who is really interested, and it is the one who is interested who has something to offer the employer. Young men are constantly asking the question, "What line offers the greatest opportunity?" This is the most pitiful case in the world of getting the cart before the horse. They should ask in what directions their own talents lie, and instead of always inquiring whether a business has any future they should ask whether their own capabilities have a future.

It is, of course, possible and indeed very probable that a young man may be obliged to change his goal. "When you start in life if you find you are wrongly placed don't hesitate to change," said Charles M. Schwab once to a group of students. "Do not hesitate to change if you find your work is not in accordance with your tastes and ultimate ambitions. But don't change because troubles come up and difficulties arise."

A group of young college graduates were recently advised by their elders not to seek business positions but to teach school, or if they had a little capital to go back to their university and take post-graduate courses until business should improve. If one of these young men has a clear-cut ambition to become a master in the field of marketing manufactured goods and yet goes back to academic life for a couple of years until business conditions are better, he does not necessarily prove himself without purpose or goal. Indeed he may be preparing himself all the more perfectly to reach that object.

I am not talking about the men who are forced aside by circumstance or who learn from bitter experience that they are not fitted to reach the goal that seemed so attractive at first. The fundamental, the underlying difficulty is that most men never have any goal either to begin or end with. To repeat the exact language of one of the most experienced employment managers in the country: "The greatest bugbear of business is the young man who does not know what he wants, what industry he wishes to enter or which branch of it."

The Beginning of Wisdom

From the very nature of the case young men do not always have enough knowledge, and naturally lack the experience, to know what they are fitted for. It may be the fault of the existing system of education or it may be inherent in youth itself, regardless of training. But for our purpose the cause is not important; it is the fact that really matters.

The beginning of wisdom in getting a position, put in its simplest, barest and most brutal form, is first to decide exactly what you want to do and are confident you can do, and then go to the best concern or concerns in that line and insist upon a job at whatever salary they are willing to pay or however lowly the work.

It goes without saying that good positions are not to be had in bad times without persistence. Often a young man without any experience and perhaps without any very clear-cut ideas of what he wants to do can get a start provided only he be persistent enough, and willing to work for a small salary.

The sales manager of an internationally known organization, who has been with the company for twenty years, secured his place after this fashion: He made application for a position as salesman. They told him there was a possible opening, but they were not yet ready to decide. On inquiry as to how much he wanted—he was in his early twenties—he replied that he did not care; what he wanted was a job. This was a branch office. They tried to put him off, saying they would confer with the home office. He replied: "I am coming down here Monday morning and if you will let me use a desk I will go right to work. You can pay me what you like and what I am worth. If the home office does not like me you can fire me later on. I can sell your goods." His present position is the answer.

This type of persistence, of course, goes better with a beginner than with an older man, who simply must have some salary to start with. But whatever the age or circumstances of the applicant, the search must be carried out in an orderly, well-planned, well-thought-out manner. To a considerable extent, of course, men who are out of employment are not only in a financial position where they have to take what they can get but who are too panic-stricken in many cases to plan an orderly campaign. But the fact remains that only those who use system and brains, who make a real business of finding the best opening and who take enough time to do it well succeed in getting the better positions.

Tact and Temperament

The average job hunter too often applies for anything and everything. He does not really study the possibilities. In an employment agency in New York maintained by a group of professional societies for their members, the available positions are all posted on a bulletin board outside the manager's office, marked only with key numbers. These lists are where anyone can see them, outsiders as well as members. An applicant who is a member of one of the societies and who is interested in a particular opening can go to the manager of the bureau or one of his assistants and learn the nature of the employment, the character and standing of the company and other similar information. It is said that if the names of the companies and their addresses were posted on the bulletin boards hundreds of job hunters, not more than one or two of whom by any stretch of imagination are fitted for the positions, would come in off the streets, copy the names and rush to the employers' offices. It is a case of the applicant not really knowing either what he wants to do or what he can do.

It goes without saying that important positions are not to be had, when all positions are scarce, by applicants who lack a reasonable amount of tact and at least a moderately acceptable temperament and personality. This is a very bad time for the fellow who is so thin-skinned that he cannot get along with his fellow humans. We are in a position in the business cycle where it does not pay to take offense readily unless one wishes to retire from business altogether, and where it does pay most emphatically to get the other man's point of view.

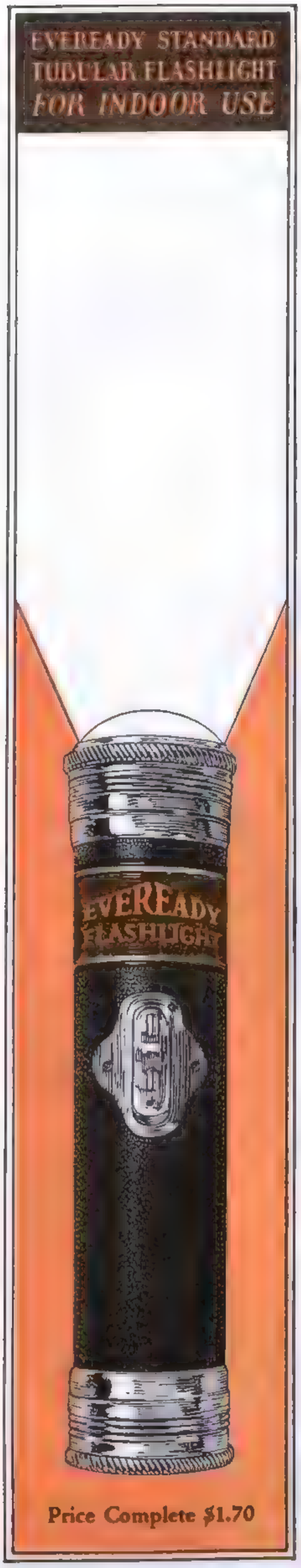
Though the applicant for a position should be self-confident and state his qualifications clearly, he is totally lost if by letter or conversation he steps over the line into egotism or boasting. A really egotistical applicant is usually dismissed without any consideration whatever. There are very few positions that a decent man wants to hold where an employer requires bluster.

A president of a large New York bank told the writer that he found it very difficult to find young men who combine imagination, hard sense and personality. A necessary training, he said, was to send them on visits to correspondent banks. "But there are so many who cannot be sent, despite their ability, because their personality repels."

A great scientist, scholar or literary man can get along, no doubt, even if he is unable to write a clear, concise, neat and readable letter, but no young man looking for a business position will find it unless he can accomplish such a communication. An artist or literary genius may go to either extreme of slovenliness or overdressing and dolling up, but not the young man or woman looking for a good business position.

Nor will those who want more than a routine opening do most of the talking when interviewing a possible employer. The writer some time ago introduced a personal friend to an important employer.

(Continued on Page 61)



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In the world of industry, on the roofs of busy mills and factories, a roofing meets the most severe service-test of all.

There it must not only resist sun, frost, rain and snow, but the added hazards of live steam and acid vapors, of hot smoke and flying cinders.

It is under such service conditions that Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing proves supremely durable and economical *on steep surfaces.*

While to the home-owner, the name "Everlastic" signifies the colorful, mineral-surfaced Everlastic Shingles that beautify the roofs of thousands of homes—to the experienced factory superintendent it represents a high quality "Rubber" Roofing that gives maximum service at minimum cost.

There are four styles of Everlastic Roofings, all briefly described below. Among them you will be certain to find the right roof for any type of *steep roofed* building—factory, farm building, home, school, or church.

Be sure to look for the Everlastic name when you buy.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing
This is one of our most popular roofings, a recognized standard among "rubber" roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing
The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with mineral in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Combines real protection against fire with beauty. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles
Four shingles in one. Tough, elastic, durable. Made of high grade waterproofing materials with a red or green mineral surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Weather and fire resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles
Same material and art finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in single shingles, size 8 x 12¼ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and costs less per year of service.

Booklets fully describing each style free on request.

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Latrobe Bethlehem Elizabeth Buffalo
Baltimore Omaha Houston Denver
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THE BARRETT CO., Limited, Montreal, Toronto
Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

(Continued from Page 58)

My friend, although a man of education, intelligence, initiative, ability and pleasing personality, was out of a position. He had at one time been high on the staff of an important corporation and then during the boom had become president of a smaller company in the same line, and like so many men between thirty and forty who headed new business enterprises after the war found himself shortly without a job.

The employer is one of the most successful and progressive in the country and has extended his business even against the handicaps of the last couple of years. I wish some of the boasters and conceited nincompoops had listened to the conversation. Not that there was anything remarkable about it except that it was all done by the employer's lawyer and myself, neither of whom had anything directly or personally at stake. The employer and the possible employe listened and watched intently. Each said a few words only, and each went away with a high opinion of the other.

Now it may be said in a general way that the man who really wants a job goes and gets it in person, and the more important the place the more likely is it to be filled because employer and applicant come face to face in direct personal contact. The bigger the position the more of a game and the less of a routine matter is the hunting. There has always been much discussion as to what proportion of the better class of positions are secured through employment agencies and advertisements, and how many through personal, business and professional connections. The best answer to this question I have ever heard was that given the writer by a successful manufacturer:

"We get our specialty goods called to the attention of as wide a group as possible, but we have to close the sale in person. If I were looking for a six-thousand-dollar job I should go to appropriate agencies, I should use every high-grade printed means of finding that single individual, my customer, but I shouldn't spare foot work for a minute. To express the same thing in another way, employers are not buying a list of well-known qualities when they pay five thousand dollars a year and better; they are buying that unique, indescribable thing, a personality. Leastwise they are if they are wise employers. I have heard of salaries of twenty thousand dollars, thirty thousand dollars and even seventy thousand dollars a year being paid to nincompoops, but this was usually some sort of outgrowth of an unregulated commission system."

In other words, the man who has a personality to sell for more than five thousand dollars a year must hunt for just the right market, and that means he must exhaust every source. He will use indirect means, he will appeal to college and professional employment bureaus if he happens to belong to such groups, but he will also remember that if he wants anything done, in the last analysis he will have to do it himself.

The Value of Acquaintance

To be quite frank about it, what many men in this general level of industry lack are sufficient contacts and friends outside their immediate organization. It is rather cold-blooded perhaps, but the fact is that the executive who has lost a position in the last few years and most quickly made a new connection is often the one who has attended the meetings and conventions of technical or professional societies, who has spoken at such meetings, who has been active in chambers of commerce, lunch clubs and similar organizations. The man who is thought of to fill a position is quite often the one who has made friends and attracted attention outside his immediate organization.

Such activities are costly in time and may mean a sacrifice, but they usually pay in business. Of course they must stop short of extravagance. There is no greater handicap a young man can labor under in hunting for most positions at the present time than a reputation for extravagance. The president of a large corporation recently let out his secretary because the latter wore a more expensive fur coat than the former. A young man who had never earned more than twenty-five dollars a week recently wanted a favor from the managing director of an important trade association, and asked him out to lunch. "When I found that he was taking me to the Giltmore," said the director in relating the incident, "I shut up like a clam and wouldn't tell him a thing."

Most distinctly a man must make contacts and try to avoid hiding his light under a bushel, but also it is just as true that promotion can be had by too forced a draft. Usually there is a reaction in course of time when promotion comes from political or financial influence, for such men blow up ultimately.

A significant fact about any period of unemployment among the higher-salaried workers is that while many men are being let out of organizations a few are being taken in. In other words, even when high-grade stuff in general is at a discount the star is always wanted. The senior vice president, in general charge of production, of one of the largest automobile concerns told me recently that although many men were being let out he had taken two young men, who are in their early twenties, into the management within a few days, because he thought they were exceptionally good.

"But," he added, "I told them very frankly they mustn't expect to begin to broaden out into large salaries and positions of real responsibility until they are about thirty-six years old."

Hints for Older Men

Last spring when several of the big corporations did not send their representatives to the universities after their usual custom to interview seniors in regard to positions, the secretary of one university upon writing to the companies in description of exceptionally good men found they were interested. One company alone found places for two or three of the best men in the graduating class as a result of this letter.

The manager of an employment agency told me he had just placed three young men in a large corporation, although literally there were no available positions. The men were so exceptionally good, however, that the company couldn't let them go. These young men had been receiving salaries ranging from three to four thousand dollars, and were given fifteen hundred dollars in the new connection.

I can imagine a number of readers fairly agreed and satisfied up to now, but who explode at this point. "All this is very nice," they say, "but it applies to kids only. Of course employers will find a place for an exceptionally able and attractive lad of twenty-two who will work for next to nothing in order to learn the business, or even for the young man of twenty-seven or thereabouts with some valuable experience, great energy and enthusiasm, and also willing to work for relatively little. But what about the men from thirty-five up, or from forty up? Any number of them are out of jobs, mostly they are married and have families to support; they must have a living wage, and nobody wants them."

Now it must be frankly admitted that the problem of the man over thirty-five, and especially over forty, is probably the most difficult in this whole field. Especial emphasis is laid on forty because that is the age where many corporations begin their pension systems, and they hesitate to take men on who are over that age.

But thirty-five, or perhaps thirty-six, is also at all times a crucial age for men in industry, although naturally more so when positions are scarce. Curiously enough it seems to be a climacteric also in matters of health. A man is quite likely to begin going either uphill or downhill physically at that age. But in industry that is the point at which the majority of men begin to spread out, as it were, if they are ever going to do so.

Of course there are plenty of exceptions. It is rough rule only. Many young men attain brilliant business success in their twenties, even their early twenties, although numbers of these later prove to be shooting stars only. Then, too, many men who are failures up to forty or even fifty attain signal success thereafter. But most of these latter cases are those which were misplaced in earlier life. They are usually men who do not find their right work until middle life or old age, and, having native ability and initiative which have remained latent only because of the distasteful character of their work, do not show their enthusiasm and effectiveness until after there has been an autumnal change of occupation.

Certainly no sweeping statement can be made as to the advantages of change in maturity or middle life. It is often said that adversity is a good thing, and it may be if it gets a man out of a rut where he does not really belong. Some men are made by adversity, and others are broken by it. Often it absolutely kills morale. As one thoughtful employer says: "The extreme of one type will do his best in working out problems in evolutionary fashion with the help of familiar surroundings and the sense of a long time ahead in which to accomplish great projects. The other extreme is of the revolutionary type sometimes spurred to good thinking only by confusion, newness and change."

But certainly as a rough general rule, men who are in the line they are fitted for usually begin to show the results of development just beyond the middle thirties. Therefore when the employer has the labor market his own way, and can pick and choose the very best, he will not take men over thirty-five unless they have something special to offer. He is quite right in his attitude too—that is, judging by averages, by general rules, by actuarial probabilities, rather than by exceptions. The man who has not risen to the surface by thirty-six has the burden of proof upon him, whereas, in a sense, when the employer is dealing with fresh promising lads of twenty-two the burden of proof to a certain extent is with the employer.

One successful manufacturer, who has already been quoted, summed up the subject in reply to my question thus: "To men of thirty-five years and over looking for jobs not much below the four-thousand-dollar-a-year level, I should simply say that they had on their hands a typical job of specialty selling. They can't be told specifically how to find a job, but they can be reminded that the same ingenuity and power of analysis which warrant salaries higher than four thousand dollars must be exercised in the job of finding the job."

The Factor of Age

Superficially it often seems as if the older man were not given enough consideration, as if industry brutally conspires to heap indignity upon gray hairs. It is difficult to see how this can be avoided. The vast majority of men who go into industry have not the education, training, environment, inheritance or brain power to rise far. The average man in industry begins at the bench and gets up to five or six dollars a day. There the overwhelming majority stop. A very few go on the salary roll, usually in their middle or late twenties, and get up to assistant superintendent or even superintendent by the time they are thirty-five, and to a salary of about thirty-six hundred dollars. I have used the language of factory industry, but the same general principles apply to all business.

At this point the competition becomes very fierce indeed, perhaps even more relentless than when the man emerged from the obscure ranks of labor. The employer who takes on a man above thirty-five at a salary of more than four or five thousand wants to be mighty sure that his acquisition is really competent to rise above this great second climacteric of industry.

The older man may or may not always know how hard he is rowing upstream when he hunts a new position, especially with a large organization. One reason of course is that the larger, more stable organizations seek in most cases to build up their own staff. In one such successful unit of big business men are very rarely given any responsibility until after they have passed thirty-five, being trained up from boyhood. Obviously the morale is broken down if too many men are brought in from the outside.

"But when we do go outside," said a representative of the company, "to take an older man we often jump well above the thirty-five and forty dead line. We are just as likely to take a man of forty-five or fifty as one of thirty-five. It is technic which these men must have, and if they have it and no one in the organization does, ten years one way or the other makes very little difference. But big as we are we probably don't have to take more than one such man a year or even once in two years."

This same company recently employed an engineer at a salary somewhat above five thousand dollars a year, a man just under forty. Despite the fact that thousands of engineers are out of employment and also despite the fact that the employment expert of this company receives a call every few days from men who have managed plants or even businesses of their own

He says he has smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man

Let Mr. Baldwin's letter give you the facts, and you will see he has some justification for his claims.

H. F. BALDWIN
Signs and Show Cards
Cloth Banners
60 Clarke Street Cor. Grant
Burlington, Vermont

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I think that I am entitled to be called a charter member of the Edgeworth Smokers Club, as I have used the Edgeworth Sliced Plug between twenty and twenty-five years.

When I commenced using it I was selling hardware on the road. One of my customers who kept a general store told me that he had just received a new tobacco and wished that I would try it. He gave me a box for which he charged me 20c. He made a mistake, as it was selling at that time for 25c. I liked it so well that I made it a point to ask for it in every store in the different towns that I made; but few had it. The next time that I called on this customer I bought six boxes, which would last until I got around again. I still continued to ask for it in the different towns and tried to induce the dealers to stock it.

In 1906 or 1907 I went to So. Carolina and stayed there three years. I was surprised not to be able to get it there. At that time I was in Beaufort, S. C., and made frequent trips to Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and was unable to get it in either of these cities. Finally I ordered some direct from you and also induced a dealer in Beaufort to stock it.

I have used it always for over twenty years except occasionally when I could not get it. I figure that I have smoked over 1000 of the 25c boxes, which have cost for the last few years 35c. For at least five years I have not bought a cigar. Have had some given to me, but they do not take the place of the old pipe filled with Edgeworth.

I am sixty-one years of age and still think that it is the best tobacco on the market. I don't think there is a man living who has smoked any more Edgeworth than I. What do you think?

Yours truly,
(Signed) H. F. Baldwin

It is always pleasing to hear from old Edgeworth smokers, and we should like to know if this record is the best ever made.

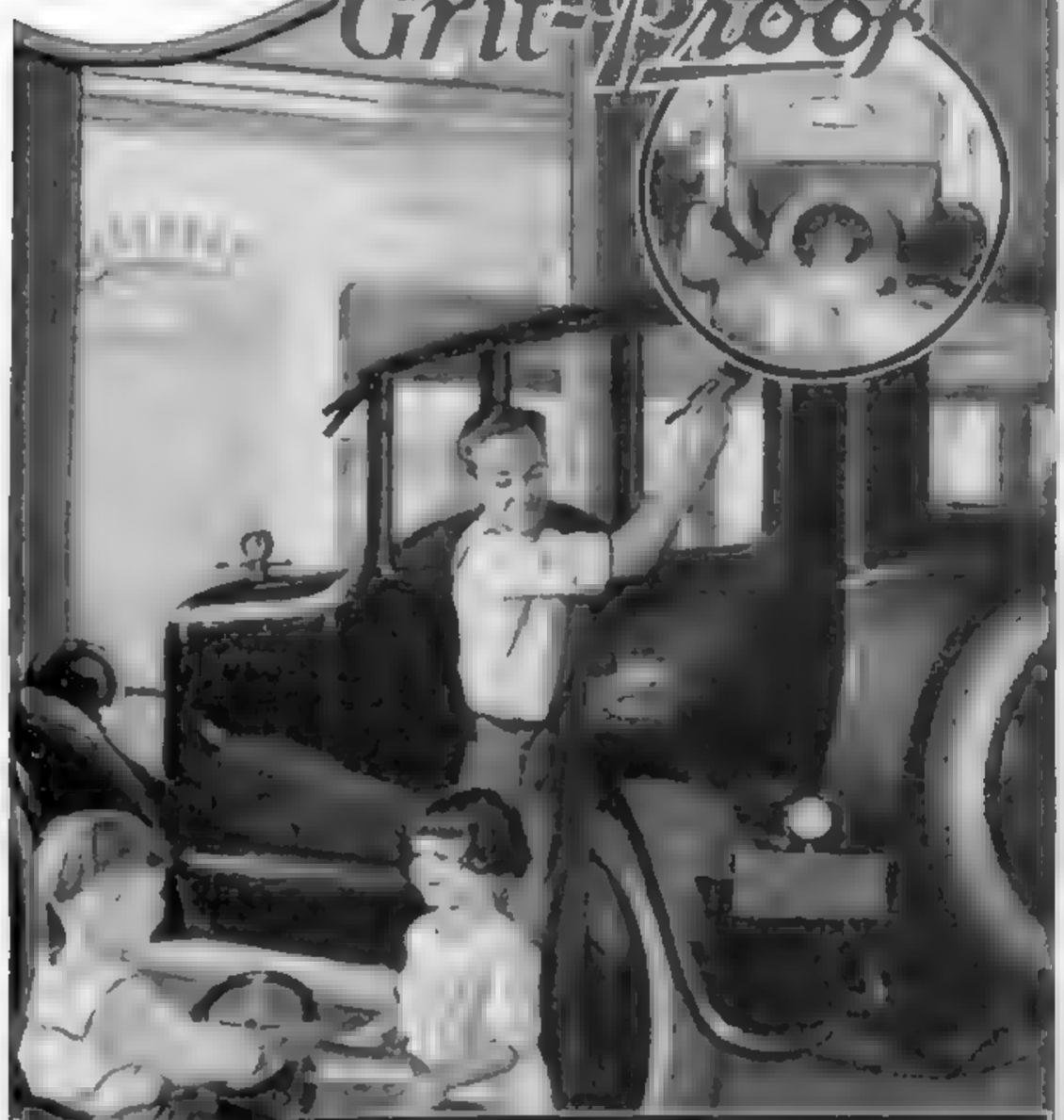
But we are interested, too, in new Edgeworth smokers. We like to know that young men, men who are breaking in their first pipes, find Edgeworth before they get very far in their pipe-smoking careers.

So we have a standing invitation to send free samples of Edgeworth to all who ask for them. If you haven't tried Edgeworth, we have a sample package here containing Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed that is only waiting for your name and address.

When you write for it, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PATTON'S
Auto Gloss
ENAMEL
Grit-Proof



Make Your Work Worth While

IT is just as much of a job to re-finish your car with poor materials as good—but the difference, after a few weeks' driving, is a big *difference*.

Patton's Auto Gloss has the easy flowing qualities which make possible a smooth, beautiful finish that "stands up" because it is proof against sun, motor heat, weather and the bombardment of flying highway grit. Use a good brush, which is as important as the use of good materials.

Sold by quality dealers everywhere.

Write for "Proof" booklet

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Patton Paints Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"Save the surface and you save all"

Pittsburgh Aged Varnishes — Proof Products — Patton's Sun Proof Paints

INTER-INDUSTRIALS OF THE

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE AND WINDOW GLASS MIRRORS PAINTS VARNISHES BRUSHES INSECTICIDES

at salaries up to ten or twelve thousand dollars and are now out of positions, it took seven or eight months to find the right man. The company's own enormous lists of available material were gone through, public and private employment agencies were appealed to, other large corporations were canvassed for material, and yet it was not until the end of nearly a year that the man wanted was found.

The organization is a large one and it was necessary to find a man who would fit in and get along well with others. Three qualities were needed in combination—technical proficiency and executive force, which two are not difficult to secure, but in addition great diplomacy and tact were demanded. Here was the rub. The plan was to have this engineer ultimately manage one of the company's important plants. No sudden change of management was contemplated, but a gradual development of the newcomer up to the position. For peculiar reasons the company was ready in this single instance to abandon its long-settled policy of developing its own managers from boyhood up, but it did not want the newcomer to make this fact too evident to the older employes. To find the man with the requisite tact as well as executive force and technic was most difficult. Salary was never mentioned until the deal was closed.

"We don't want you to have to suffer by lowering your living standards," said the company's representative. "What do you need to avoid actual hardship?"

"That is entirely up to you," was the reply. "What do you feel you can pay?"

"We might pay so-and-so," said the company man, naming a figure fifteen hundred dollars above what he had originally intended to pay.

"That is all right," said the applicant. "I may have to adjust my living standards a trifle, but it won't do any harm. The salary is quite satisfactory provided I can get this position," which he well knew would lead to the top ranks.

Another manufacturer, who for years has been in charge of plants employing from seven or eight thousand men upwards, told the writer: "The man over thirty-five is a problem, but I took one on last year. I met him during the war. We both worked in a government department, and I was impressed with him. Before the war he held some small managerial position. After the war he went with a new tire company as manager at twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and he put all his savings into the common stock. It went to pot, and he came to me recently, absolutely done. He begged for a job, anything at any salary. Of course I knew he was better than the job I gave him, but I wanted to try him out. I put him in a department and forgot him. At the end of seven months the head of the department came to me and said, 'Don't take that man away from me; he's a wiz.' I merely replied 'We'll see,' and then, a short time after, I put him in as president of one of our subsidiary companies that had fallen on evil days, and he's making good in fine style."

Expert Advice

An employment agency recently placed an accountant with one of the richest capitalistic groups in the country to rehabilitate the accounts of an important institution, this despite the prevailing unemployment among accountants. The reason of course was that this particular man had a reputation for unusual ability. On the other hand, the same agency might turn away men of fifty every day, who merely want clerical work—well dressed, fine appearing men at that.

In many cases the older man needs expert advice even more than the younger man. Often he needs to go to an expert vocational or employment counselor to get sized up. Even if he has a long list of personal or business friends to apply to, it may pay him to get the advice of the expert as to the best way to approach his friends. The employment specialist will work out a plan of approach, show the applicant how to write a telling advertisement, if it is planned to advertise, and in other ways plan the campaign. Often it is found that the applicant cannot sell himself at all, and in conversation with employers fails to make a clear, concise presentation of his own case. It may be necessary for the specialist to assist him in making out a brief written statement to take the place of casual conversation, thus obviating any talking on the part of the applicant except the answering of questions.

More important yet, the reliable employment specialist will put legs under a man who is out of work. Men who go to such experts are often all gone and need to be given confidence in themselves and cheer-up stuff. "The people who come to us don't need our service at all," said one specialist. "They can get a position without us. But they have a mental disturbance which we can cure. Often the trouble is at home. The wife or family may be nagging because a position isn't found more rapidly. We phone the wife or send for her and tell her to boost instead of nag. Time and again we have cheered up men who came to us so that they went out and got their own positions without our help. Then, too, we urge lots of men who have positions not to give them up and warn them not to swap horses in midstream."

Another specialist said he was able many times to give men confidence by telling them of his own father, who went to college and studied law at fifty-one, beginning life over again.

Often the specialist is looked upon askance by the applicant because he usually advises a lower salary than the applicant desires. What the specialist in employment does is to hit a common-sense mean between the utter despair and terrible fear which strike at the hearts of men out of positions on the one hand, and the stubborn pride of those who, having had eight thousand dollars a year, rebel against beginning life over again at between two and four thousand dollars. The specialist can remove despair, because if the applicant is any good at all he can usually be assured a position of some sort after a thorough campaign of from six to ten weeks' search. Of course it is a problem with any man who has held a high-salaried position to know how low to fall, for his pride is involved; but certainly he makes a mistake in not at least consulting the experts.

The Big Jump

Almost every man who is looking for a good position, either because he has none at all or to improve his existing status, feels that if only he could be put in touch with an influential financier, capitalist or banker in New York he could easily find just the right place. As the writer recently said to an experienced employer: "One of them frankly stated to me that in all articles on industrial subjects, including my own of course, the problem of the nonconnecting link between opportunities and men is never settled. You are well aware, even if these people are not, that I am a journalist, a magazine writer, and not an employment agency. Yet I would like to say something constructive in reply to their inquiries. Don't you think I am right in telling them to exhaust their home opportunities first?"

"Here again the meat of the matter lies in the statement that job hunting among these folk is a job of specialty selling," was the reply. "If they are writing to you and doing a lot of other stunts, too, they may be very wisely surveying and stirring up their market. If they are depending on you or anyone else to do it for them they will go broke unless the Lord loves them specially. They should of course exhaust home opportunities, whatever they may be. In certain sparsely settled states home opportunities might be very small, and in New York State they might be about all the opportunities worth thinking about."

But other employers and employment experts to whom the question was shown took a much less sympathetic attitude toward the position hunter who asks to be put in touch with prominent New York capitalists. One of them said: "These people are trying to take the big jump all at once. There is such a thing as being overambitious, of getting out of step with normal progress. There is a lot of immature, half-baked desire to take big positions all at once. If you investigated these people in detail you would probably find that many of them could not possibly hold an important position until after they had taken special night-school courses or in some other way had gotten the stuff for which big corporations and bankers pay large salaries."

People living in small towns and villages often seem to be absolutely blinded to any sort of natural, common-sense procedure and progress, by the lure of New York. They seem in many cases to have a feeling

(Continued on Page 65)

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE

In the feudal days of old, when cities were armed camps, when the stranger was an enemy until he proved himself a friend, the merchant who came from one city to another was challenged at the gate.

Today, by thousands, to every city in the land, come the salesmen of manufacturers in distant places. There are no walls of stone to bar their entrance; no city gates where sentries challenge. But there are other gates within the city; there are other walls than walls of stone.

What salesman does not know the little gate that leads the way—or bars it—to the inner office of the buyer? What salesman does not know that important moment when his card goes in—and he waits the word? And if his product is unknown—how often he is halted at the gate!

Then the gates of the homes—the millions of homes—in cities and towns and villages, and on the farms, where dwell the people. Of these there are so many that the manufacturer cannot send his salesmen to them; yet the success or failure of his product hangs upon its reception at these gates. And here again, the unknown product is challenged, while the gates swing wide for the known.

In the old days there were certain illustrious persons upon whom was conferred a key to the city, symbolizing the good-will of the inhabitants and betokening that all places were open to them. Today, in the world of industry, there are those who hold a similar key. They are the ones who know the power of advertising.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

To make housekeeping an easier and happier task

THE beautiful Sellers of today offers you a measure of convenience that is, to say the least, unusual. Time after time you find your needs anticipated in a way that is almost human. Arrangement is perfect.

30 years have been concentrated on the design and improvements which make this convenience possible.

To the right, a few of the newest Sellers developments are listed and described. These are conveniences every woman has wanted and they are combined only in the Sellers. Without them we doubt if any woman can ever be fully satisfied. Please read the descriptions.

Yet, due to the broad policy of this company, the beautiful Sellers, with all its improvements, costs no more than any good cabinet. And it costs only about half the expense of building a cabinet into the kitchen. Besides, it has sanitary features that a built-in cabinet never has.

At present reduced prices the Sellers is the greatest value of our history. Your local dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. See him today for a demonstration. In the meantime, write for a FREE copy of the Sellers Blue Book. It pictures and describes all the cabinets and the famous Sellers features.

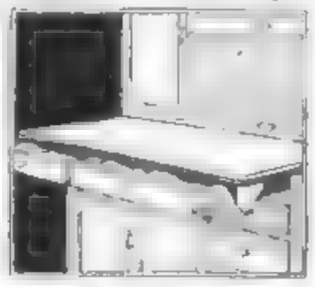
[223]

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, ELWOOD, INDIANA
Canadian Branch of Sellers Kitchen Cabinets, Brantford, Canada

30th Anniversary

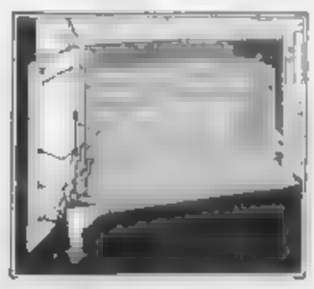
THIS is the 30th year of Sellers' progress. It marks, we believe, the highest development yet attained in the kitchen cabinet. As proof of this we ask you to check over the features listed here. These are improvements which you will find combined on no other cabinet. Most of them are exclusive features developed in the great Sellers factories at Elwood, Indiana.

Extending Table Drawer Section—A feature every woman has wished for and which is perfected only on the Sellers—makes it possible to get into the big table drawer even when the work table is extended and covered with work things.



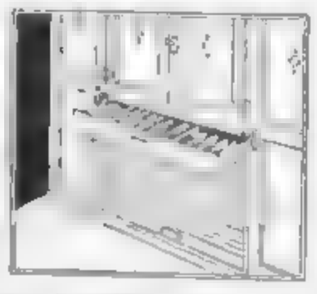
The Only Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—comes down level with the work table. Filled with ease. Saves heavy lifting and dangerous climbing.

Automatic Double Base Shelf Extender now brings BOTH base shelves, and their contents, forward. You can reach the pot or pan you need from where you sit at the cabinet, with perfect ease.



Invisible and Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Porcelron Work Table. Keeps the lower cupboard free from dust and dirt that work in under the work table in most cabinets.

Silverware Drawer. This is just above the roll front. Plush lined and a convenient place for knives, forks and spoons in most frequent use in the average kitchen of today.



Ant-Proof Casters. Put a little common borax in the caster cups. Then set the cabinet one-half inch from the wall and the ants will not bother you.

In addition there are such things as Sanitary Glass Drawer Pulls; Oil, Hand-Rubbed Finish; Dovetail Joint Construction; Sanitary Leg Base; Full Roll, Open Front; Roller Bearings on Work Table; and others.

IMPORTANT

By the number of conveniences the Sellers contains you might imagine it is too large for your kitchen. This is not so. The largest Sellers requires no more floor space than your kitchen table.

SELLERS

THE BEST SERVANT IN YOUR HOUSE

(Continued from Page 62)

that unless they can connect with a big corporation in New York there is no hope for them. Obviously the natural thing for them to do is to take a few days or a week off for the specific purpose of interviewing a few men of large affairs in some near-by city. Letters of introduction are not needed, although they may help a little. A man's tact and good sense will get him an audience with at least a few of those whom he seeks to interview. And that is all that he or anyone else can expect.

Even men living in large cities often seem to have the idea that progress is impossible for them unless it be in New York. A young man in a very important city not far from New York once wrote to me saying that he wished to go into a different line of business and would I let him know with which concerns in New York he would be most likely to find an opening. I replied at once, calling his attention to the fact that several of the strongest concerns in the country in the industry which he wished to enter were in his own city, and advising him by all means to try them first. Whether this obvious course had never occurred to him is not known to the writer, but at any rate he followed the suggestion and soon made an excellent connection.

Often men hold relatively important positions but at very small salaries and in very small places.

A typical case is that of the cashier of a small-town bank. To him it seems as if bank presidents never resign and never die. However well he may fill his position, there usually appears to be no outlet. He feels that no matter what his ability the great bankers in the larger cities will never hear of him.

A Young Man's Town

Now perhaps the sensible thing for such a man to do is to reconcile himself to his position and salary and by interesting himself in business concerns outside the bank gradually develop local opportunities which will slowly add to his income and thus to his opportunities. But there will always be young men who are not content to remain at home. As a young bank cashier once said to the writer: "You speak in one of your articles of a banker who wants young men who will shoulder responsibility. How can a young man show such big men that he is anxious to shoulder responsibility?"

To repeat what has been said before in this article, in the last analysis a man must do things for himself. So many men make the mistake of staying at home and complaining about the hard luck they have in not getting away. What this young banker must do is to go to every banking convention and dinner within reach, widen out his acquaintances among bankers and keep up the acquaintance by calling upon the men whom he meets from time to time. If he wants to get out of his rut he has got to show himself outside of it.

If the resident of a smaller place is absolutely certain that his life will be spoiled unless he works in New York, let him take a few weeks off, go to New York and apply for a position, instead of staying home and complaining about it. In most lines a man must be on the scene to get a job.

New York is essentially a young man's town. A large part of all the annual crop of college graduates makes for the metropolis. The same is true of the young men who insist upon leaving the home town, no matter how much advice they get to the contrary. Among all these young men are many with extraordinary ability. The supply is always the largest there is available anywhere, and many of these young men will work for almost nothing. Thus New York is probably a poor place relatively for the middle-aged or elderly man. There is too much youthful competition against him, because the lure of New York is especially for the young.

But there is a converse to this proposition. New York is a relatively good place for the very highly trained, specialized type of middle-aged man. It is the man from thirty-five up who has no pronounced technic or special training who should stick to the small town.

The Lure of Prestige

It is probable that too many men have the idea—or perhaps it is an instinctive feeling rather than any conscious process of thinking—that more opportunities are to be found in the larger rather than the smaller business units. Of course as far as anyone can estimate quantitatively there are probably as many opportunities in big business as in little, or in little as in big. It is a matter to be decided primarily by the individual's temperament. Of course in both cases there are dead ones that nobody wants to hook up with. Probably if a man wants to dominate or control he should stay in small business, but if he does not object to being a cog in a machine and is willing to do a small piece of a big job instead of all of a smaller one, then let him connect himself with big business.

"The highly individualistic type should not work for a large corporation," said an officer of one of them. "He should always be in business for himself. In the large organization cooperation, teamwork and patience are everything. We have to work as a group, not as individuals. I have to get a dozen men morally back of every movement before it can proceed."

Prestige is a sun that blinds many eyes. No doubt there are men who would rather run an elevator in the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. than own a profitable shoe store in a country village. To such nothing can be said. Many men are built that way.

But the fact might as well be frankly recognized that careers are stunted and unemployment rendered more acute by the unwillingness of men of ability to enter occupations that lack a certain sort of prestige. All authorities agree that one, if not the greatest, of the fields of future development and money-making in this country will be merchandising, and perhaps specifically retailing. Lack of prestige has not been the only feature that has kept many able young men out of retailing in the past, nor has this drawback affected the large units so much as the small. Promotion has been slower than in industry, and probably no more rapid than in banking and finance, where the element of prestige has been high. But these conditions are surely changing and it behooves the man who is planning his future to consider them well.

A LADY IN LAVENDER

(Continued from Page 23)

calendar when I wasn't looking, and believed I didn't know!"

She got up and came towards him, and put two very white, wrinkled hands on his shoulders. She looked, smiling, into his face.

"I'm not really getting old, Robert," she whispered, pulling down his head till she could put her lips to his ear. "My heart still has the spring in it."

"And all the song of life! Oh, mater, I know!" he responded, and bent and kissed her.

Of the five sons-in-law Robert was the only one who ever kissed her. No one noticed it except the lady in lavender. Probably Robert was not aware of the fact himself. But whenever Robert kissed her, as he always did at their meeting, it was an act that set up a fresh battle in her mind, a stern and often bitter conflict to break down—that she cared for Robert more than for any of the others.

"It isn't so," she would mutter to herself. "It isn't so."

When the limousine had leaped into the night with Robert and Elsa the others returned to the drawing-room.

"I'm not going yet. I refuse to go," George declared. "I'm going to sing again; I insist on singing. I'm all notes to-night like a blessed lark. Anne, play the Serenade."

He glanced towards the old lady. She sat in her chair, her knitting on her lap, thinking. "Mater, go to your kennel," he urged. "You're fagged out."

"I wouldn't miss a minute of it, George," she said. "And I'm not tired, and I'm not going to bed. I want the Serenade."

Anne shuffled among the music and found it.

"By the way, people," exclaimed George, turning round—he had grown suddenly serious—"what's the matter with Robert and Elsa?"

THE RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

Every day a new keen edge— yet the same blade week after week

A SAFETY razor actually made to be stropped on a straight leather strop! Morning after morning its edge comes back as keen as new. A few seconds does the trick—less time than to change the blade in an ordinary safety razor.

Week after week the same blade with the Valet AutoStrop Razor. Every day a shave that makes you smile when you stroke your chin. Just a few strokes on the strop, and you've got a new keen edge. Strops, shaves and cleans without being taken apart.

The startling features of the Valet AutoStrop Razor have set up new standards of comfort and economy in shaving. They have made men everywhere dissatisfied with their former shaving methods—with the pull and scrape of unstropped blades—with the constant cost of replacing them.

Save the good money *you've* been spending on blades. More than a solid year of smooth, clean shaves are *guaranteed* from every $1.00 package of blades. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Valet AutoStrop Razor for you today.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense

The Right Coal in the Right Place

This Company recommends the use of Consolidation Coal wherever its suitability has been demonstrated both by scientific analysis and actual tests. We seek to put the right bituminous coal in the right place.

Consolidation Coal is used in large volume for steamship bunkers for which its suitability has been frequently demonstrated. One recent test was applied to an entire trans-Atlantic crossing and was described by the ship's engineer as follows:

> **"The coal supplied by you last voyage to the above named steamer has proved to be a very high class coal.**
>
> **"The calorific value of the coal is high, its gases are quickly and easily liberated, and the percentage of ash is small. (About 9%.)**
>
> **"Also, the ashes are easily removed, and are not detrimental to either firebars or furnace bridges.**
>
> **"It is a coal that needs a good supply of air, light firing, and you have a perfect combustion, eliminating smoke if air supply is properly regulated. Taking it all around it is a good economical coal, and is to be highly recommended."**

Another test of Consolidation Bunker Coal, by a British steamer, resulted in the following statement:

> **"I consider the American coal shipped at Baltimore the best coal I have ever burned."**

It is on such records of comparison as these that the favorable reputation of Consolidation Bunker Coal rests.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH. UNION TRUST BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.
137 MARKET STREET, PORTSMOUTH, N. H. FISHER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
CONTINENTAL BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD. UNION CENTRAL BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO.
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., BOSTON, MASS. MARION TAYLOR BLDG., LOUISVILLE, KY.
LAND TITLE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"With Robert and Elsa?" asked the lady in lavender quietly.

"Well, you know what I mean."

"This Paris business?" said John Weedon. "No reason why he shouldn't go to Paris; plenty of reasons no doubt why he should. Suppose he just forgot to tell Elsa he was going."

"She didn't like it," George wandered on.

"Oh, Elsa's not thin-skinned," declared Anne. "But he ought to have told her."

"Of course he should." George was emphatic.

"More mole hills, George!" Stretton-Smith declared. "Take it from me that he's told Elsa all about it in the limousine—told her in that masterful way he has—then forgiveness and kisses. No tears, George. Robert would never let it get to tears. He's the greatest diplomat ever born to keep clear of a woman's tears."

The old lady's long white fingers worked remorselessly with the ball of lavender wool on her lap.

"I don't think Elsa would ever bother whether he told her or not," she said. "One does not question where one trusts."

"Of course not, mater," George said. "But why does Robert so frequently hop off in this mysterious manner? Mind you, I'm not hinting things. We all like Robert. One of the best. Absolutely the goods. But it's a bit queer."

"Robert never yaps about his business," said Stretton-Smith. "He knows Elsa hasn't any head for business; it only annoys her."

"Some of you are rather dense," said Gertrude quietly. She was standing under one of the electrics studying a book of poems bound in mauve suède which Robert had given the old lady before dinner as his birthday gift.

"What d'you mean—dense?" snapped George, his waxed mustache bristling like the point of a poniard.

Gertrude put the book down slowly.

"Don't you see, if they had had a child ——"

"A child!" Anne broke in. "What would Elsa have done with a child? She could not manage a guinea pig!"

"She could have farmed it out!" Gertrude beat back, and the remembrance that her own two children were sleeping in a house which was not hers made Anne flush angrily.

"Scratching and biting—chuck it!" Stretton-Smith said.

"I mean what I say!" Gertrude, timid and slow to action, sailed boldly into the arena. "You can't see! But I know! I've watched the development of those two. And I say it again—if Elsa had had a child! There's one brick missing in the building of their happiness, and that's the brick. Elsa is the most unlikely mother on earth; but it's the unlikely mothers who generally miss everything when they miss parentage."

"I don't know ——" George began fussily.

"I do," Gertrude replied. "Elsa's happily married, and if she'd had a child she'd have asked no questions if Robert had seemed to be going to—going to hell, because she'd know he wouldn't get there!"

"Gertrude!" exclaimed Sibyl, glancing anxiously at the old lady.

"I think it's time I sang," George broke in. "Get on with it, Anne!"

Gertrude sank away to a chair, like a storm that drops as suddenly as it has arisen.

Anne resettled herself on the music stool, ran through the opening bars of the Serenade. Then she paused. No sound came from George. Instead he turned slowly, as if thinking, and faced the others, who crowded together like mute sheep waiting for slaughter.

"Well, I really think someone ought to take it up with Robert," he advised. "I mean the mysterious going away. Last time he went over Elsa never knew till he'd gone. He just posted a note. I don't mind taking it up if no one else will. I can't think what the devil he goes for. He doesn't buy raw material there."

"He spoke about trying to build a bridge," Sibyl reminded him.

"I once knew a man who had a particular reason for going to Scotland on his own, saying he was going to fish for sponges," George retorted.

They had reached an *impasse*. Everybody knew it. The battle ground was open, but nobody accepted it. Some loyalty to Robert held them silent; and the same loyalty to Elsa made them want to speak. George, waiting stupidly for an antagonist, appeared as a rather fussy bubble on a deep-flowing flood. He wanted to bump against something. The very structure of him seemed aggressive. He was a mighty person of speech with a cause. He was crusading. He knew he was crusading.

The old lady quietly grappled her knitting and wool into an ignoble ball.

"I think it's my birthday," she said. "Will you sing, George?" It was brazen diplomacy.

Anne helped him into the Serenade, but he missed his key. He was a semitone flat, and he knew it, and grappled with it as with a secret vice. He had alternating moments of subjection and returning self-confidence. He became loud and noisy and tuneless, fighting for the semitone that ever eluded him, reaching for it as a frantic man might stretch his arms for a star. He finished in a fluster of excitement and redness.

"The damned thing's put me off!" he exclaimed. "I mean this Robert business. Sorry, everybody."

Not a word of thanks to Anne. She seemed to him rather the cause of his discomfiture. A heavy silence fell like a clammy hand upon them. The lady in lavender got up noiselessly.

"Thank you, George," she said. She went from one to the other and bade each good night. "I'm going to bed now. I think I'm a little tired. You've all been awfully sweet to me to-day."

She gathered up the book which Robert had given her and moved with a soft rustle of old silk towards the door. Not till she reached it did John Weedon discover that someone should have opened it for her. But he was too late; she stood with her fingers on the handle, looking back.

"Have you got all you want, mater?" Gertrude asked. "I know the tea caddy's on your table. I ran up and looked. And the spirit lamp is freshly filled, and ——"

"George!" The old lady's voice was very calm and low. George coughed. "I wonder perhaps if you quite know Robert," she said. "I mean, about his going away. You see, the first thing I ever taught Elsa, when she was just a slip of a child, was to have faith."

"Of course," said George. His tone was a counterfeit apology. He was accepting a suppression which he did not feel. "Of course, mater. Oh, I know!"

"She has faith—in Robert. I had faith when I gave Elsa to Robert. I have faith now—as keen, as clear. Don't you think that you're breaking into a sanctuary when—when ——"

She seemed to stumble with her words. For a moment she held the door handle and swayed a little. Her lips fumbled for things she wanted to say. Then she dropped her head and passed through the door.

No one followed her. No one had the courage to follow her. She went up the staircase painfully, pausing at times as if thinking. Her mind appeared to become rapidly creative and visionary in its conceptions. Robert seemed to be at her side, his hand beneath her arm to help her up the interminable staircase. Almost it was as if he had assumed larger proportions; to be a force, a greater strength than usual—unlike the others; a strong wind sweeping through a wood of caviling leaves.

The old battle of Robert's position in her affections beat wildly within her. Her mind floundered in the chaos of it. She endeavored to persuade herself that she was giving undue sympathy to Robert because he had not been at the family argument to defend himself. She made allowances for George's antagonism, and tried to view the matter through George's eyes. On the landing outside her bedroom door she paused. All her thoughts were formless, fibers that ran anywhere without definite mission—unreasoning upheaval.

It was quite a trivial thing that made her see clearly. She noticed subconsciously how all the five white-enameled doors of the bedrooms stood in an even row. No door projected beyond the other; no door was wider or more important than the other. It brought to her mind a quick and certain sense of equality. Robert was, in her affections, just one of those even doors. That she did not care for him more than for the others was a belief now that eased her.

"It isn't so," she said to herself. "It isn't so."

II

ON THE day following, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Robert's big limousine called for her and fetched her and all the worldly things that were hers to that

(Continued on Page 69)

The Six Secrets of an Ideal Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I wonder if many men ever consider what a shaving soap requires. And how difficult it is to excel in it.

We know soap making well. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the world's leading toilet soap. But we made and tested 130 formulas before we had a shaving soap to match it.

What you know you want

First we asked 1,000 men to tell us the qualities they wanted. Then we studied to excel in each.

They wanted quick action. We have it. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes any beard wax-like.

They wanted a work saver. Palmolive Shaving Cream requires no finger-rubbing, no hot towels, no extended application.

They wanted abundant lather. Our Cream will multiply itself in lather 250 times. One-half inch is enough for a shave. One 35-cent tube supplies over 100 shaves. They wanted enduring lather. We have made a lather which maintains itself 10 minutes on the face.

Where It Excels

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus a tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave.

It acts quickly. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

The bubbles are small and tenacious. So the hairs are well supported to be cut.

The soap acts as a balmy lotion due to palm and olive oils. The after effects are delightful.

They wanted to leave a smooth, soft skin, free from irritation. We do that with palm and olive oils, as in our toilet soap.

One still greater need

But not one man knew his greatest need. Very few chemists know it. That is this:

A shaving lather must consist of small, tenacious bubbles. The purpose is to support the hairs—to hold them upright so they can be cut. The greatest fault in shaving soap is bubbles thin and flimsy. They quickly break, then the hairs fall down and the razor passes over.

We have met these needs, better than anyone else ever met them. So we have the finest shaving cream that is yet created.

Be fair enough to try it. We have made it for you, and made it well. Let us send you ten shaves free. Cut out the coupon now.

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. 1481

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

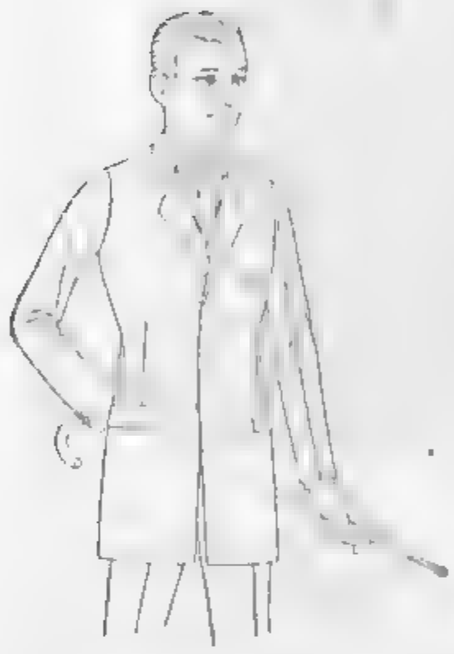
The Palmolive Company, Dept. B-271
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Every Kahn Suit is individually tailored

Beware of Counterfeit Clothes

Every Kahn Suit is cut to individual measure

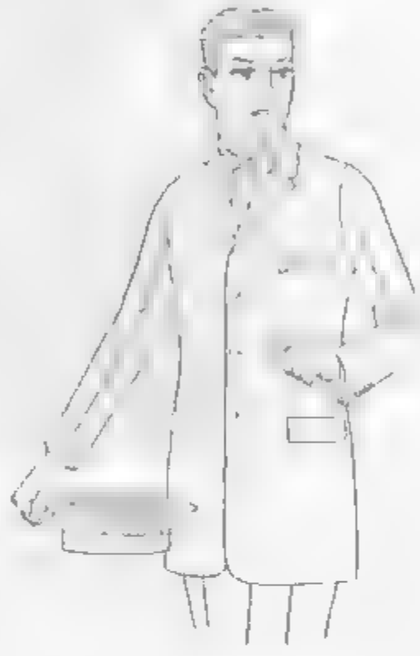
EVERY Kahn Suit is an *original*—made to measure for an individual. If you would just as soon have a *print* of one of the world's famous paintings as the *original*, then you will not appreciate the difference between a Kahn, hand-made *original* and a machine-made imitation of it.



Kahn New Spring Straight Front Model

FOR over thirty-five years, hand-made Kahn clothes have been craftily counterfeited by machinery, but just a little wear has invariably brought out the deception. The genuine Kahn hand-tailored garment never gets that "hang dog" look—no matter how long you wear it.

We could save money by substituting machine work for *hand work*, where hand work is needed, but you might just as well ask a Michael Angelo to pour his statuary out of cement as to ask us to abandon hand tailoring. It takes longer to model character into clothes *by hand*—but it's the only way it can be done. When you get your Kahn suit, and find *how perfectly* it drapes to your own individual lines, you won't begrudge the slight difference in cost.



Kahn New Spring Four Button English Model

Kahn New Spring Double Breasted Model

MONTHS from now you will be even prouder of your choice. And you will thank us for being too stubborn, if you please, to substitute cheap machine work, cheap linings, cheap button holes, and cheap materials in places where the deception would not at first be apparent.

WE HAVE been accused of being "quality head-strong." We admit it. We glory in our record of never having used anything but the best. It has paid us to be uncompromising in our choice of materials, and to insist on *hand-tailoring* wherever essential.

It has paid even greater dividends to Kahn wearers. The little more that Kahn clothes cost is trivial when considered in relation to their superiority in looks and wear. A hand-tailored Kahn suit will look well and stand pressing and dry cleaning indefinitely.

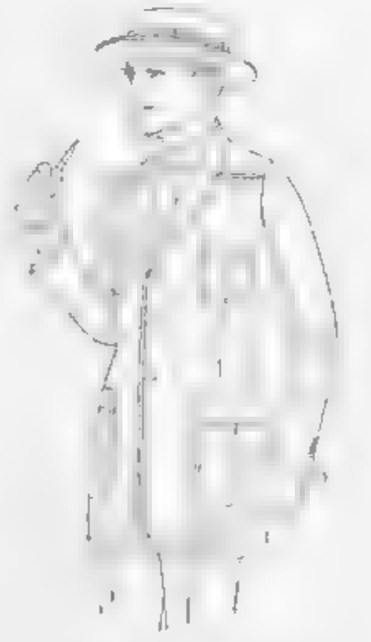
And our great volume of business enables us to sell Kahn Made-to-Measure suits at surprisingly low prices—for Spring from $35 to $75.

—nothing but pure wool, preshrunk fabrics.

—nothing but the best grade of tailoring.

—AND EVERY SUIT MADE TO INDIVIDUAL MEASURE.

HAVE your new Kahn suit in time for Easter, April 16th. There are 3,000 Kahn dealers throughout America waiting to show you the impressive Spring styles and woolens, and to take your measure.



Kahn New Spring Notch Lapel Model

KAHN - TAILORING - CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 66)

portion of his house which she occupied during her annual visit. She had become so accustomed to the continual replanting of which her life consisted that it had long since ceased to create any mental disturbance in her mind. She could pick up the thread in Robert's home, or in John's or George's, just where she had laid that thread down. But she was glad she was going to Robert's, without knowing why.

They dined together, the three of them, the first evening, at the little round table as they always did when she was there. Robert chattered throughout the meal. He was light-hearted, gay; the boy still; just Robert as she knew him. But Elsa, bent on listening to Robert's rattle of talk, took no place in the picture, until it suddenly occurred to the lady in lavender that Elsa was saying nothing at all. The discovery was followed by the knowledge that Elsa seemed worried. Her fingers worked nervously on the table, her eyes leaped from point to point and lacked courage. The lady in lavender drew the truth to herself: The world was rushing round its orbit in a reckless pace for Elsa.

On the third day Robert left for Paris. The lady in lavender went out to her favorite seat in the garden when the glittering limousine had turned the corner. She knitted aimlessly and rather wildly. She found herself making rows she should not have made. The day stirred not at all. The leaves on the trees were little green banners that hung down like forgotten thoughts in the greater scheme of the trees. There was a crackle of heat, a whisper of life that journeyed to some great discovery, in the verdure behind her seat. She knitted and let things pass, the things that built a season. In the heat of the sun all life around her was breaking into vast maturity; buds bursting that had never burst before, birds singing with the first fresh discovery of melody in the throat. Life had always swept past in a flaming chariot. She remembered years and years—before Robert, before Elsa—the same recurring, and letting it all happen and pass.

Elsa read the morning paper and then a novel till lunch time. At the midday meal she was strangely quiet. She fidgeted with things. She was petulant with the servants. Once the lady in lavender saw Haynes, the butler, who had never known this mood in his mistress before, straighten visibly at something she said and shuffle noiselessly away, disturbed, not daring to be angry, but with the gait of resentment.

She went to bed early. It did not occur to her that the absence of Robert had closed down the day swiftly and remorselessly, just as atmospheric change throws melancholy and stillness across an evening that was prepared to sweep, all flame and ecstasy, to a wonderful sundown.

She was sitting up reading by the little lamp on the table near her bed when she heard a quiet knock at the door, and Elsa came in; Elsa in a rather vivid Japanese kimono, the redness of it wrestling with the hidden fires of her hair, which streamed over her shoulders like the contents of a spilled caldron.

Without apology, Elsa closed the door and came across the room with a little mutter of loneliness and perched herself, a very beautiful and well-shaped thing, on the pouf at the window. The blinds were undrawn, and she sat in a broad shaft of moonlight, supremely undisturbed by the brightness and her lack of reason for being there at all.

For a moment the lady in lavender said nothing. She watched the light catch the waves in Elsa's hair, till they seemed like waves, flame-topped at sea, after the sun has dropped.

"How those stocks in the border scent the air!" said Elsa suddenly, as if in excuse for speaking at all. "Robert wanted to plant the whole border with roses, but I said he was overdoing it. Roses don't talk to one in the night like stocks—purple stocks."

"Those purple stocks have been very fine this year, dear," said the old lady. And she got up and quietly pulled a chair up to Elsa's side and sat down and sniffed audibly, as if the stocks were the sole reason why she moved her position at all. "Robert knows how I love purple stocks."

"He planted them there—just for you," said Elsa, without moving. "He told me so. I remember what he said: 'The garden is such a joy for both of us that we can afford to yield that patch to her.' That was when I told him about the roses. He was glad to give up the rose idea then. And d'you know that those stocks are the only flowers Robert has watered in the whole garden this year?"

"It is so like Robert," said the lady in lavender.

A silence dropped into the room. It seemed to be pushed in from the stillness of the garden without.

"Mater!" said Elsa suddenly.

The lady in lavender may have been mistaken, but she thought she detected a little ache in the voice. She did not reply, but she drew her chair closer and put a hand on Elsa's shoulder as if in reminder that she was there.

"Hasn't he changed!" said Elsa, speaking to nobody.

"Who changed, dear?"

"Robert, I mean. You know I had to come in here to-night. I felt things—things pressing me down; things I did not understand. I had to come to you. I suppose it's that funny way you look at nothing and know, that made me. You were always like that."

The lady in lavender stared over the girl's shoulders at the splash of dark in the garden, with one full-blown rose, sure and outlined, in the moonlight.

"Robert has never changed," she said. "He is still the Robert you married"

"No, no!" Elsa declared with force.

"But, Elsa ——"

"I say he is not! You heard what they all said on Monday night. Don't you think I knew before then? Haven't I watched Robert change like a summer trying to hide in the colors of autumn? Summer crying out, 'I did this thing!' Robert saying, 'We are as we were!' And the leaves getting red. It's that that hurts—the leaves getting red."

For a moment the lady in lavender hesitated. She knew that she possessed knowledge which this dear creature of her body did not possess—knowledge which she could not share. If there had been a child! Gertrude had been right in what she had said that evening of her birthday. This link that tied spring to tremendous summer!

She knew exactly what Elsa felt; all the emotions, fears, doubts, the things that had stirred and perished for want of nurture, that supreme aimlessness of the married woman who wants something and does not know what; the something to carry life forward, to save youth; that mood that wants to plunge forward, and yet to be dragged back to to-day. She knew these thoughts; she had beaten wearily along them before realization came; before Elsa; years before Robert.

The lady in lavender bent down and buried her lips in the girl's hair. She sat, crouching so for a while, just still, as if the sense of their nearness was telling things for which her lips could not find words.

"Robert will never change," she said. "He is stronger than change. He'll just go on, the Robert you know, like a river sure to its banks."

The lady in lavender had never known strength, but now she discovered it. It was born in her so suddenly that she realized and sheltered it when it came. She had been buffeted about—kindly buffeted about—on a curious family flood. She had been shaped by the family. She had achieved nothing because there had never been anything for her to achieve. She had answered to the swing of the tide, now here, now there, accommodating herself, her thoughts, her bits of life to the certain requirements of these others. But now she wanted to take a certain line, because for the first time she had reached that supreme miracle of humanity when it is possible to see one's own thoughts, one's own desires, weaknesses and hazards that fail, reproduced, certain and accurate, in those for whom one has lived to bring into life.

She understood in that moment of Elsa's confession all that was passing in Elsa's mind. She grew young again; she felt youth glowing like some supernal flood in her blood, beating and hammering at her heart. The years dropped away from her. She remembered her marriage—earlier than that—the first rapturous kisses of her engagement. She knew again the ecstasies that came with the certain knowledge of her first child; the happy secrecy with which she hid little clothing in cupboards; the sacred presence—for she knew it was sacred—of the unseen, and yet the most dearly understood; the voice that seemed to come from somewhere, and yet was nowhere; the voice that made her look over her shoulder. All these things Elsa had never known!

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Everywhere within the boundaries of the country—here and there and everywhere.

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Clicquot is a national drink. The liking for it is a joy common to young and old.

The taste of Clicquot does not vary. Each bottle is made with the finest Jamaica ginger. No water is used but that drawn from bed-rock springs. The other ingredients are as pure as can be bought or made.

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You can get Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer, and Root Beer—worthy companions of Clicquot Ginger Ale—different in taste, of course, but as pure and good. Buy Clicquot Club by the case for the home.

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There is no need of [illegible] when you have the broad holding surface [illegible] by the soft, pliable Pioneer-Brighton wide web.

Perfect adjustability insures a comfortable fit in the beginning and throughout the long serviceable life of these most comfortable of garters. They are the kind of garters a doctor would recommend.

"For comfort's sake," ask for Pioneer-Brighton, in the blue and orange box.

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Single Grip—35c. and up
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And that tremendous moment when she knew that her fingers had touched someone's in passing, and she realized that she possessed a child! Then someone else rattling a cup and trying to make her drink; and some new little life creeping close; and not the sense of death, but going on, giving something and getting so much back.

If she could have taken Elsa there and let her know!

"Have you ever known the mood, the horrible moment when you first suspect someone you love most?" said Elsa vaguely, after a long pause.

"Suspect? You don't mean Robert?"

"Yes, Robert."

"Dear child, what do you suspect?"

"His secrecy."

"But you know that his business ——"

"Any woman, any discerning woman, knows when her husband's business takes him away from her. Where there is confidence he readily explains. Robert shirks explanation. He cannot explain."

"That is unjust. There may be and doubtless are reasons ——"

"If Robert is the Robert I married no reasons would obscure trust. He cannot explain!"

"You have asked him?"

"Yes."

"And he said ——"

"He challenged my trust."

"And you challenge it?"

"I have never done so till lately."

"Yet he has frequently been to Paris before. You had no misgivings then. It was what they said on Monday night—George's rambling nonsense that set up a ghost on a broomstick." The lady in lavender stroked Elsa's cheek, cold in the night air, with her hand. "You have reached one of those little corners in married life—we all know them—when we're afraid to go on. We miss so much if we shirk them; but if we go on—yes, if we go on we discover so little we did not know before. All real faith must have its scars of doubt. Doubtless Robert will explain in due season. He is the very one who would."

"But this reticence under direct inquiry—heaping up suspicion!" Elsa exclaimed hotly. "I have idolized him too much. I have gone blindly on, selfish in my ownership of Robert. I've wanted him; I've been unhappy without him. I remember the night we married we sat long at the window watching the sea, and he told me—I suppose I ought not to repeat it to anyone really, it's been so sacred—that we should always be in a garden of bergamot and lavender, and it would be like that till one of us passed out of the gate. It has been. And now—weeds!"

The old lady was silent. She wanted to say, "If there had been a third!" She could only cure Elsa by pain, and she was cowardly to mental pain in others.

Then she said very firmly: "Elsa, Robert will tell you. Will you push it out of your mind till the moment when he tells you? You gave him trust; you cannot take it away now."

Elsa shivered a little.

"It is cold," she said, "so I'm going to take you back to bed."

The lady in lavender put her hand under her arm, then took her hand and led her to her room. Elsa climbed into the big four-poster bed, her flame-colored hair splashed like a batter of copper on the white pillow. For a moment the old lady bent over her.

"You're only a child still," she whispered, "a very dear child. And if I told you all the things, things Robert has said to me about you, you wouldn't want to go to sleep. You'd just lie awake and repeat them, as if you'd been plunged into a heap of treasure and didn't want to sleep lest you lose it."

Then she turned out the light and returned to her room and tried to read a little from the book Robert had given her. But too often she put the book down and stared at the wall opposite and dreamed. The night seemed full of thoughts.

III

WHEN Robert returned the life of the house seemed to move on with new volition. The staleness of his week's absence passed like a mist before the new day.

He talked a great deal of Paris, the life that was surging into Paris since the war, the new mood of her, the notions that were going all wrong in people and national codes, the plucked-up people who couldn't settle down and grow again.

"I never knew before how truly Paris was the heart of Europe," he said. "I suppose I never noticed. And it's beating to several sorts of tune now; like the heart of a feverish sick man, and the patient trying to be irritably convalescent."

He said nothing of his mission, but he spoke vaguely of things thwarted, not with deliberate deceit, but because the words came to his lips with basic truth behind them. Nor did he appear to notice the changed mood of Elsa, her reticence. Even her little fits of temper—so new to her—seemed not to surprise him.

It was on the fifth evening after his return that Elsa retired early. She went upstairs without a word. Robert followed her to the door, then turned back into the drawing-room. He glanced at the lady in lavender knitting patiently with downcast eyes. Then he went to the silver cigar box and chose a cigar.

"Robert!"

The old lady put down her knitting and folded her hands complacently over it. He turned then, in the act of striking a match.

"I know why you went to Paris."

"Uh-huh." He lit his cigar carefully.

"I think I've known since—since long before you married Elsa."

He was on the defense instantly. Resentment, quick as his mood, flamed up in him.

"Dear mater, what's happened to the blessed house?" he exclaimed. "Elsa—does she think I'm so dense I don't observe that she is behaving in a most amazing manner? Does she think—of course she doesn't—that I've been to Paris to see someone else?"

The lady in lavender looked him squarely in the eyes, and he thought her eyes blazed at him like points of light.

"Didn't you go to Paris to see Nathalie?" she asked quietly.

"Nathalie!" He straightened up and stood petrified, stunned.

She glanced furtively at the clock.

"It is really so late, Robert, that we should be very foolish if we wasted time in maneuvering for positions. I know all about Nathalie. I have always known about Nathalie."

He gave a little shrug of his shoulders. There was nothing he could say. He waited for her next words, just as one might wait for a blow. But she did not speak. She got up and came across to him and took his hand.

"Robert, I think I know most of the things you could tell me. But won't you tell me all about it?"

He did not know why she, whom he had always studied with so much delicacy and care, suddenly appeared to him as a great companion, the sort of dominating person to whom one told things. The first surge of doubt swept past and left him wondering, not afraid, but possibly glad that since another shared the knowledge it was she.

"What d'you mean—you know most things?"

He stood crumbling the cigar to pieces between his fingers.

"Don't you remember—that I offered great objections to your engagement with Elsa? It went on and on."

"Yes," he said, "I do remember."

"It was because of Nathalie. I knew then that you had married Nathalie years before; that she had divorced you."

"Every man who tried to live straight has earned his one deceit," he said stolidly.

"But such deceit?"

"Yes, if one loved Elsa—really loved her."

"I believe I must have thought so too. I have often known that your mind and my mind had been playing hide and seek round the tree of knowledge." She went back to her chair and put her knitting carefully aside and motioned him to take the Chesterfield beside her. "I held out. You know how I held out. But I saw that Elsa was breaking her heart."

"Mine would have broken first."

"Perhaps," she said. "I knew about Nathalie that night you first brought Elsa home from the dance," she explained. "Ten years ago. Yes, it was ten years last September. The nineteenth, I think it was. You hadn't told Elsa, and I blamed you—blamed you horribly. I tried to send you away. But Elsa's love was too strong, your own too strong. At first I thought it was a mood; but moods pass, and yours did not pass. I began to think then that—that one's life is like a shrub. It has its dead branches. One cuts them off and it flowers

(Continued on Page 72)

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The strength of that institution is expressed in tangible and unhampered assets running well up into the millions, and with resources of many millions more.

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And it is expressed in further assets which cannot be measured in dollars—a great good-will; an organization whose guiding spirits are the same that have developed the LINCOLN MOTOR CAR to its present high estate, and whose personnel is endowed with the ambition, the determination, and the ability to carry the LINCOLN onward to ever-increasing greatness.

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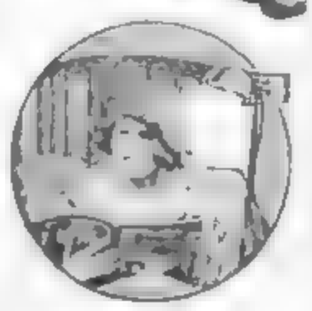

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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

(Continued from Page 70)

again. I was going to let the dead branches kill the tree by refusal. So I gave way. And all that love is to a woman has come to Elsa till now."

"Till now? Then she knows?"

"No."

"What then?"

"The whole trouble with Elsa is that she doesn't know."

"Good heavens, it would kill her!"

"Elsa has no child. Don't you think a secret could take its place?" She looked up at him as if waiting for the knowledge to come to him.

"Not that secret."

"But there was a child."

He got up quickly, wounded, afraid.

"Robert, I think you owe me your trust." She looked at him, but only the strong outline of his profile was visible. "I gave you mine when I gave you Elsa. And, remember, I have carried your secret for ten years. It has not always been easy to bear."

He made a desperate thrust to free himself.

"You wouldn't understand," he exclaimed. "No, you really wouldn't understand."

"I have always understood," she answered him.

"Not everything. A woman, however observant and understanding, cannot jump into a man's mind and just own the place. Things are so different to a woman's outlook."

"But we women are often weakly ready to make excuse when there is a child in the case," she suggested. "You see, I know all about Nathalie. I happened to be in Paris when it happened, and the papers were full of it. When a popular dancer like Nathalie divorces her husband the papers can't leave it alone. Probably I should never have remembered Nathalie or her troubles were it not for the fact that ——"

She hesitated and leaned forward in her chair, her eyes, bright and still and like the cold faint blue of winter sea, fixed on the wall opposite. He turned doubtfully towards her.

"But for what?" he asked.

"You see, Robert, I happen to know Nathalie."

"You—know—Nathalie?"

She nodded.

"Yes, I had to know everything, Robert. If I had not known I could not have given you Elsa. It would have been like offering her to chance, after what had happened. So I went to Paris. I traced Nathalie. She was about to have a child—your child, Robert."

He said nothing. He sat with his chin on his hand as if listening to the recording angel repeating the fulfillment of his fate.

"She was very lonely," said the lady in lavender. "But I think her solitude was blessed, as solitude always is blessed by the knowledge of coming life. I asked about things, but she would say little. I think she might have done, but I told her you wanted to marry Elsa and that was why I had come. Then she would say little. But all the time she refused to turn you down."

"You mean—she didn't blame me?" Robert asked in a weak voice.

"No, she did not blame you. She blamed herself; the night life, leaving you in seclusion, profligating your love. That was what she said. And all the while she spoke of you very tenderly as the father of her child."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" Robert burst out.

He got up and walked the room slowly, his hands behind him, and never daring to look at her.

"I thought things out. There's no need to tell you all I thought. But I knew that if you had been utterly bad Nathalie would not have spoken of you like that, unless she had been an angel, and dancers aren't angels as a rule. But I think perhaps Nathalie, with her frail wings, may have got nearer to heaven than some. I knew it meant breaking Elsa's life if I held out. So I chose. One tragedy should not make another. I yielded—and closed my lips. I always think it was because Nathalie spoke of you as she did that I yielded. It was Nathalie who gave you Elsa, Robert."

The last words were as a lash on his flesh that cut a bleeding wound. He stood for a moment looking out of the window where the blind had been left undrawn, muttering things, recalling memories that seemed to come away as whispered thoughts from his mind. There was silence in the room. The lady in lavender sat watching him.

"And I was the offender," he said presently in a subdued voice. "It was a great passion, and like all great passions it swept us both, Nathalie and me, off our feet and passed. Nathalie's world was not mine. We who thought to build so much together found that we had not the bricks with which to build, or even the understanding. She seemed to become swallowed up in her world of glitter and limelight. And I—I had to get free. It was not real vice that made me get free, but I had to get free."

The lady in lavender nodded her head slowly.

"But there must have been something—something deeper than passion that made Nathalie speak of you as she did, Robert."

"Perhaps a corner of the temple remained standing; just a bit of ruin of what had once been a very beautiful building," he answered.

"And you went to Paris—you have frequently been going to Paris—to see Nathalie?" she asked.

"No!" He turned quickly and repeated emphatically, "No!"

"Then whom?"

"I know you understand more than most people, but ——"

"Then whom?"

"The boy."

She got up and came behind him and held his arm and put the other hand on his shoulder.

"Robert, it's because Elsa hasn't—hasn't given you a son? I think I understand."

"Yes, I think it's that way with me," he answered quietly. "It's pretty horrible to have to admit."

"Does he know you?" she inquired—"the boy, I mean."

"I don't suppose he knows me. I don't suppose he's ever seen me. He's a splendid boy." He spoke earnestly, revealing all the enthusiasm of his heart as if he were speaking to the confidant of his inner thoughts. "I watch him through the curtains of my window when he goes to school. It's always at ten minutes to nine, and he's always back again at twenty minutes past four. Those two times in the day mean to me all that the muezzin means to the Arab."

He heard the quick sob in her throat.

"Robert," she said presently, "will you take me to Paris?"

"To Paris?"

"Yes. I think we ought to go together. Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say; but I can stand the journey. And if you won't take me I'm going alone. I want to see the boy."

"Oh, no," he responded. "What would Elsa say—everybody? It's impossible!"

"I am going to Paris!" she exclaimed. "If you will not help me by coming ——"

"But the family!" he beat in.

"Exactly! The head of the family goes to Paris accompanied by his mother-in-law. The prose of it! Can't you see the family picturing you wheeling me down the Boulevard Haussmann in an armchair?"

Robert looked down at her, a laughing little figure, all understanding and femininity.

"A white lie is necessary to every life," she said as he surrendered.

She realized that the secret descent on Paris was going to be the nearest approach to deceit she had ever known. The secrecy of it made her a little afraid; the adventure of it carried in it an uplift that was almost overwhelming. She had been so sheltered, so aloof. And now Robert and chance and some wild sense of humanity had gathered her up. She had allowed this combination of happening to gather her up. She was like a cork bobbing in a flood, and carried on.

She left a little note for Elsa. Four times she wrote it and carefully burned the pieces, tremulous and a little afraid of this rapid sliding into deceit. The fifth copy she put in an envelope which she propped up on her dressing table.

"Dearest," it ran, "I have gone to Paris with Robert. I know that your dear heart would only have worried about me. You would have prevented my going. You would have fretted and argued with me. But it came to me as the desire of my life to go. I always did love Paris when the chestnuts were in bloom, and I think the prospect of a few days' stay there under Robert's care has made me young again. You know how kind he is. He is so restraining in his kindness that I fear he will not allow me any freedom. I know he is going to insist on pushing me down the boulevards or in the Tuileries in a bath chair, and then we shall quarrel."

It was a lengthy letter, wordily unexplanatory. She did not like it. It became a little ache in her campaign of fortitude. It worried her all the way over on the boat.

IV

IT WAS George who summoned the family to meet him at Elsa's house. He secretly imparted the fact to the male members that he had an important statement to make, and hinted darkly at things he was going to reveal about Robert. He even went so far as to tell Stretton-Smith that Robert was an outsider.

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed since Robert and the lady in lavender had vanished. She had sent two picture post cards to Elsa; one, carefully chosen, of a char-a-bancs party sailing down the Boulevard Malesherbes. She wanted to suggest happiness. She wrote of hot weather and rediscovered youth, of bursting summer in the trees and joyousness, and a cold in the head from getting her feet wet, which a chemist had cured. As Elsa explained, she had waited for senility to run amuck.

The five sisters looked at each other across Elsa's drawing-room. It was late in the afternoon. A husband arrived, a couple more came in a taxi. George arrived last of all, serious and severe, his fair hair awry, a dowdy white carnation dangling from the lapel hole in his frock coat.

"George, what is all this mystery?" Elsa exclaimed when the nine had gathered in the drawing-room. She looked a little worn and anxious. "It's about the mater—she isn't ill? I know it's about the mater."

"No," said George firmly. He coughed. He appeared ill at ease.

"George!" Anne went up and caught the lapels of his coat. "You—you haven't bad news?"

George fidgeted again.

"Nobody's dead, or even hurt," he said stupidly.

"What's the game? Cough it up!" exclaimed John Weedon.

"Elsa, it's a bit thick in your own house, but"—George hesitated, flustered, and became uncomfortably red—"but would you mind leaving us for a few minutes?"

Elsa did not move. Then her voice rang through the room:

"It's about Robert!"

"Yes," said George hoarsely, "it's about Robert."

She went up to him quickly.

"Be careful what you say!" There was passion in her voice, anger in her eyes. "If you attack Robert ——"

Then she swept out, slamming the door behind her. A pulse seemed to beat quickly through the room, throbbing, hammering. George cleared his throat noisily.

"Robert was divorced before he married Elsa. He's not the tin god we've made him. You ought to know. Elsa's got to know. A family like ours can't be dragged up and down with scandal. A cheap divorce in Paris. A dancer, mark you! The head of our family!"

The sentences were shot out like a storm of small shot.

"Not Robert," Anne began in a thin wisp of a voice. "Not Robert!"

"Yes, Robert. I hate having to drag a family up by the roots. But it's Robert."

George slowly assumed control of himself. He felt that he had suddenly become the pivot around which the whole family revolved in a great circle of reality and mystic future.

"Then the mater ——" Gertrude began and stopped.

"Yes, the mater went with him for some reason connected with the whole rotten business." George shot a wild arrow, knowing that no one could say if it hit or missed. "Of course she did—to get him out of a mess. It's like her. What sort of a mess I don't know." George admitted the lack of knowledge with a little shame.

Stretton-Smith got up from his chair and strode into the circle that had unconsciously closed about George.

"Look here!" he said. "This is tall talk unless you've got facts. Hang it, Robert of all people!"

"Ask him when he returns," George fired back. He was red and bristling. His long hair seemed to hang in clammy lengths. Once he pushed it out of his eyes with a wet hand. "Ask him! That's all I've got to say. Do you think I've got a partner in Paris for nothing? Robert's visits to Paris weren't ordinary visits. I had enough acumen to see that. I wrote to my partner, and he ——"

(Continued on Page 75)

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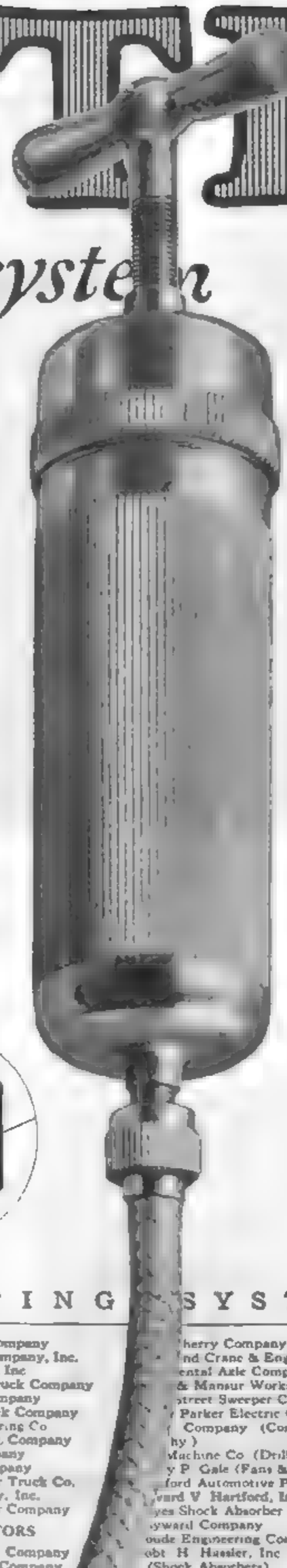

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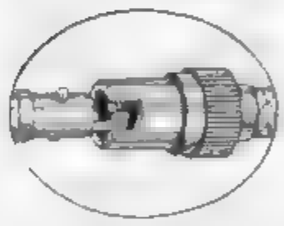

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(Continued from Page 72)

"It'll kill Elsa," exclaimed Sibyl in a stifled voice. The tears rushed to her eyes. She held her hand to her throat as if at the point of choking.

"Men don't condemn men on flimsy evidence like that, George," said Stretton-Smith sternly.

George drew some newspaper cuttings from his pocket. He assumed the attitude of a judge about to read the sentence. A thin, cynical smile played about his lips. He opened the cuttings slowly without speaking, then held them out.

"My partner obtained these under great difficulty and after much research," he said.

He would have said more, but Stretton-Smith snatched the cuttings from his hand and tore them to pieces and strewed them over the carpet.

"That for your evidence!" he burst out angrily. "I don't believe you! I don't disbelieve you! But a man would have held his tongue!" The words were a lash of venom. "A man would have held his tongue!" he repeated. "Is there no secret cupboard in your life which you'd hate to see opened here—now?"

George looked stupidly at his aggressor. He was flustered, striving for self-control, his weak little mouth working miserably beneath the bristling fair mustache.

"Then you think I've invented—concocted lies—just to slander Robert?" he exclaimed with a poor show of pugnacity.

"No!" said Stretton-Smith. "No! But a man's secret is his own if he has atoned for it in his after life. Robert ——"

He stopped abruptly. Elsa had opened the door; she stood there, one hand on the lintel, waiting.

"What about Robert?" she exclaimed in a voice of challenge.

Stretton-Smith tapped his foot irritably on the carpet.

"George, this is your story. You've got to go through with it," he said severely. "Tell her."

"Of course. I mean to tell Elsa," George said. "As a member of the family it's my duty. I don't believe in hiding things on account of smug respectability." He turned to Elsa and said: "Robert was divorced before he married you. You had to know. It's a kindness to tell you now, whatever the others think." He pointed to the scraps of cuttings on the floor. "There are the proofs. Arthur destroyed them. Of course duplicates ——"

Stretton-Smith turned away. He went to the mantelpiece and lit a cigarette indolently.

"You miserable beast!" he muttered.

Everyone looked at Elsa. But she made no stir, gave no cry. The room seemed filled with sound, with commotion, yet no one moved. They could hear Stretton-Smith behind them puffing petulantly at his cigarette. They all waited for somebody to speak.

"I don't think I—I want to talk about ——"

Elsa broke off. Her hands were flung quickly to her face. A long-drawn intake of breath sounded through her fingers. Gertrude went up and touched her wrist, but she pressed her aside. She looked at them then, searched each face one by one, as if seeking in the expression there the knowledge of truth. Her eyes were bright pools of fire in a white drawn face.

Then she turned sharply and ran upstairs. They waited till they heard a distant door slam. Gertrude followed her, then came down, shaking her head. The door was locked.

Stretton-Smith crossed slowly to his wife's side.

"I suppose you're rather pleased with yourself," he said to George. "You've got certain right in your cause. With that information you were justified in tearing up Elsa's life like a bit of paper. It's done. Respectable people do it. It's a sop to a conscience too easily smirched. According to the moral laws, you've done right. According to my man's code, you've made a cad of yourself!"

"The whole thing seemed a bit unnecessary," John Weedon beat in. "It would have been so easy to get the male members of the family together at the club if you had to tell us, George. I, for one, didn't want to know. I like Robert. What you've said makes me think no less of him. If we men were sent to the earth plaster saints we've long since cracked the plaster. That's all I can say. You should have asked Robert to take the chair at your meeting."

"It had to be known. I tried to let you down easily." There was a tired whine in George's voice.

"I scarcely think it was the occasion for a family party. You might have provided a celebration cake," said Stretton-Smith cuttingly.

They were shut in the room, rather huddled sheep. They wanted a way of escape; some outlet from the chaos that had suddenly been flung into a united family.

They did not hear the automobile draw up in the road, or the hall door open. But suddenly there were footsteps, and luggage being brought in and people tramping upstairs and tumbling down again. It was Stretton-Smith who rose to the situation.

"Well, I think we might disperse and hope for a happier meeting," he said. "Anyhow, somebody's come home. It's probably Robert."

It was Robert. The door opened and the lady in lavender came in. She hesitated.

"What a welcome! You all here?" she exclaimed. Her face lit up with the warmth of summer. "How did you know we were coming back to-day?"

No one spoke.

"Where's Elsa?" Robert inquired over her shoulder.

A small shadow seemed to linger beside Robert. Only Stretton-Smith perceived it. To him it seemed like a boy of nine. He stepped forward then, for the first time a little uncertain of himself.

"I think she's in her room," he said. "If I were you, Robert, I'd go up to her."

"She's not ill?" Robert asked.

"No, old man, but I think I'd go up."

Robert disappeared, and the shadow behind seemed to float after him. Then Stretton-Smith went across and quietly closed the door.

"You're rather odd," said the lady in lavender to everybody. She came forward into the room. "Is it because I went to Paris with Robert and didn't say I was going? You know I wouldn't have gone, but ——"

"George!" exclaimed Stretton-Smith in a voice of thunder.

George stirred with quickened life. His hands met and his fingers fumbled uneasily.

"I think," Stretton-Smith went on, "you might as well repeat your performance. If you do not, then I think the mater may command it. After all, she's the head of the family. In fact I've wondered sometimes whether we've all understood that. When you trace things back to the root—big things, volcanic eruptions, toppling houses on sure foundations—they all seem to come back to her." He hesitated. "I don't think I knew before how entirely the mater is the foundation of our house. Perhaps she will forgive me. I don't know that I shall easily forgive myself."

"If a man has done wrong ——" George began, and hesitated. He shuffled a little beneath the steady stare of those about him.

"Most of us have," Weedon broke in. "I think, perhaps, if you came to the point at once ——"

"I was talking about Robert when you came in, mater," George explained.

"About Robert?" Not a trace of emotion crossed the even expression of her face.

"Yes. Things I've discovered. Old things. I thought the family ought to know." George spoke in little nervous jerks. "Before he married Elsa, I mean. He was divorced."

"I know."

"You know?"

Everybody stared at her.

"Yes, I have known ten years."

She removed her bonnet slowly.

"I knew before he married Elsa," she said again presently.

An ironical smile swept across Stretton-Smith's face. If there had been a firework in his pocket he would have let it off.

George felt as if some bricks had been kicked away beneath his feet. He shrugged his shoulders in contempt.

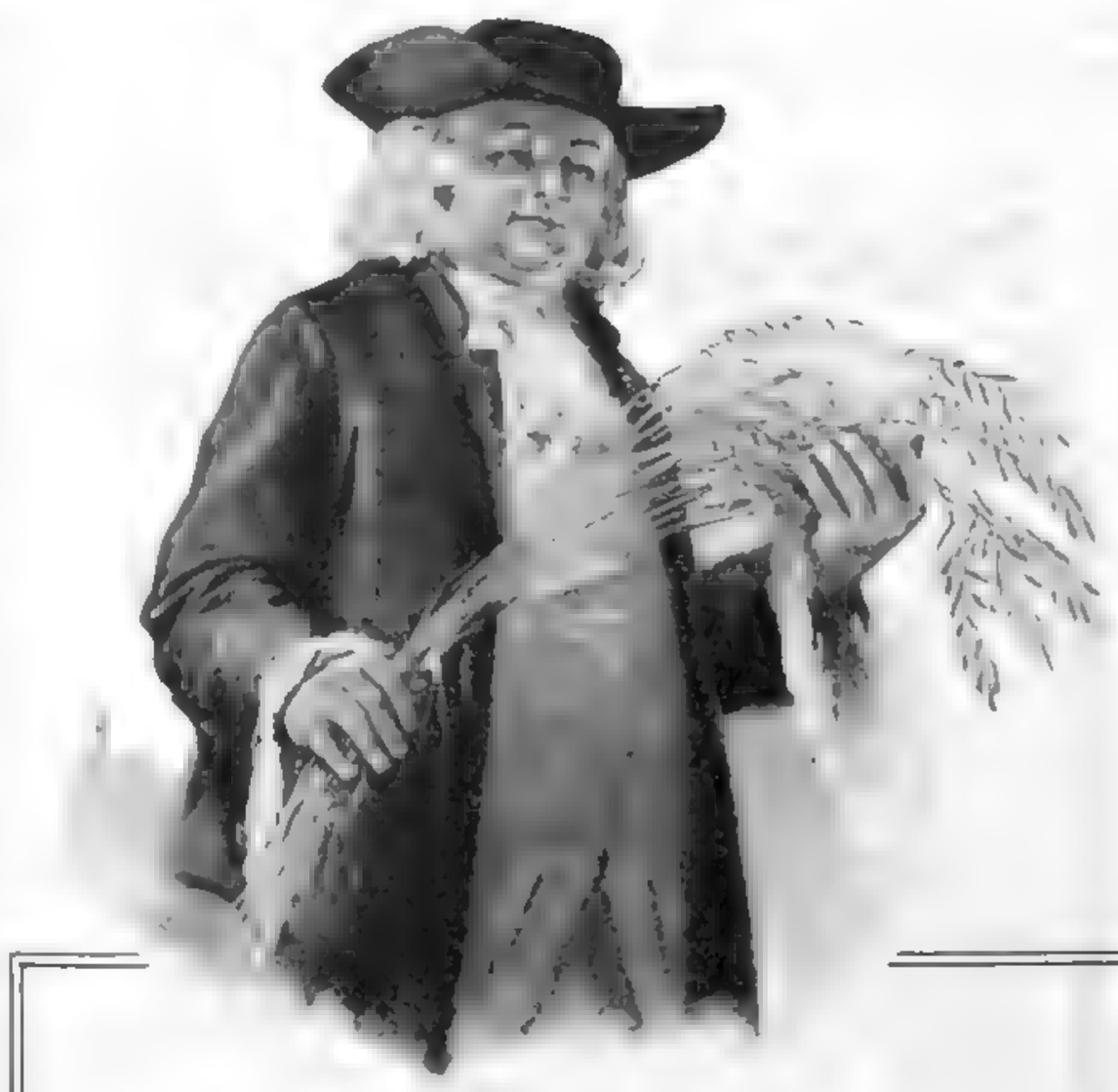
"Don't you think we might have been told?" he inquired with an injured air. "After all, it is not very pleasant—I am speaking as one of the family—for us to be ——"

"Has anything in Robert's past life ever injured you, hindered you?" she asked without raising her voice.

"It might have done. Ghosts walk at times."

"You know Robert," she said. "You know what his life has been with Elsa—unbroken happiness."

"Till this evening," put in Stretton-Smith, with a sharp glance at George.



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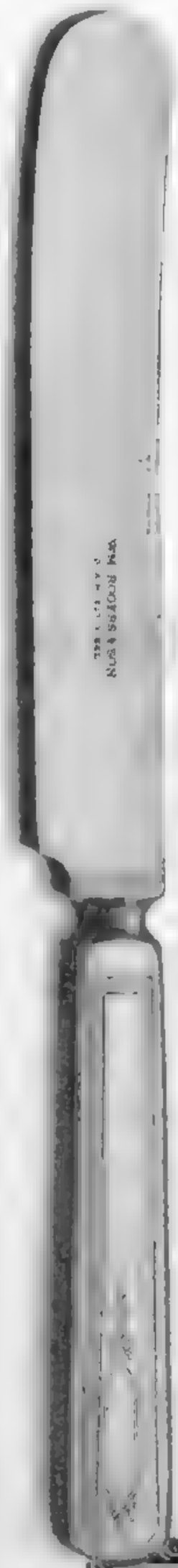

Stainless steel knives with solid handles in all the newer Wm. Rogers & Son patterns.

These knives are a distinct achievement in correct tableware; they have *sharp blades which will not discolor, tarnish or corrode. The handles are heavily silver plated.* They are priced to accord with the unusual value that has always been offered you in Wm. Rogers & Son ware.

Ask your dealer for Wm. Rogers & Son Stainless Steel Cutlery.

"THE BEST AT THE PRICE"

Wm Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn., Successor to INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

"He should have told her," George persisted. "He should have told us. We had a right to know."

"You had no right to know. Robert's life, as far as we are concerned, began when he married Elsa. There has been no happier woman than Elsa, thanks to Robert."

"Till this evening," came Stretton-Smith's voice again.

"Shall we call Robert?" the lady in lavender asked. "He has gone upstairs."

"If you have countenanced what he did there is, of course, no need," George replied by way of self-excuse. "I've no wish to put fuel on a dying fire. But these mysterious visits to Paris, this lack of frankness, were these things unconnected with the—er—unfortunate affair?"

The lady in lavender was silent.

"I agree with George," broke in Anne nervously, as if afraid of her own voice at such a crisis. "It would have been better if we had been told."

The lady in lavender turned then and quietly locked the door.

"You would have been none the happier, Anne," she said. "More likely this ghost George talks about would have been ever-present in the family to taunt and hurt. And in the end it would have broken Elsa's faith in the man she had married. I took the risk. I gave Elsa to him—knowing everything."

"Mater!"

"Yes, Anne. And knowing what they have been to each other I realize that I was right."

"But does this explain Paris?" George persisted.

"George, if the mater took the risk—isn't it good enough?" asked Stretton-Smith. "It was her affair. Is it ours? Was it ever ours?"

"I agree," John Weedon put in. "Let's fold our tents like the Arabs and get home. It's been a bit of a wild-goose chase, and the mater's tired." He moved toward the door, but the lady in lavender stopped him.

"No!" she exclaimed. "It can't all end like this! You can pull up a weed and leave the roots to sprout again. This is the family weed, but I believe it has borne a rather beautiful flower. The woman Robert married died in my arms five days ago."

"Died — in — your — arms?" exclaimed Stretton-Smith.

"Yes. And there's a boy of nearly ten. He's gone upstairs with Robert!"

They crowded together, amazed, saying nothing. Their faces were like bits of white paper in the dusk of red lamps. Only Stretton-Smith stood aloof, his arms folded, his lips a thin line, lacking but a little of the force which was hers.

"I'm not going over the whole story," she went on quickly. "But they were just different souls. It's only when we 'get older, when we have weighed up joys and sorrows, that we understand the loose ends of life. Youth can't judge. Robert was divorced and his child was born soon afterwards. It was not an ugly, sordid business. It was just unhappiness that goes wearily on and on. She understood—she forgave. What she forgave is it for us to condemn? She understood. Cannot we?"

"But if Robert has been going back ——" George said quickly.

"Going back? Yes. But what for?"

"People would say ——"

"Yes, people would say that he went to see Nathalie. But they would not understand. You do not understand," the lady in lavender said simply.

"I can't forgive him for going back," Anne exclaimed bitterly.

"I don't think you ever would, Anne," the lady in lavender retorted with the first sharpness she had shown. "Where are your two children? Have you been the real mother? Have you watched and cared? No, someone else does that—your paid hireling. If they were ill would you know now? Would the loss of one of those children hurt you—hurt you hard? Robert has been going back to—see a child; to sit at a window and watch him go to school, watch him return; to look at youth he'd brought into the world and could never own; youth he loved, for which his soul cried. You don't know what it is to want youth which is yours, yet which you cannot own!"

A sharp cry came from a corner of the room. Gertrude sank down on a chair and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"I always said if Elsa had had a child—I saw all this horrible pain growing "

"And I saw it growing, Gertrude," said the lady in lavender very quietly. "With all Robert's love for Elsa, his fierce loyalty to her, passionate worship—that's what it's been, passionate worship—the pain was there; suppressed, but there. And the lure was too strong. You've got to grow old, as I have, to understand these things."

Those who watched her seemed to see a change suggest itself and grow. The wrinkles about her eyes appeared to thin and pass. The senile droop of the mouth disappeared with a firming of the lips. The tiredness, so often noticed in her eyes, cleared as a glorious sunset makes new a day of rain that is spent.

"You've got to grow old," she went on. "You've got to go back to the old dreams of youth really to know. Parentage, so lightly missed, becomes the ultimate treasure of the earth when the day has gone. The years go on, but the passage of time is no more than some bit of weather that gnarls the trunk of the tree and keeps it the more ready, the more free for joyous leaf in springtime. It was so with Robert. The clamor in him to possess youth—youth so rightfully his—sent him back."

She broke off, her throat heaving, a wonder of kindness on her face like a late burst of sun down a forest path that gives the burnish of glowing copper to the fallen leaves.

"I didn't know," muttered George in a silly whisper. "I didn't know."

"And so I went to Paris with Robert. He had told me all the things I didn't know. We found Nathalie. Consumption it was. The ghost of the Paris theater's dream she appeared then, very tired, like a flower just folding its petals when the sun drops. She went out like that; very happy, for Robert was very near, and Louis. She adored Louis. We brought Louis home. I 'spect Robert is putting him to bed. Then I think he'll go and tell Elsa."

"It'll break Elsa," said George.

He was beaten back, a weak little figure, conscious of a tremendous happening that had swirled about him and brought him down, a poor crusader with a bent spear, some nimble adventurer who had sailed into a battle that wasn't his and been left alone while the real conflict surged over his head and out of reach.

A smile swept across the face of the lady in lavender.

"Break Elsa, did you say, George?" she asked.

"Yes. It's always been trust with her."

"George, my dear, there are a lot of things you don't know—odd things, things about women. It takes a woman to forgive a frailty. And as for Louis—I think Elsa is going to discover the meaning of Life. I know Elsa."

She opened the door then. They went out and shuffled into coats and wraps, talkative, happy. There was no sign of Robert. The cloud that had clung about them crept away as vapor in the wind.

"It's Robert's birthday on Monday," said the lady in lavender. "Come, then, all of you. I know he'd want you to come."

It was Stretton-Smith who waited behind after the others had gone. He said nothing at all, but for the first time in his life he bent and kissed her hand.

She closed and bolted the front door and went upstairs; then she crept cautiously from one room to another, like a joyous ghost. She found Louis asleep in the front room, a band of moonlight across him, his clothes in an untidy pile on the floor where Robert had left them. Just for a moment she bent over his bed, then slipped back into the dusk of the landing.

A streak of light showed beneath Elsa's door. She waited there, scarcely breathing, her heart clamorous. She turned the handle quietly, afraid of sound or motion. Then she looked in. The room was a blaze of light. Elsa was in bed—the damask curtains hid her—and Robert was crouching at the bedside, a crumpled-up figure. There was no sound. It was like looking in on a tableau she remembered in her youth; something she only vaguely understood; something not hers.

Then Robert stirred. A white hand crept out and touched his head, buried itself in his black hair, and held, and drew him up, and closer.

Robert had told her. She knew that Robert had told her. She pulled back the door silently till it seemed to close on velvet. Then she went to her room.

All night long she lay awake, and through the open window the purple stocks in the garden bed beneath seemed benevolent and talked to her.

Oh, Man, this is the Underwear!

"IF anybody ever wore more different kinds of underwear than I have he must have changed twice a day. Every time I saw a picture of some Apollo in a new union suit I got one. If I looked like Apollo in 'em I often felt like Job.

Most any underwear can be made to *look right*, but too little is made to *feel right* all over. Some of it doesn't stretch at all—or if it does it stretches sidewise and tightens up lengthwise.

Real underwear comfort began for me the day I tried *Lawrence Knit Underwear*. This underwear is absorbent and believe me, that's the one thing all underwear *should be* but only *knit* underwear *is*. It takes up the perspiration and keeps the body cool and dry—this means *health*.

LAWRENCE KNIT UNDERWEAR is *elastic*—stretches at every point. I can wear it longer without splitting or tearing and it doesn't break at the crotch. I put it in the laundry and it comes back fine and soft and silky feeling—with the buttons always on.

Last, but not least, it runs true to size. Every Lawrence garment is cut individually to pattern by hand—so when you ask for a size 40 you get a 40, not a 38 or 42. And the price is *right*—you'll wonder how they give you so much for the money."

See Lawrence Underwear yourself at any good store—or write us where to get it. Look for the Lawrence label on every garment.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Lowell, Mass. **Established 1831**

America's Largest Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Light and Medium Weight Knit Underwear, from the raw cotton to the finished garment.

E. M. TOWNSEND & CO., Selling Agents, New York City.

Lawrence celebrated Union Suits, Undervests and Bloomers for women are perfect in fit, dainty in tailoring and finish.

"Lawrence Knit—Tailored to Fit"
Athletic Union Suit (illustrated)
Athletic Shirt and Trunk Drawers
Sock Length Union Suit
Full Length Union Suit
Full Length Shirt and Drawers

These garments come in two qualities:—
1—Blue Label—combed yarn—finest quality.
2—Red Label—the same durability and finish—not quite the softness.

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

Scraps From a Wanderer's Notebook

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Many of the Cities Along the Northern Coast of Europe Provide All-Night Restaurants for the Tired Foreign Business Man

Tipping in Italy

ITALIAN hotels are well supplied with servants who hang around waiting to be tipped. Each person is attended—usually against his will—by a breakfast waiter, a chambermaid, a boots, the head waiter, a wine waiter, a table waiter, a lounge waiter, the concierge, or glorified head porter, an assistant concierge, a night concierge, a tea waiter, an after-dinner-coffee waiter, a telephone attendant, two hall boys and two elevator boys.

Some of the Italian hotels have started adding from 10 to 15 per cent to all bills and dividing that extra money among this army in place of tips. In spite of this extra charge, however, the servitors frequently expect to be tipped by the guests and become sullen and superior when their tations are dashed. Travelers in Italy ntly feel that the only money-getting e overlooked by Italian hotel mana- s a vacuum cleaner to remove all spare ge from the guests' pockets at the end ch day.

Sporting Note

HE European sporting world has turned eagerly to the American sporting dic- nary. A football goal, in France, is nded by a "kepper." When a player kes a shot at a goal the French declare imply that he makes a "shoot." A French champion is "le recordman." A boxer, when not being "knockout," is suffering "le knockdown."

Italy has a touch of the same trouble. In furtherance of the uplift I went with the American consul at Naples to an Italian fight. The advertisements of this affair were headed "Grand Evening Boxe." The first event on the program was described as "Saccani Armando contro Blasi Vincenzo—not decision—6 rounds—2 minutes—6 ounce gloves." At the end of six rounds Saccani Armando and Blasi Vincenzo kissed each other passionately on both cheeks.

A Trick Sea Food

THE Italians along the Italian Riviera are passionately attached to a form of sea food known as ghianchetti. Ghianchetti are the offspring of the sardine. They are about one inch in length, and their bodies are about as robust and shapely as an ordinary piece of string. They are transparent, and their eyes are black and dissipated looking; and when the Italians pile them in baskets and trays they have the appearance of lemon jelly full of flyspecks the flyspecks being the eyes. The approved method of preparing ghianchetti is to roll them into a ball or a fritter, fry them in olive oil and eat until either the ghianchetti or the eater is exhausted.

Every good Italian, however, finds it hard to resist them in their raw state. A fisherwoman walking along with a tray of ghianchetti on her head usually keeps reaching up in an absent-minded manner, removing half a handful of the little fish from the tray, and tossing them abstractedly into her mouth, a dozen or two at a time. When the ghianchetti season is at its height, in February, no two ghianchetti fishermen can get into an argument with each other without spraying each other with ghianchetti fragments whenever they begin to shriek with emotion.

Rumors

RUMORS flutter through Central Europe and the Balkans with all the grace and agility of sea swallows. The Orient News, published in Constantinople, declared late in March, 1921, that Mount Vesuvius was in violent eruption—an eruption equal to, if not greater than, the devastating blow-off of 1906. These eruptions are worth seeing; so I made tracks for Naples and Mount Vesuvius. By the time I arrived in Naples the Paris edition of an American newspaper had reached Italy, stating on the front page that Mount Vesuvius was vesuving with violent thunderings, earthquakings and lava vomitings. The reports were cabled to America. It looked like a big time for the volcano hounds.

As my train skirted the base of the mountain on the way into Naples late at night I hung out of the train window and imagined that I saw a huge mass of smoke pouring down its slopes. But on the following morning when I went to my hotel window to see the lava streams, Vesuvius was leaking the same feeble wisp of smoke that she had been leaking for the past fourteen years—no more and no less. There had been no thunderings, no earthquakings, no lava vomitings—no nothing.

Similarly when I arrived in Warsaw a rumor had spread far and wide through the Polish Army that the United States was at war with the black tribes of Africa. Hundreds of discharged Polish soldiers were besieging the Americans in the Hotel Bristol with requests that they be enlisted in the American Army to fight against the black tribes of Africa. An ex-top sergeant came in at the head of a smart-looking detachment, and was assured by the American to whom he presented himself that the United States was at war with nobody, least of all with the black tribes of Africa. The top sergeant was hard boiled and quite unconvinced.

"That's all right!" he said. "That's all right! I know you've got to deny it officially; but here we are. We've got the boys and we've got the guns."

It took a long official statement from the American minister to convince the Poles that the United States wasn't at war.

A Fisherwoman Keeps Tossing Them Abstractedly Into Her Mouth

The Man Who Lived on Broadway

WHILE I was in the Warsaw office of an American-Polish organization which assists Poles who wish to emigrate to America, a Polish farmer from Padolia explained his troubles to the man in charge. His brother, he said, had been in America for many years, but his address had been lost. Now he wished to join his brother. He took from his pocket the photograph of a little girl—his niece. His brother, he said, lived on the same street where the photograph was taken. The photograph bore the address, "815 Broadway, New York." The man in charge took down the address.

"Come back in two weeks," he told the farmer from Padolia, "and we'll tell you where your brother lives." He added over his shoulder to me that Broadway was long enough to make the search interesting, but that the case wasn't nearly so bothersome as some that he was called on to solve.

One of Paderewski's Resignations

WHEN Paderewski was Premier of Poland, during the first year following the formation of the new Polish state, he was seriously hampered by the many parties in the Polish Diet and by the rapidity with which these parties changed their minds and their allegiance from hour to hour. He could never count on the support of enough of the parties to insure the success of his measures. Consequently he had many disappointments and was constantly on the verge of resigning. In fact, he carried a written resignation with him at all times, and usually produced it at least once a week. It was a part of his daily dress, like his necktie and his cigarette case.

One evening an American newspaper correspondent who was high in Paderewski's favor received a telephone call from Madame Paderewska imploring him to come at once to the palace on a matter of great importance. The correspondent staggered through a blinding snowstorm, and was ushered into one of the great suites, where he found Paderewski seated dejectedly before a huge table, and Madame Paderewska gliding despairingly from one end of the room to the other.

"Well, my friend," said Paderewski as the correspondent entered, "I have decided. I am going to resign!" And he reached into his trousers pocket, pulled out a crumpled envelope and slammed it down on the table.

He glared defiantly at the correspondent, and his shaggy mane of yellowish-white hair bristled fiercely. The correspondent shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Paderewski burst into a flood of explanation. "Am I not right to resign?" he asked when he had finished.

"Quite right," replied the correspondent. "Everybody will say that you're a quitter, but of course you don't mind a little thing like that."

"What did he say?" demanded Madame Paderewska, sweeping to her husband's side.

"He said that everyone would say I was a quitter," said Paderewski mournfully.

"Aha!" cried Madame Paderewska. And pressing her hands to her temples and throwing her head back to denote despair, she sailed majestically away from the table.

Paderewski instantly leaped to his feet and followed her; and as he did so a tiny, fluffy dog, ornamented with pink ribbons, emerged from beneath the table and raced after Paderewski.

Followed closely by her husband Madame Paderewska swept into the next room, circled it and swept back into the correspondent's presence again. Both Paderewski and Madame Paderewska were pouring floods of Polish at each other. Between them or beside them or behind them galloped the tiny, fluffy dog.

Every little while one of them would step on the dog, which would promptly emit a poignant scream of agony. Instantly Paderewski and his wife would stop, stoop over and pet the dog together with compassionate murmurings. When he had stopped shrieking they would resume their walk and their passionate Polish argument and their frantic head clutching, and the little white dog would race along beside them—and would be stepped on almost immediately. So the minutes passed—from one room to the other and back again; talk, talk, talk; step on the dog and calm his outcries; around and around one room, and then around and around the other, and stepping on the dog in both rooms indiscriminately.

This continued for forty minutes, while the correspondent sat at the table where Paderewski had been sitting and waited patiently. At the end of forty minutes Paderewski came to the table, threw himself into a chair and stared morosely at the correspondent.

(Continued on Page 82)

The P-A-X Reduces Overhead

This is a problem confronting most every organization these days. The P-A-X has helped solve it in thousands of cases. Actual figures and results prove it.

In the average plant or office an increase of 1% in the efficiency of the workers would more than pay the cost of P-A-X installation in a comparatively short time. But here's a significant fact for *you* to consider—More than a thousand representative concerns have judiciously estimated that the Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X are increasing the efficiency and productiveness of their workers at least 5%. This is a most conservative estimate.

The Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X are adjusted to meet individual requirements. A request from you, and our field engineer will survey your needs and make recommendations. Write or telephone our nearest office.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the Automatic Telephone System for city service
HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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P-A-X

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SERVICES

Getting the Heads Together

(The Conference Wire)

Slough—slough—slough!

Pete, line rider of a Caney-Augusta pipe line, jogged along hardly less stolidly and dripping than his tired pony. The steady rain had poured down for 20 hours, and the country was a veritable lake. It was not imagination that told him that the ravine, 100 yards ahead, was a torrent—he could already hear the rush of the water.

It was no surprise, either, for him to discover when he finally reached the brink, that the 6-inch pipe that normally spanned the narrow gorge was washed out, and a 6-inch stream of oil was flowing into the creek.

Tapping the telephone line that paralleled the pipe line, he reported the facts to headquarters, and then sloshed wearily down the creek toward the bridge, half a mile away.

* * * * * *

At the Company's headquarters things began to happen with orderly swiftness.

"Washout at the ravine, between mile posts 23 and 24, Caney-Augusta line," comes the word, and immediately the customary conference was called, via P-A-X. The office of the superintendent of pipe lines called the repair foreman, the storekeeper, the garage foreman, and the oil dispatcher, and in half a minute each man had dialled "5"—the "conference number"—on his automatic telephone.

"Washout at the ravine between mile posts 23 and 24, Caney-Augusta line," the superintendent announces to the invisible gathering. "Three joints are gone."

"Arrange to put in new pipe," he continues, "and meantime re-route that flow by way of . . . . . ."

"Have a two-ton truck ready, Mack," the superintendent instructs the garage foreman.

"The road won't stand it."

"Very well, use a one-ton, and have the gang go in a lizzie. Charlie [to the storekeeper], they will need the usual bunch of tools, and four joints of 6-inch pipe. And George [to the foreman], better send two extra men along, the water is pretty high there."

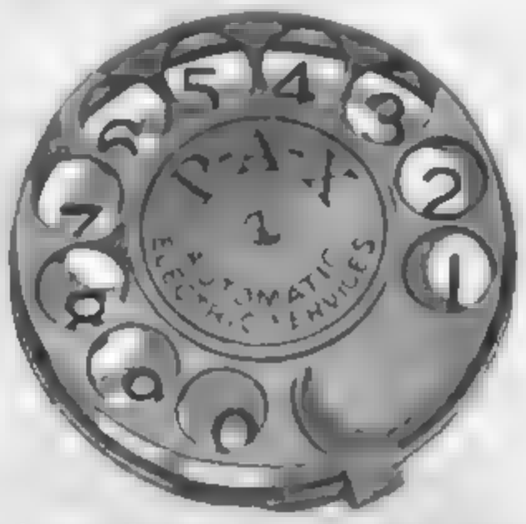
"Can the gang start in five minutes?"

"Yes—yes—yes," comes back the reply.

Every man concerned has been consulted and advised. Each one knows what he is to do, and is at his post, ready to start the wheels turning at once. No chance for misunderstanding, "buck-passing," delays.

* * * * * *

This is simply one of the many ways in which the "Conference Number" of the P-A-X is being used to co-ordinate action and speed up results. The two-person telephone call is expanded into round table discussion, with every man at his own desk. There is no need to defer action until the next regular staff meeting, no tedious calling one man and then another. All are brought together at once. The matter is explained, discussed, decided, and action starts at once.



The Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X combine inter-communication, code call system, conference wire, emergency alarms, watchman's calls and other related services. The P-A-X augments and completes but does not supplant nor connect with local and long distance telephone service.

After E

WRIGL

10 Pieces

Latest Creation

Peppermint-flavored Chewing Gum
with Peppermint Sugar Coating

Delights young and old.

Sugar jacket "melts in your mouth" leaving the deliciously flavored gum center to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other Wrigley friends also to afford you benefit and pleasure in generous measure.

Save the wrappers—
they are good for valuable premiums

WRIGLEY'S — After Every Meal —

ery Meal

EY'S

or 5 cents

New Joy for you

ee how much better you feel

It's hard for even an old hand at the business

THE value of a raincoat is always hidden. It depends both on the quality of the rubber itself, and on the way the rubber and fabric are joined—on how thoroughly every crease and crevice in the fabric has been reinforced by layer on layer of rubber. A clever makeshift may *look* as well as the best raincoat ever made. Even experts are sometimes fooled.

That's why it will pay you to look for the Raynster label. Raynsters are made and backed by the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to guarantee you *lasting* protection.

There are many different Raynster types, from the rugged rubber-surface models to smart tweeds and homespuns with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring, or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster label! If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want, he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

United States Rubber Company

US

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS *A type for every need*

(Continued from Page 78)

"Well, my friend," he declared, "it is all right. I have decided not to resign." And he picked up the crumpled envelope from the table and jammed it back into his trousers pocket.

Thereupon the correspondent went out into the snowstorm and struggled back to his hotel.

The Canny Serbs and Bulgars

JUGO-SLAV and Bulgarian young men of military age usually carry two sets of papers with them. One set proves that they served in the army; the other set proves that they didn't serve in the army. These papers are very necessary, for if they didn't serve in the army their own government officials will make things disagreeable for them; whereas if they did they find it almost impossible to get permission from American consuls to emigrate to America.

These certificates are not difficult to get. In any Central European or Balkan country I could easily buy a certificate proving conclusively that I was the grandson of Louis Kossuth, William Shakspere or Garibaldi, and that I had lived in Bucharest, Rumania, for the last fifty-seven years.

Balkan Trains

THERE is something about the climate or the altitude of Serbia and Bulgaria that seriously affects all trains that pass through those countries. The big express trains, as soon as they have passed Belgrade, degenerate into accommodation trains of the most unaccommodating sort. The engineer appears to develop a severe case of the Balkan Tap and feels obliged to stop the train at every mud hut and freight siding that he sees. A train that is on time at Belgrade, going east, is invariably five hours late by the time it reaches the next station. Five hours late is regarded as on time in Serbia.

Small trains in Serbia carry an engineer, a fireman, an engine helper, eight brakemen, a conductor and a controller. The controller is usually a large fat-faced man, whose sole duty consists of blowing a fish horn at intervals. After the train has stood in front of a mud hut for fifty minutes for no reason whatever, each of the eight brakemen yawns and toots on a shrill tin whistle. The controller emerges from the front coach and counts the toots, and then he draws his fish horn from his belt and blows a hoarse barytone blast on it. The train thereupon staggers onward.

Large trains are also equipped with large squads of Serbian secret-service men. They are very much in the way when there is nothing happening, but they are never in sight when overcoats and suitcases are stolen from the train, as they so frequently are. After a suitcase has been safely and thoroughly stolen upward of seventy-five of these secret-service men appear and track mud over everything.

The favorite lunch of train travelers in the Balkans is a boiled lamb's head. Rumanians and Bulgarians frequently produce these appetizing-looking playthings from their luggage and start operations by picking out and eating the eyes and the tongues. After a number of Rumanians have toyed with lambs' heads in a sleeping car for a short time it looks and smells something like a glue factory. All Balkan trains have only two speeds—go and stop. The latter is the more popular.

The American Flag in Poland

THE American Minister to Poland was greatly annoyed, early in 1921, by the manner in which the American flag was used in Poland by fake relief workers, swindlers, shady business men and various unsavory near-Americans. He therefore protested to the Polish Government and sat back to wait for results. He got them a few days later when he was arrested for carrying an American flag on his automobile. So far as he was able to learn, all other flag carriers were unmolested.

The Balkan Tap

AMERICANS who have lived in Balkan countries for some time declare firmly that visitors to these countries are frequently attacked by an indefinable but none the less actual disease known as the Balkan Tap. So far as I can discover, this disease has two distinct stages: In the first stage the victim professes a strong dislike for Balkan countries and their residents, but loses his natural vigor and becomes addicted to coffee drinking, political chitchat, swapping lies with the natives, and long periods of mental vacuity. The second stage usually develops after the victim has left the Balkans. This is the painful stage—painful for others. The sufferer becomes a monomaniac on the subject of the Balkans. He has a pet Balkan country to which he refers at all times as Brave Little Bulgaria or Struggling Little Serbia or Heroic Little Montenegro or Noble Little Albania. He delivers impassioned lectures on the country and raises large amounts of money for it from people who ought to be devoting their money to worthier causes. Finally he goes back to the Balkans, marries a Balk, and lives Balkishly forever after.

Constantinople Notes

AN AMERICAN racing man, who is said to have won two hundred and seventy horse races in Russia before the war, came to Constantinople with the refugees from South Russia and is supporting himself by running a little restaurant.

Colonel Zoueff, the son of an assistant naval attaché in the Russian Embassy in Washington, found that he could get no work in Constantinople; so he went to Varna on the Black Sea and became a fisherman.

An American naval officer hired a bunch of huskies. One of the huskies attracted his attention by lifting an iron post that would ordinarily have taken four men to move. The man proved to be an ex-mayor of Moscow.

Fifteen years ago the American Ambassador to Russia took a negro valet to Petrograd with him. His name was Thomas, and all the visitors to the embassy knew Thomas. He stayed in Petrograd, and worked in cafés and cabarets. He saved his money and bought a cabaret of his own. The cabaret was successful and he bought a theater. Then he bought other theaters and became very wealthy.

The Bolsheviks wrecked him, and he fled to Constantinople, where he owns a combination bar and restaurant known as Stella's Bar.

An Englishman on Constantinople

AN ENGLISH business man backed me into a corner in a Constantinople club, looked at me sternly over the top of his brandy-and-soda and addressed me as follows:

"When you write about this town, old chap, I hope you'll tell your people what a beastly place it is, what? A chap can't make a move, you know, without someone asking him to have something. Look here, old chap. In a court of law, you know, a chap is ordinarily supposed to be sober after nine o'clock at night, what? Here it's the opposite, by Jove! A bit thick, eh, what?

"Look here, make a note of this, what? They celebrate five Christmases and five New Years in this rotten town. Oh, at least five! On my honor, old chap! English, Armenian, Greek, Russian, Turkish, Jewish—really, old chap, I become fearfully incoherent when I try to remember what they are. By the time the last New Year is over one can just totter around. Oh, absolutely, I give you my word! And then there is the Russian Easter, which is fearfully nerve racking. It lasts from one to two weeks, and one is obliged to do a fearful amount of drinking. While it lasts one goes up to anyone and says 'He is risen' and kisses him three times. It's done that way, old chap. I give you my word, everybody does it. One hunts for a pretty girl and says 'He is risen' and kisses her three times, and by Jove, it's considered quite all right. Oh, quite. In a way, old chap, it beats egg rolling on a lawn all hollow, what? A bit thick, by Jove, but a bit of all right, what?

"But of course there's a fearful lot of good feeling, and one must everlastingly be buying a drink for someone. It cuts into one's work fearfully. You just tell all that to the chaps at home, and they'll see that living in Constantinople isn't all beer and skittles, by Jove! What?"

The Turkish Idea of Pleasure

THE most popular indoor and outdoor sport with the Turks is known as "Keyeff." Keyeff consists of sitting for

(Continued on Page 85)

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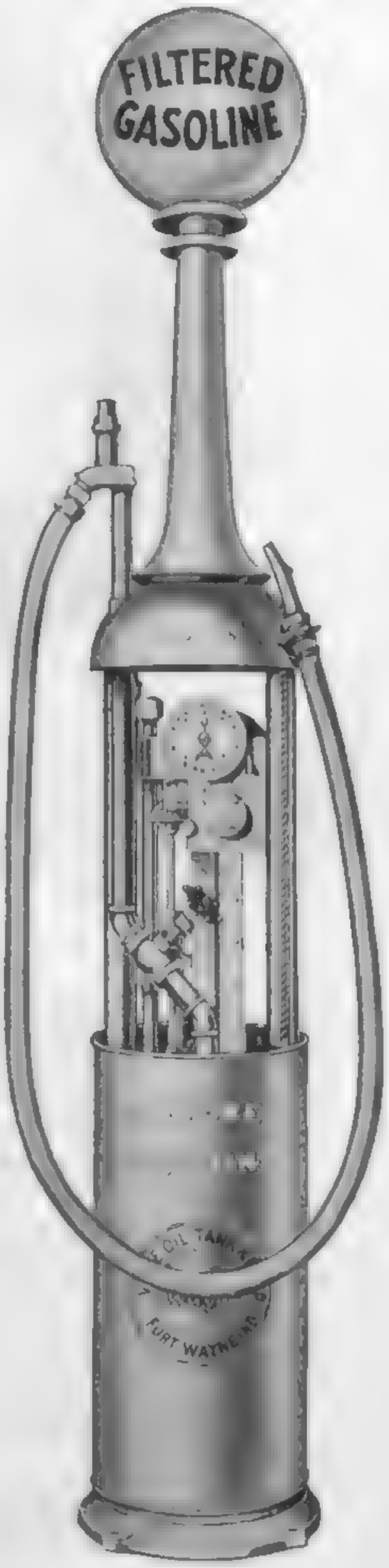

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(Continued from Page 82)

hours over a cup of coffee and a hubble-bubble pipe and resolutely banishing all thought from the mind. The Turks, being accustomed to hubble-bubble pipes, can do this easily. An American finds it more difficult, because his lack of skill at manipulating a hubble-bubble causes him to spend his time thinking hard thoughts about the pipe and cursing it fluently. The hubble-bubble consists of a bowl of tobacco set on top of a large jarful of water. Several feet of rubber hose, terminating in a mouthpiece, lead out of the water jar. When sufficient suction is set up through the rubber hose the smoke from the burning tobacco passes through the water, the theory being that the smoke is purified and cooled. There is a certain knack about the operation, however, that baffles novices.

I have tried the hubble-bubble persistently. I have sucked so violently on the rubber hose that I nearly turned myself inside out. Then I would discover that the tobacco was no longer burning. Then I would apply a light to the tobacco and suck heavily once more. Eventually a tremendous gush of smoke would emerge unexpectedly from the hose in the middle of an unusually ferocious suck, with the result that I would have to lay aside the hose and devote the next fifteen minutes to coughing up smoke. Americans who wish to go in heavily for the Keyeff stuff would do well to leave the hubble-bubble out of their equipment and do their keyeffing with cigarettes or a long cigar.

Boat Missers

EUROPE is fairly well sprinkled with Americans who have, as the saying goes, missed too many boats. They have lived too long in Europe; and when they occasionally go back to America they are greatly disturbed by America's hustle and bustle and noise and commercialism. So they go back to Europe at once and start missing more boats. These people always speak with a slight non-American accent, and are pleased when hotel waiters and barbers mistake them for Englishmen.

Americans should not think too harshly of these people. They are happy where they are, and it would do nobody any good if they were to be brought home, where they couldn't wear their white spats, or their handkerchiefs up their cuffs, and where they would be fearfully unhappy. In fact, they should have our sympathy; for prices in Europe have risen so violently of late that it begins to look as though a great many of these boat missers would have to come home and go to work.

Gallant Sportsmen

THE most popular outdoor sport at Monte Carlo is pigeon shooting. The pigeon shoot, so called, is located just below the Terrace of the Casino; and the Terrace of the Casino is constantly filled with visitors to Monte Carlo who stroll on it to drink in the beauty of the sapphire Mediterranean at their feet and the towering lavender mountains behind the town and the blue-and-emerald coast line stretching off to Cap Martin and Mentone and San Remo and the warm haze of Italy.

Every morning while the visitors stroll and the children play on the Terrace the sportsmen gather just below them and in plain sight of them and begin to kill pigeons. They kill them for hours on end. The pigeons' tail feathers are lopped off, so that they are unable to control their flight. Their cages are located only a few feet from the gallant sportsmen, and they usually have to be driven out to the guns by having clay balls thrown at them. Many of the debonair sportsmen can't, to use vulgar parlance, hit the broad side of a barn door; and they are greatly given to tipping or winging the pigeons without killing them outright. So the strollers on the Terrace usually have the pleasure of seeing mutilated birds splashing blood on the nicely manicured Casino lawns, and other mutilated birds fluttering weakly in the Mediterranean far below—fluttering in the middle of a red splotch, which is very picturesque in the rich blue of the water.

There isn't a person with a single ounce of sporting blood in him who wouldn't infinitely prefer to shoot the so-called sportsmen who kill these maimed pigeons than to shoot the pigeons. A brief stay in Monte Carlo is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that the persons who lead the so-called sporting life are the worst sports in the world.

Night Life

MANY of the cities along the northern coast of Europe provide all-night restaurants for the tired foreign business men within their gates; and no effort is spared to provide gayety. A demand for beer on the part of any patron is received with dignified contempt by the waiters, for it is well known in all-night-restaurant circles that anyone who is mean enough to buy beer would be quite likely to devote at least an hour to sucking up a single bottle. Champagne is the tipple which one is forced to buy; and after buying a bottle one is visited by a pair of coy damsels who look sufficiently seasoned to have fought all the way through the Thirty Years' War. In order to prevent these innocent young things from sitting down at one's table and sharing one's champagne one would have to put down a barrage of phosgene gas. They work in cahoots with the management, and their chief object in life seems to be to prevent any bottle of champagne from lasting longer than seven minutes. The restaurant also supports a male professional dancer who mingles democratically with the patrons between dances, drinks all their champagne that he can get, and keeps up the spirits of the guests by showing them a picture of his infant daughter, which he carries in a soiled envelope.

The Dutch Lady and Her Cigar

SMOKING is advancing with leaps and bounds in Europe. The Parisian pipe shops are displaying small and dainty brier pipes for ladies whose tastes have developed beyond the foppish cigarette. In The Hague there is an excellent restaurant known as the House of Lords. A consul from the Rotterdam consulate and myself were sitting in front of its open grill one evening, watching a fine pair of Rouen ducks revolving on their spits, when our eyes were taken by a plumpish, stylishly gowned lady in the corner. She and her escort were smoking two of the largest cigars I have ever seen; and the dexterity with which the lady rolled her torpedolike weed from one corner of her mouth to the other while engaging in light Dutch persiflage and badinage was magnificent.

We conferred with the head waiter, and were informed that she was the wife of the leading cigar importer of the city and that her cigars were made especially for her. The head waiter also informed us in rather a condescending manner that many Dutch ladies smoked cigars because, as children, their nurses frequently gave them cigars to smoke so that they'd keep quiet. From what I have seen and smelled of Dutch cigars any child who smoked one ought to be as quiet as though he had just swallowed half a pound of cyanide.

Looking 'Em Over

TRAVELERS on European trains have heated arguments concerning the beauty of the women who are encountered in the different cities of the Continent. This argument is the favorite train argument in Europe and casts into the deep shade such arguments as who won the war and whether Napoleon could have whipped Germany in six months.

The result of all this talk seems to be about as follows: The prettiest and the best-dressed women of Europe are those in Rome. Constantinople ranks second as a home for female beauty; Vienna third; Paris fourth; Brussels fifth; Bucharest sixth; London seventh and Berlin eighth. Other European cities rank as bush-league stuff. There seems to be a unanimous opinion that American women are the best looking of the lot. All this is important, if true.

Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. They are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

Etiquette in Public

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much *you* know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one hand at a time?

Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theater party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistakes, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect.

Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?

How to word invitations announcements, acknowledgments?

How to register at a hotel?

How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment?

How to plan home and church weddings?

How to use table silver in the proper way?

How to do at all times, under all conditions, the cultured, correct thing?

Send No Money

To enable everyone, everywhere, to examine the famous Book of Etiquette without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, reading it, and deciding for yourself whether or not you want to keep it.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Where Riley Really Lacked

WILTON LACKAYE tells a story of a man who after a twenty-year absence returned to the little New England town where he had been born and where he had spent his boyhood. In the neighborhood in which he had been reared he found but one of the original residents remaining, an elderly Irish lady of a philosophic turn of mind. He made himself known to her, and she welcomed him back home again, and promptly they fell to talking of the boys and girls with whom he had grown up. This one, she told him, had turned out badly. That one had turned out well. Some were dead. Some had moved away. Finally he asked:

"Tell me, Mrs. Donovan, what ever became of poor little Jimmy Riley, who used to live in the shanty right down the street here?"

"Poor, is it?" echoed Mrs. Donovan. "Poor nothin'! Jimmy Riley never had no schoolin', as you may remember, but when he grew up he got into the truckin' business and from that he turned to contractin', and though he couldn't read and write, he made a million."

"Bully!" said the returned one. "And where is he now?"

"As to that," said Mrs. Donovan, "I couldn't say. I hope, though, he's in heaven. You see, sor, here about two years ago, Jimmy Riley went down to the gravel pit where some of the byes was in swimmin', and it bein' a warm day he took off his clothes and waded in, and he waded out too far and got over his head and was drownded."

"Oh, that's too bad," said the visitor. "To think of a boy who had no better start than Jimmy Riley had doing so well in the world, and then meeting an end like that! And he made a million, you say? And yet he couldn't read and write."

"No," said Mrs. Donovan, "nor swim."

Didn't Want to Ruin the Game

TWO golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. They searched for a long time without success, a dear old lady watching them with kindly and sympathetic eyes.

At last, after the search had proceeded for half an hour, she spoke to them.

"I hope I'm not interrupting, gentlemen," she said sweetly, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

Might be Worse

NOAH H. SWAYNE, SECOND, Pennsylvania coal operator, barytone and professional Yale man, is responsible for the following libel on the domestic relations of some Minnesota squareheads. Two boyhood friends, sons of the land of Gustavus Adolphus, who had not seen each other for many years, met by chance on a train and the ensuing dialogue took place:

"Hello, Ole! How you ban?"

"Pretty good. I ban got married."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good. My wife she have nine children."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad. She have a million dollars too."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good. She won't spend it."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad. My wife she's got a fine house, I don't pay no rent."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good. The house she burned down yesterday."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad. My wife she ban burnt up in fire."

"Dot's good."

"Yes. Dot's good."

A Sky Pilot

A PARTY of duck hunters, homeward bound in their launch after a day on one of the Louisiana lakes, found themselves too sleepy to attend to the duties of navigation. Accordingly they elected Wash, the negro cook, as pilot, and instructed him in his duties.

"All you've got to do, Wash," they told him, "is to keep the nose of the boat pointed straight toward that little red star you see in the sky over there. Just keep her headed for that star."

Morpheus claimed Wash, also, after a few drowsy moments at the wheel. Presently he roused and looked for the star. It was not in front, neither was it to the right or left. Finally Wash looked behind him, and there was the little red star, blinking at him in the rear distance. Wind and current had turned the boat completely around while the pilot dozed.

"Mistah Mart!" he called into the cabin. "Oh, Mistah Mart, come here and pick me out anothah star. We done run plumb past that othah one."

All the Frills

ARRIVING at the only hotel in a small town in Idaho, a United States Forest Service official, who was traveling with his New England bride, beckoned the proprietor aside and told him that he wanted the best room in the hostelry prepared, and prepared properly.

"Sure," the good host replied, "I'll take care of you right"; and catching sight of the establishment's only housemaid he called, "Minnie, fix up Number Three; fix it up good; change the sheets and everything."

Six o'Clock

MIKE had just arrived in America, and Pat, his Americanized brother, was taking him from the dock out to his country home.

By the side of the road grew a persimmon tree, and Pat, wishing to show Mike what fine fruit was raised in America, climbed the tree and threw a ripe persimmon down.

"Foine! Foine!" exclaimed the delighted Mike.

Pat threw down another not quite so ripe as the first. As Mike ate it without complaint Pat threw him down a green one.

Mike ate it, but as he finished he looked up at Pat panic-stricken. "Pat! Pat!" he cried. "If ye want t' 'ear the news frum th' auld-'ome folks ye'd better come down quick. Oi'm closin' up."

A Question of Length

A SMALL woman traveling over the Southern Pacific with her son—a boy very large for his age—handed the conductor a half-fare ticket and a whole-fare one.

The conductor scrutinized the boy critically and said, "But, madam, I can't pass this boy on a half-fare ticket. He is very large and has on long pants."

"Very well," replied the woman, "if that is the basis for your decision, use the whole ticket for him and the half for me."

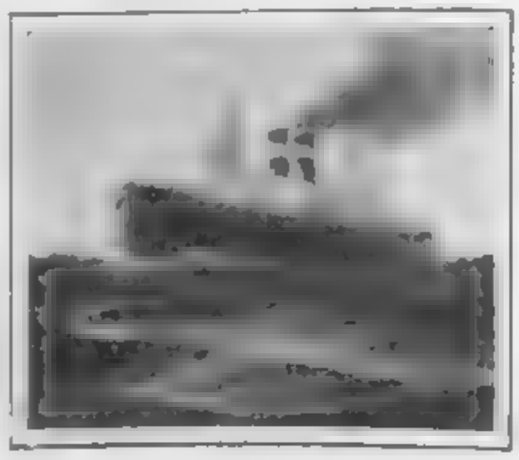
Page Jonah

AN ARDENT angler took a friend fishing. He knew nothing about the gentle art, but was set up with all the necessary tackle, and a nice comfortable seat on the bank.

The experienced one started fishing up the stream. Presently the novice said, "How much do those little red things cost?"

"I suppose you mean the float," replied the angler. "They only cost about ten cents."

"Well, I owe you ten cents then," said the novice. "The one you lent me has just sunk."



An Interruption

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, and Charles J. Bonaparte, then Attorney-General, were together in the President's office in the White House early in November, 1907. They were examining the text of the proclamation admitting Oklahoma as a state, which was soon to be issued by the President, to make sure it was in proper legal and constitutional form.

After this work had progressed for twenty minutes or half an hour Quentin Roosevelt came into the room, carrying a good-sized snake. "Look what I got, father," he said.

The President jumped to his feet, rushed over to the boy and took the snake. He examined the snake carefully, and asked, "Where did you get it?"

"In Rock Creek Park."

"By Jove," said the President, "it's a fine specimen! Just how did you find it? And where, and what was it doing?" He asked the boy a dozen questions, and then brought the snake over to the desk where Root and Bonaparte were sitting.

"Look at this," he said, all animation and interest. "You've never seen a finer specimen of this species of snake before. Examine it."

He held the snake out to Secretary Root, who said he was not particularly interested in snakes and did not avail himself of the opportunity of taking the snake in his hands. Mr. Bonaparte was not interested in snakes either.

"Ha!" said the President. "Nature as exemplified in snakes does not appeal to you. They are most interesting—most interesting. Now ——"

"I've got two more, father," interrupted Quentin.

"Have you, indeed?" said the President with renewed interest. "Let me see them." He turned to the boy, the large snake dangling and squirming in his grasp.

Quentin dug down into his pocket and took out two pieces of oiled paper. From these he extracted two smaller snakes. The President pounced on these and examined them carefully, discussing them with the boy and with an occasional remark to Root and Bonaparte, who sat at the desk in muted amazement.

"I just remember," said the President, "there's a man waiting out here for me who is interested in snakes. I'll get him." He rushed over to the door that led to his secretary's office, but as the large snake was trying to wind itself around his arm he put it on the floor before he went.

Meantime the smaller snakes had escaped from Quentin. One was on the floor, and the other by a quick snaky maneuver had wriggled up under the boy's coat and proceeded to take refuge beneath his shirt. The President returned with the visitor, who may have been interested in snakes but who didn't show it. Quentin danced about the floor, shouting: "Oh, one of them's up my back."

The President laughed. "Here," he said to the visitor he had brought in, "you catch it when I lift up Quentin's shirt." The boy shed his jacket and the President pulled up his shirt. The visitor very gingerly took the snake from the boy's back and dropped it on the floor.

While this was going on the larger snake, noticing the smaller snake on the floor, had bethought itself of supper and had wriggled over to the smaller snake and caught it. When the President observed the larger snake again it had encompassed about half the smaller snake.

"Ha!" shouted the President. "Nothing like that is allowed," and he knelt down on the floor, seized the larger snake, and by a series of pressures on its gullet forced it to deliver the smaller snake to freedom.

This done, the two small snakes were wrapped in their bits of paper, the larger snake was given to Quentin with particular instructions to him to see to it that it did not escape, because the President desired to make further examination of it, and the President turned to the waiting Secretary of State and Attorney-General.

"I regret that you are not interested in snakes," he said. "They are a favorite study of mine. Now, then, let us take up that proclamation again. Where were we?"

And the proclamation admitting Oklahoma as a state was considered further.

Can You Guess His Age?

It may be true that a man is only as old as he feels, but he is apt to *feel* only as young as he looks. Regular exercise is the surest way to keep young, and your face needs exercise just as much as the rest of your body.

The daily use of Pompeian Massage Cream starts the day right. It gives you the fresh, glowing color of youth and makes you feel as young as you look.

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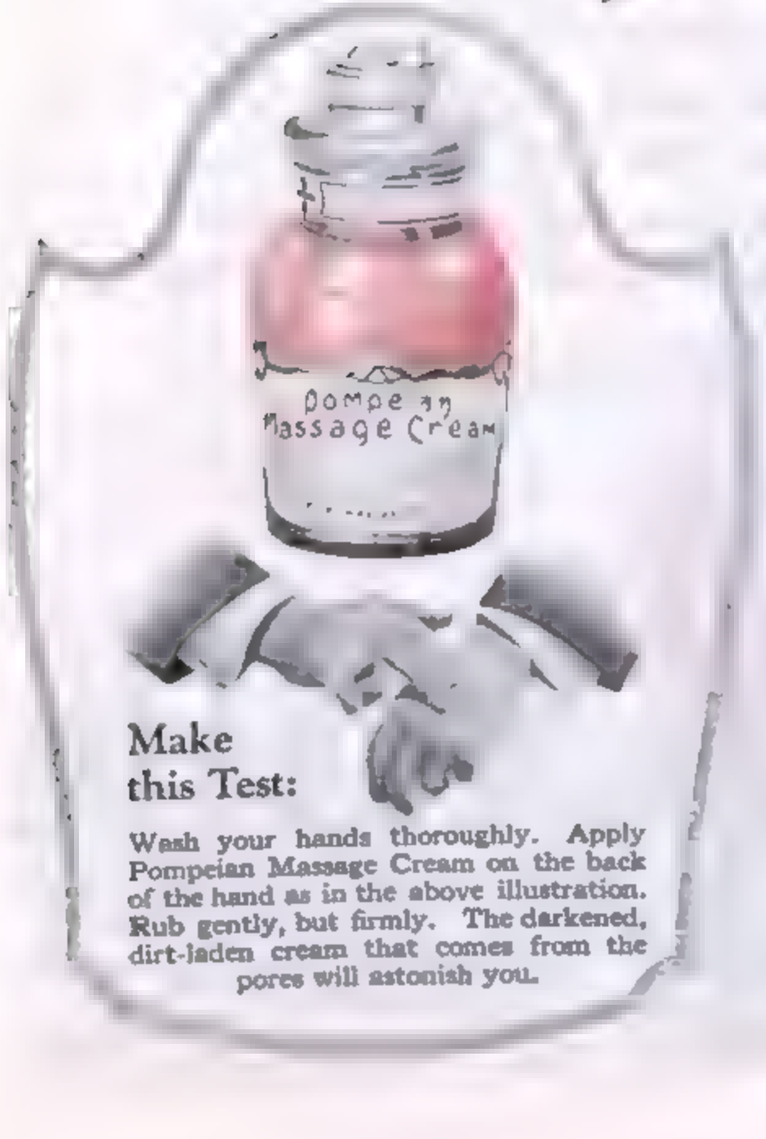

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"From Contented Cows"

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THE HOLDER-DOWN

(Continued from Page 4)

Such an American was Nagya Tokazh. Come to this country at the age of twelve, passage for her and her mother paid out of a single year's savings of Steve, who had gone before them, she had by that age gotten the imprint of Hungary indelibly marked upon her. Yet so strong was the spirit of a nation of fighters in her that a diploma from the Ironville High School now hung, proudly framed, in the front room of her home, and she now worked very quietly and efficiently with the innumerable time cards that went through her hands each day at the timekeeper's office in the big steel works executive building out on The Pike. Manners and thought molded by those with whom she worked, receptive to the influence of minds far smaller in capacity than her own, she pegged away, keeping her sense of values clear, reserved and observing, maintaining a silent contempt for any who, envying her rare looks and brains, let slip the despised word "hunky."

Nagya Tokazh was no hunky. As soon as her father got his papers she would be an American. Until then she was a Magyar. And at the thought she smiled her quiet scorn. Hungary was her land of old time; the Don from older times; Magyar her heart from the oldest of old times. Croats were Hungarians; Slovaks, Ruthenes, Sachsens, Roumans, Wallachs—all these were Hungarians; but Nagya Tokazh was a Magyar, with a Magyar's Lucifer pride in her heart and with Magyar fire asleep in her blood. Magyar headlong bravery was hidden within her, along with a spark, kindled many centuries since in the primitive depths of old Asia, that might leap to a bright flame of love or a black blaze of hate, depending on how it was fanned. American was Miss Tokazh, in thought and ways and dress and speech and loyalty; but it would take more than a few short years to erase from her spirit and her physical self an imprint come down to her, like as not, from the race cradle of the ancient Altai valleys.

For one thing, the girl was a Magyar blonde. Men filled their chests when she went by. A scheme of things whose aim through the ages has been to make the mothers of the race into creatures beautiful beyond resisting has never come nearer its object than in the Magyar blonde. Tawny of eye was Nagya Tokazh, and amber of hair, and milk white of skin with never a touch of rose. Throated like Venus and shouldered like Diana. Deep chested. Deep bosomed. Broad waisted but flat waisted, broad hipped but flat hipped; made as one woman in many thousands is made in this respect—with a wide pelvic cradle and yet without the slightest suggestion of grossness, so as to be the mother of broad-backed babes, and yet be a slender mother. Limbed as befits a race where an ankle and calf, laid on, as The Bard might say, with a trowel, are the heritage of brown-footed peasant girls from the Iron Gates of the Danube to Tatra's peaks. Unusual of face. A breadth at forehead and cheek bones not seen in other women, the old Mongolian stamp, which would spell dullness in a face not made bright with mystery-laden eyes and a luxury of topaz brows and lashes, and under arched nostrils a scarlet slash to be set aside in the category of women's mouths. "Magnificent" is the tempting adjective; but "statuesque" is too nearly a synonym for that, and "statuesque" heaven forbid, for of all those gracious creatures that enchant the world and without whom the stars themselves would quit cold in their silly wheelings as having nothing worth while to wheel about, no woman throws off more lightnings of vibrant life than a Magyar with hair the color of Tokay wine. A blonde in any case, if she be no example of self-determination, is a serious visitation upon a world untranquil enough at best; but when every line and lineament of a girl, and every year of a racial past lost in antiquity, and every drop of Turanian blood in her lovely body demands that she be brunet, and she still in spite of all this is blond, the world would do well to watch its step.

Mr. Peter Carlock failed to watch his, the result being that he tripped and knocked a dent in his heart that will never wear out. Not that Mr. Carlock cares. Far otherwise.

Pete Carlock met her on Christmas Day. Pete was too far from his home to make the holiday trip in two nights and a day, and too seriously impressed with his new responsibilities as resident engineer on the lately planned rolling-mill extension at the Ironville Steel Works to ask for a longer vacation. So Pete had slept away the morning, and had sat for most of the afternoon in a state of half content in the University Club in the big town three miles up The Pike, a book, a pipe, a tall glass and the rare visitor at the club that day making his Christmas cheer. A little vacant place, to be sure, might have been found in his heart, as vacant spots, little or big, are to be found in the hearts of all of us who cannot link up Christmas and home; and creeping into this void there came some words of Steve Tokazh, one of his labor foremen, spoken into a half-attentive ear at quitting time the evening before.

"Mist'r Pit," invited Steve, "wasmatter you no come for my house to-morrow? Tomorrow I plenty got Chritsmas my house. Plenty got beer. Plenty got whisk'. Plenty got pig. Every man too much sing'n, tanz'n, rais'n hell all time. Maybe," insinuated Steve, "you like come for vatch li'l' bit, huh?"

Mister Pete, remembering, rose up and reached for his hat and gloves.

The Tokazh establishment, one of a long string of similar high and narrow frame edifices that climbed a winding road over a hill that rose behind the roofs of Ironville, was filled to the point of blowing up with Christmas cheer. When the door opened to Pete's knock a breath of steaming air rushed out, enveloping the caller in the welcoming warmth of that sincere and joyous hospitality which marks every peasant cottage on the great Alföld. From some place in the rear came the heavy chant of men's voices and an accordion's wheeze, broken intermittently by a hilarious, high-pitched shout.

Mrs. Maria Tokazh, guessing the identity of the visitor, ducked her sleek tight-knotted head of butter-greased hair and smiled a fine, white-toothed smile. Then she wheeled about, and her bright skirts, caught with such unnumbered gathers at the waist as to stand at right angles over her generous hips, flared out, exposing white-stockinged feet that clip-clopped hastily back through the house on counterless slippers, leaving her visitor standing in the winter night, smiling at her evident confusion.

A moment later, dragging at her man's arm, the lady came bustling back, and the head of the house reached out and pulled his guest indoors.

"Ha! Good man, you, Mist'r Pit." Steve voiced his unfeigned Hungarian delight at the arrival of a guest. "Good man, you, com'n for my house Chritsmas." And he patted his boss' shoulder. Then he turned on his beaming helpmeet.

"Wasmatter you, ha?" he inquired. "Leav'm Mist'r Pit outside for porch? No good not'ing!" And he shook a straight-thumbed fist at her.

Mrs. Tokazh continued to beam. On several different occasions Mrs. Tokazh had gotten an elegant bust on the ear from that very same stiff-thumbed fist, as is right and proper in Mrs. Tokazh's station in life. But now, in the presence of this Amerikaner, she somehow felt immune from any such social usage. The Amerikaners never struck their women, so she had been told. How, under the conditions, they ever got their women to love them was beyond Mrs. T., but just the same, this new mystery of the New World held out attractive possibilities to her Old World mind, and it had given her secret joy one evening, not so long past, to see her own grown daughter snatch up a bread knife when the father had threatened corporal punishment there. At any rate Mrs. T. beamed on that threatening fist, and turning her back upon it walked ahead of the two men, opening doors for them as they went through the house. As befitted the special occasion, dash and verve marked the progress of Mrs. Steve Tokazh, for from little girlhood she had practiced that fling of hips which bounces the Hungarian woman's multitudinous skirts so fetchingly, and she had reached a perfection in that vampire art that had on more than one occasion bowled whole alleys of Hungarian gentlemen for a strike.

In the front room, all stiff and cold with New World atrocities bought to be sat upon only at weddings and funerals, a candle-lighted tree, gay with white tufts of cotton and belaced saints and angels and cuttings of bright-colored tissue paper, succeeded nobly in its fight against gloom. The next room warmed a bit. Two speckless-chimneyed, unshaded oil lamps lighted it, disclosing here and there some little relic of the old land; but to offset these there stood on brave gilt easels in massy frames of shiniest gold the crayon portraits of two impossibly ferocious gentlemen in paint-brush mustachios. And on one wall, as Pete passed through the room toward the interesting din that came through the door just ahead, he spied the photograph of a funeral party, featured by the central figure of the late lamented, standing upright and festive in his cedar dressing sack, with the wooden-faced family group about him.

Many a one of these gruesome pictures Pete had seen before, and had felt only an almost irresistible desire to shout with laughter at the utter sadness of it; but here, with Christmas revelry roaring at him through that next door, he sensed for the first time the immeasurable Magyar pride that went to such ends to assure the folks back home that the beloved had departed for the long journey in the height of style; sensed also that grim racial strength which could wipe from the faces of that group all trace of woe and leave there only that unbending steadfastness in the face of disaster that had broken the courage of many an overwhelming horde of beleaguering Turks in the old days, and in the present made that grisly picture a thing to wonder at and to think about.

And then the last door opened, letting out the great blare of some old Hungarian drinking song, which changed, when Pete stuck in a grinning head, to such a roar of welcome as almost bowled him backward out of the room.

"'Allo, boss! 'Allo, 'allo, 'allo, boss! Ha! Good man, you! Koksa te Mist'r Pit! Yak she mazh, mist'r. Wie gehts," came shooting at him in the polyglot of foreign labor gangs, a sort of inland *bêche de mer* which appropriated from every language those phrases which came easiest to the tongue. Even the "come sta" of Italy inquired as to how he stood in Magyar accents. "Ha! Cum' on, boss. Hoory up! Ketch'n big Chritsmas! Ketch'n beer, mist'r! Ketch'n pig! Ketch'n everyt'ing!"

And a dozen froth-necked bottles were thrust in under his nose.

In the center of the kitchen on a table scoured to antisepsis lay a pig, as fine a pig as you ever clapped an eye on, crisp skinned and succulent, flat on his tum, his front legs out before, his back legs out behind, with a big red apple in his mouth. No tablecloth. No platter. Right on the table top he lay, sweet and pure as a cherub, but already showing sad inroads along one set of ribs from the onslaught of a sharp knife that was now stuck upright into the table top beside him. Pete Carlock took a random bottle from the cluster that bubbled under his nose, and aiming it at the ceiling won his way into the hearts of his men by letting the entire contents gurgle out before he lowered his hand. Pete Carlock had learned many valuable construction helps at a certain technical school; helps not to be found in Merriman's Strength of Materials.

Here was a boss built on heroic mold, and a Turanian yelp went up such as made nations tremble on the south side of the Pyrenees, announcing a loyalty that has marked Pete Carlock's labor gangs on every job that he has ever tackled.

Mr. Pista Housti, stomping upon a wooden leg, approached the scoured table, jerked loose the knife, and whittling off a great hunk of pig presented the white rib of it to his boss; and the boss, holding that salubrious bit in one hand and a fresh bottle in the other, extended these as defenses against further hospitality and found time to look about him.

Two smaller tables flanked the cherubic porker's final resting place—tables well loaded with sweet Hungarian pastries and frosty bottles, and plates of nuts and

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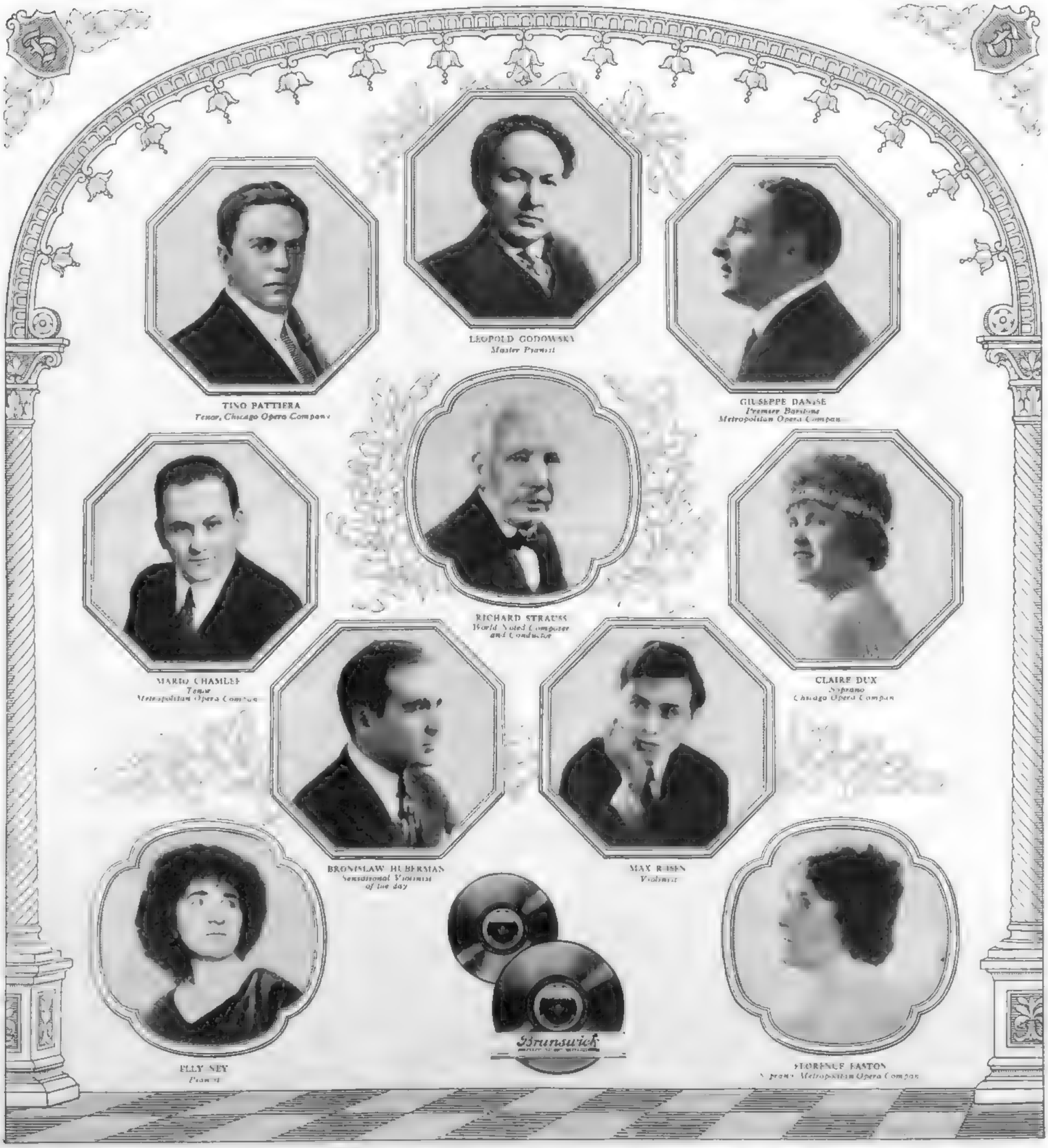
The NEW

The Great Artists of Today—Who They Are

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Continued from Page 89

grapes and dates and raisins, and many indispensable, thirst-producing pretzels, soft and salty and fat. Long benches ranged along the tables held a surrounding row of drinking, smoking, eating, singing, shouting men. Men in thick, lamb-lined vests. Men in tall sheepskin caps. Men in great boots of felt, covered with rubber. Men steaming and saturated with the welcome heat of that man-saturated room. Thick-chested, broad-backed rascals whose fathers had stemmed with their brave bodies the Moslem floods that, but for them, had inundated all Christendom. Here was Hungary in this steaming kitchen. Here the timid fellow whose slow mind and ten-word vocabulary kept him scared and silently plodding on the job—here he was with his kind. Here he was home. His children already ninety-five per cent American, he was a Magyar here—a man among men—no badgered alien. And he shouted and stamped and snapped his thick fingers and roared old songs of the Alföld Plain to his heart's content, songs with the plaint of Asia still aquiver in them, that he sang with tears, "enjoying life with weeping eyes," as has been so truly said of Magyar folk.

Pete found a seat. Plied from all sides with food and drink, he waved his numerous and persistent hosts aside good-naturedly, still presenting his pork rib and bottle as evidence that his wants were well supplied, and settled back to watch the fun. A queer sense of paternal warmth for these men, all of them fit by age to be his elder brothers, many to be his father, filled his heart. Thick-necked, wide-shouldered fellows; long-waisted and short-legged, the horsy type, plainsmen up to this very day; sons of a nomad race that had eaten horseflesh and drunk mare's milk and literally lived on top the iron-muscled mounts that had carried the fear of the devil to German and Slav, Latin and Greek, Gaul and Iberian, on the dragon wings of Magyar foray squads. Men of a fighting race, par excellence, these lads.

His own men. Men from his job. Men to be treated as such. To be helped. To be given a square deal so long as they gave in a square day's work. To be guarded against all manner of shysters and quacks such as ever hang about timidity and inexperience. A sort of white man's or square man's burden. So long as asininity, perfect and sublime, allowed unregulated millions to come tumbling in upon his shores Pete Carlock would at least do the best he could to turn a burden into an acquisition; and he thanked his present luck that he had as fine stuff as Magyar stock to work with as he watched them reveling there like great thick-headed carefree children.

Then, in through the door two plaited-hipped, bright-skirted women came, bearing a burden; a new thing to the eyes of Pete Carlock. A flat thick box like a truncated triangle, four or five feet long at the base, the low sides brightly polished and inlaid, the smooth top gayly painted.

"*Hooy!*" yelled the men at sight of it. "*Hooy!* Housti!"

A table was swept clear and the case laid reverently upon it. A space miraculously opened in the packed room, and a square of floor, scrubbed spotless, made appearance as the men climbed to window sills and cupboard ledges or clung together standing on chairs and benches. And Mr. Housti stumped out of the crowd, and with a master's flourish lifted back the cover of the flat case. He picked out two little hammers faced with hard leather on one side and with felt on the other, and poised them above a maze of gleaming wires. The shouting ceased. Housti struck.

A chord of music as new to Carlock's ears as the instrument was to his eyes came wailing forth. Deeper and richer than the celestial ripple of the harp; more like troll music than the fairy purity of the celeste; a thousand times as virile as a harpsichord's effeminate tinkle; not so artistically full, smooth and complete as the perfection of a piano's tones, but wilder, freer, more barbaric and impassioned. The Chaldeans, ancient Turanian brothers of Pista Housti, had carried such an instrument with them from the Urals down into Mesopotamia, where, one day, three iron-hearted young Jews smiled grimly as they heard the pagan music of it summon Babylon to image worship and them to the fiery furnace. Dulcimer, czymbalom, call it what you will—peg-legged Pista Housti, pump tender at the Ironville Steel Works, fell on it with his leather-faced hammers like some crazy gypsy.

The stamping of big boots and the snapping of fingers greeted the first rush of music.

"*Chardash! Chardash!*" roared men's throats, as Housti's hammers bounced. And Housti like a man inspired ripped out of the national instrument of what is perhaps the most passionately musical people on earth the very bursts of ringing melody and crashing near-discords about which Brahms built up his mad Hungarian dances.

"*Chardash! Chardash!*" bellowed the men, wagging their bullet heads in time, working up to the frenzy of the dance. And at this most opportune moment a door burst open and a thick-set young fellow came charging into the room, and without pausing to remove hat or greatcoat, bounced to the cleared space on the floor.

"*Hooy!*" roared the men. "*Hooy! Zlaneky! Chardash!*"

"You watch," advised Steve Tokazh, leaning close to his boss' ear. "Mike Zlaneky; he plenty *versteh chardash!*"

Mike's mighty boots of felt and rubber were blood-red from twelve hours on the ore cars. Mike's knees were red. Mike's woolly cap was red. Mike, who worked kohntraak—contract—so much per car unloaded, had been fighting the red dirt all Christmas Day. Quick as it might be shifted from the thawing house to the ore trestles, still much of the damp ore refroze to rock before the car was empty. So Mike and his buddies that Christmas Day had put in twelve heroic hours. What of it? What was twelve hours cutting ore to a gentleman of Mr. Zlaneky's kidney? Ask Mike. And Mike for answer leaps into the air and whacks his elephantine rubber-covered boots together three times before he bumps the floor again. Then Mike cuts loose, showing the world that without a trace of doubt he certainly does plenty *versteh chardash*.

But the Hungarian czardas is not a dance to be danced alone. The tavern dance of the broad Alföld is a little drama in itself, where to the wailing of gypsy violins and the wild chime of the czymbalom, love and hate and jealousy and scornings and happy reconciliations unfold themselves in ways as different as the different pairs that dance them. And so Pete Carlock saw her.

"Nagya!" bawled the men.

And a flash of amber hair and blazing snapping skirts flamed into the kitchen.

Those who have seen the czardas only on the stage, performed by some perfectly drilled ballet troupe, have never seen it. The czardas is spontaneous, no thing of drilling. To see the czardas one must visit Hungary, as did Pete Carlock that Christmas night when fate reached over and tapped him.

Here was a dance! One-step and fox-trot, toddle and bunny-hug—out! Into that limbo of characterless imbecilities with them, where they belong. A race of men and women is back of the czardas. A race that dances with the abandon of the Spanish. But no thing of fringes and lace, this dance; nor of filmy silk and fluffy lingerie. A huge thing, whirling and stamping. Stately and grave one second, to slow and majestic czymbalom chords. Wild and rafter shaking the next, to dashing runs of Housti's flying hammers. Clumsy at times, perhaps, as Felt Boots does it, but with the graceful clumsiness of some great brute's gambolings. But clumsy never in the fine body of Nagya Tokazh. Pursued by Felt Boots she writhed like a pent tigress in the narrow space; flinging wide her loose-sleeved strong white arms in a dervish whirl that made the many strings of varicolored beads lift off her bright embroidered bodice, and that swished her gaudy skirt in a lifting circle to reveal petticoat under petticoat—ten of them, each differently hued, and in the last circle of underdress a glimpse of Amazon bare knees, strong and incurved, swinging down into the soft wrinkles of crimson-leathered, silver-tasseled top-boots.

Once in a while she joined a high hand with Felt Boots and stepped in a stately circle opposite him, her heel plates clinking a solemn measure, which suddenly, without transition, leaped into frenzy when a thick arm caught her. Then she lay back in a distracting curve against it, and with amber braids and the black ribbons plaited through them sweeping the floor behind her, let him swing her dizzily, until at length she spun loose from him with a parting whack across his grinning mouth that made the watchers roar taunts at him, but that seemed to have

Continued on Page 95

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In the Elgin historical articles recently completed, we have seen how the world's timekeeping devices kept pace with its awakening to the Value of Time. In this second chapter of the new series, "Krónos" views Father Time through the eyes of the greatest philosopher of his age

DeLay's painting for this month shows Plato and his disciples on the steps of the Greek Academy, which he founded about 300 B.C. and which existed 900 years. . . . From one of the new Canadian Elgin Watches made in conformity with official tests and service this covered by Elgin Guarantee

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DeLAY

"TIME," cried Plato to the men of Athens, "is the gift of the gods—the movable image of Eternity!"

Like Confucius before him, Plato stands forth a world-witness to the Value of Time. He saw Time as the great companion, guiding human life through the fleeting years to its home on "the luminous slopes of the stars."

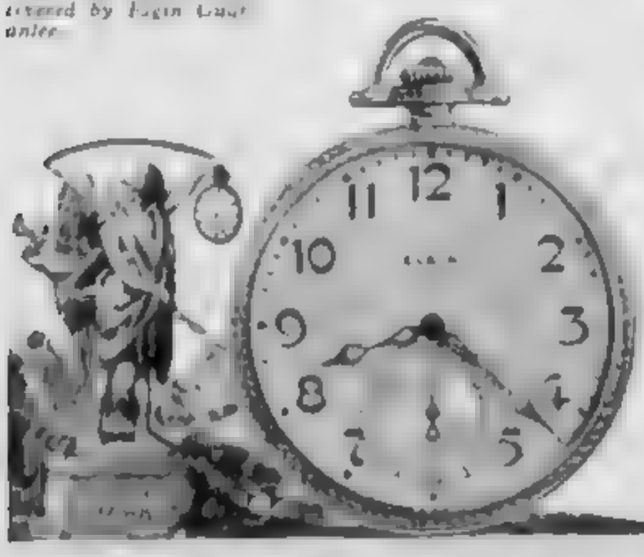
"In order that Time might be produced in full sway," he said, "the Creator brought into being the sun, earth, moon and the five other stars we call planets, to distinguish and safeguard the apportionment of Time. To this universe He allotted souls equal in number to all the stars in the heavens—that each soul, after living out his appointed Time, might return to his own star."

From this Year of our Lord 1922, with its watchwords of "Efficiency" and "Power of Will" as guideposts to success, the historians trace back to Plato the first definite expression of the Will-Plan of life.

He who would lay hold on his life, dominating instead of drifting, must lay hold on his Time—by resolutely safeguarding the golden hours of *Now:*

"*Time was* is past; thou canst it not recall.
Time is thou hast; employ thy portion small.
Time future is not, and may never be—
Time present is the only Time for thee!"

Over the Time of the ancients, the sun and moon kept watch. But the Twentieth Century, more richly endowed, intrusts life's costliest possession to those marvels of accuracy which bring to us the accumulated experience of all the ages—



Elgin Watches

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(Continued from Page 92)

no other effect on Felt Boots than to increase the joy and vim of his stalwart caperings.

Off comes your fuzzy cap, Felt Boots! Off comes your overcoat! Off comes your coat! Off with that wool-lined sheepskin vest. Open your thick shirt at the throat, Mike, you old stick-in-the-mud, and sweat. When it comes to the czardas, Mike, you're a dancing fool. But just the same, she will dance you down, as she has danced down every man who ever started it with her.

Pete Carlock, watching her, breathed deep. Women of Erlau who went to the aid of their battle-spent men and washed the terrible Janizaries off their bastions with floods of boiling water and pitch and lead had sent their fierce blood down through four hundred years to make this very man breathe deep. Pete Carlock watched her. Life leaped in that bending, stamping creature. Lamplight glanced from that tossing amber head. Fire gleamed in the tawny velvet eyes. And when burly Mike went down in a panting heap her chin was still high, her bright head tossing, her elbows jauntily akimbo. Pete Carlock watched her, and had you been there you, too, would know from actual experience just how it feels to have fate reach over and very unexpectedly hit you a bat on the solar plexus.

One crisp and windless February morning, six weeks or so after the referee had counted up to fifty over Peter Carlock, that tall, shock-headed, hawk-nosed, young Down East construction man stood on the edge of the excavation for the forty-four-inch-mill foundation and smiled a smile that proved that not all his ivory was situated just beneath his scalp. And you can't blame Pete for grinning, for the fight was won. There was nothing left to do now but to fill the box. Gravel and clay and ashes had ceased to roll and flake and slide; each stratum calling a halt at last to its own particular way of diving joyously into the sloshy bottom of the deep hole in which the forty-four-inch-mill foundation would very soon take shape. The sides had found their natural angle of rest, where bracing was impractical, and would now break back no farther. The subterranean stream from the Susquehanna had been led at last to a sump, off to one corner, where three big pulsometers hung on a long twelve-by-twelve, one of them resting, the two others slamming away at the underground water, pumping it back into the Susky again. Loop the loop. Bubbling through gravel into the excavation, over to the sump by way of little ditches, up through the pumps, down sluice, down manhole, down conduit, down the main sewer—and there you are, back to the river again. All right, we start all over; through a quarter mile of gravel stratum deep underground, bubbling into the excavation —— Here we go round the mulberry bush. No way in the wide world to stop the cursed stuff.

But one thing can be done with it—you can keep it up in the air. Like a juggler who handles a half dozen balls, and yet has only one in his hand at a time. The sump is the juggler's hand. That's full of water. The balance of those tons of water pouring into the pit at every minute is in the air, the pulsometers tossing it. If one goes down we've got a spare; if two—well, one will hold 'er low enough until we make repairs. If all three let go—good night! All six of the juggler's pellets are on the ground at once; and the muckers climb up out of the pit, light their pipes in content and take a spell while the boss does the necessary worrying.

But that thing seldom happens. Old Pista Housti is too good a pump man. Pista has a peg leg and an eagle eye and a long-snouted oil can and an ear for the slug, slug, slug of his big pulsometers like a mother's ear for the breath of her sleeping baby.

No wonder Pete Carlock smiled his nine-inch smile as he stood on the edge of the hole. Below him the bottom was dry. About him the banks stood firm. The thud of the steady, contented pumps made music in his ear. The rap and bang and skaw of Bill Raub's saw and hatchet men swarming about on the excavation bottom was a symphony. And the one-o'clock whistle had caught him, carefree as a bird on a twig, walking down The Pike toward the main office, taking a Tokay-haired girl to work. The world was licked.

The box was going up, the form for the forty-four-inch-mill foundation. A whale of a box. Thousands of tons of stone would slide into it; sand by the carload, cement by the shantyful. The saw and hatchet men were hopping to it. Carpenters? Huh! One on the job; Bill Raub himself. Give Bill a carload of lumber and a blue print so complicated that the chief of the survey party would take it home at night with him to work out the mere center lines; give Bill blue print and lumber and a couple dozen dirty-necks who could tell which was the cutting edge of a saw, and without a wrinkle of Bill's brow you'd see a piece of form work take shape so fast that you'd think Bill had an old lamp to rub, hidden some place about the job. Bill called his men nail shooters; said that for every nail they managed to get into a piece of oak they sent three zinging sidewise from under their deadly hatchets. It was worth your life, Bill stated, beaming unruffled through it all, to boss a gang of needle heads like them without a suit of chain armor and a tin hat.

But that made no never minds to Bill. The form went up. It was going up right now, rising up off the gravel bottom of the pit, big as a ten-room house and twice as complicated. Pete watched it rising. Such men as Bill and old Housti were the salt of the earth, and most of the pepper. Pete stuck out his chest. The worst was over. Off to the right another crew of Bill's nail shooters were spiking the sheave timbers across the top of the concrete tower. The mixer was already in place, the material trestle stocked from ground to rails, the cement shanty corpulent with fat bags, water pipes all down, steam lines connected against the frost, coke-burning salamanders, standing in aldermanic ranks along the outside of the tool shanty, all ready to hop down inside the forms should zero nights come on. All things, in a word, quite Jacob for Peter Carlock, resident engineer, rolling mill extension, Ironville Steel Works, Ironville, Pennsylvania.

Some day this job, which was no bit of work for Algernon Stringtie at that, would seem like a play job to Pete; some day, for instance, when the Carlock Construction Company, Difficult Foundation Work a Specialty, would be biting off jobs like this for breakfast before it went to work in the morning. But now, a couple years out of college, this job was big. And Pete had fought it and got the best of it. Nothing to do now but to keep Bill Raub in browsing tobacco, and let him and his nail shooters snort. In a day or so that enormous box with its pits and pockets and wells and willy-wallys and tunnels and compartments and gutters and forests of anchor bolts would be done. After that only to make the chief of the survey party swear a great oath that every line and level and bolt had been checked to a fine red hair, and then turn loose the mixer and let 'er grind.

Young shock-headed Mr. Carlock had the forty-four-inch-mill foundation licked, and he sat in the clear and nippy air of that February day, square on the top of the world and twisted its tail. Mr. Carlock was feeling again the old construction thrill. Yesterday here was nothing. To-day here something stands—a useful thing, tangible and appreciable, to be seen by the eyes of men. Pete threw a half hitch in the tail of the world and hauled it tight.

"Say, Carlock, I know this job has been slow enough, an' far be it from me to hold it up; but do you mean to tell me that you're gonna pour this here mill foundation on loose gravel without driving any piles?"

Carlock untied that half hitch. Gloom, in the shape of Mr. Slack, the new rolling-mill boss, lately imported at great expense from Tideflow Steel, had arrived once more in Mr. Carlock's midst.

This Tideflow acquisition, after many weeks of forbearance on the part of Mr. Carlock, was rapidly approaching that point where patience ceaseth to be a virtue; that point, in other words, where someone is likely to get a sweet tunk on the nose. Once a day Luke Slack had visited religiously the construction work that soon would put a new train of wonderful rolling mills under his command; once a day when the going was rough and the sore spots many, and always without a drop of healing on his wings; once a day since the uphill work was mushed, without ever a word of commendation.

A remarkable man, Mr. Slack, in many ways, and no one readier to acknowledge it than Mr. Carlock. Brought in from Tideflow for the especial purpose of swinging these new mills when they were finished. Made superintendent of rolling mills at Ironville at an age which was all the more remarkable to those who knew that his father's name before him was Lukka Uszlak, and his own the same when he took his first job as door boy at the merchant-mill heating furnaces at Tideflow not twenty years ago. Born of Croatian parents in America, he was entirely unlearned except in the rough and sizzling school of the mills. He had gone the route—door boy, scale wheeler, billet chipper, pipe fitter, mechanic's helper, mill hand, craneman. Then, at last, catcher; catcher, who nipped in his tongs the end of a yellow inch rod as it came shooting out of the rolls at his right, and swinging it with a brace of wide spread of feet and a swing of tough waist muscles, fed it into the whirling rolls at his left before the first rolls had let go, standing meanwhile in a loop of racing, sizzling steel. Catcher; and from that coveted place by amazing strides to heater, roller, boss roller, master mechanic, superintendent of merchant mill, with nothing back of him but fight and drive. A Jersey Red for work. A merciless superior. But his ideas of fighting barred no holds, and he bit and gouged in the clinches, so there were limits to the heights to which he might aspire.

But Carnell, you may be sure, never realized that. Slack's reputation as a hell-dinger having reached Ironville, Carnell picked him up, of course, lifted him off his natural apex, and dumped a rough-and-tumble street scrapper into the championship ring. Even there he might have won had he not suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, except that the audience perhaps would not have stood for him. When the champs hook up the crowd is big and keen, and it's got to be clean stuff.

Carnell, in other words, had picked a mucker for a white man's job. A gift he had; letting the fireworks dazzle him; picking a comer who made the most noise as he came.

The new job was too much for Slack. Too much authority. Too much money. Too much success. Always a liquor eater, he had curbed his desire for joy water in the hard days because he enjoyed his battle to climb the rolling-mill ladder more than he did a booze fight. But now that he, through Carnell's love of pyrotechnics, had reached a round higher than he had ever hoped to climb, he decided to loosen the reins a little bit. With much attainment back of him and much of youth ahead, and money plentiful, he proceeded to claim certain rewards for the years of rawhiding he had just come through. Of course, with these new activities, he would give the rolling mills hell as heretofore. Youth could do it.

Meantime, to impress the Ironville crowd! And he started to do what he had never done before—dabble into things about which he knew nothing. Rolling mills he knew, from ingot stripper to loading crane, inside and out, bottom to top, forward and back—and rolling-mill men; but mill foundations ——

Pete Carlock swung his hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed, wind-tanned face upon Slack and looked down at him.

"Listen, Mr. Slack," said Pete. "If the way I run this job gives you a pain in the neck go see the chief engineer about it. If he bawls me out I'll take it, listening attentively, because I know he knows what he's talking about. If he gives me the gate that'll be all right too. He's my boss, and that is one of his sweet privileges, and he'd use it in two seconds if he thought it would help this job a bit. But if you talk to him don't forget to tell him that you want to drive piles into that perfectly good gravel bottom down there. He'll laugh himself sick. He's got a fine sense of humor. If he didn't have he'd probably have fired me long ago. But you'll not find better footing, Slack, if you go the other ten feet to rock and then blast into that halfway to Korea."

Luke Slack, always ready to fight at the bat of the gong, but accustomed to setting off all the fireworks himself, looked up at the shock-headed lad and scowled like a hail cloud. Young Hawk-Nose was spoiling to mix it, eh? A wolf light gleamed back of Slack's close-drawn lids, much like the yellow light of one of his heating furnaces shining out of the slit at the bottom of a burned drop door. He was about due for a victim anyhow, and this looked pretty soft. Might as well get in the calcium by running this young saphead off of the plant. He sucked a breath through his teeth, preparatory to spitting venom; but before he could speak the rangy boy was at him again.

"This morning," explained the young fellow, "I've got this forty-four-inch-mill-foundation job by the seat of the pants. I've fought it and licked it and it's taken me five weeks of sweating to do it. It'll take me four more to finish it up; so howl on, Mr. Slack, for that's the best I can do. Give me a ten-acre field, and I'd finish this hunk of concrete from the first shovel of dirt chucked out of the hole to the last batch of concrete chucked in, in a month. But I'm tied in here five directions. Mills on my left. Gas producers on my right. Power plant in front of me. Machine shop at my back. Of course, when you think of it, the machine shop has got to be moved for this mill extension, and if my banks cave back about ten feet farther the gable end of the shop will drop in the hole, so that's not so bad; although it may not be just the way they want to move it. Overhead the high tension wires interfere with my derrick booms, and the drafting room hasn't got the new supports designed, so I can't have them cut and moved. I've got room for only one little spur to do all my switching on, and at that the construction gang gets its switching done last. If one shift on this jerk-water spur held up the pulling of your ash track over there at the producer's ten minutes you'd peddle it over to the conference and tell 'em how you pulled the ashes at Tideflow Steel for a month. We've all got our troubles, Mr. Slack. No doubt if you were resident here you'd have this block of concrete poured and sitting on your blessed piles this very minute. You would in the back of a red hog's neck, Mr. Slack. Not with the cry 'Production first and to hell with the construction gang!' ringing in your ears from morn till noon and from noon till dewy eve."

The shock head burst to the surface for air. Slack's face was colorless.

"Why shouldn't the mills come first?" he asked in a snarl. "Where else is the money coming from that's paying for this new work and being wasted on engineering-department salaries? That guinea Tokazh, bossing that gang unloading cement over there, could swing this piffling job."

And he followed this up with a thing except for which Carlock would have dismissed the row and forgotten it absolutely with the quitting whistle, as are forgotten most of the hourly fights that production men and construction men stage in the trying confines of a busy steel plant. But Slack elected to fire a characteristic shot.

"If you'd make your lunch hour an hour, Carlock," he said, "maybe your job wouldn't die for sixty minutes each noon. An hour a day means a week on a job this size; and I can make the company a couple thousand dollars a day with these mills if they ever get finished. Pretty heavy price the company is paying for the pleasure you have lapping up sundaes out on The Pike with the office ladies that don't have to be back on the time cards till half past one. By the way, Carlock, I guess you'll be making that hunky Tokazh transit man on your survey party one of these days."

Below its shock of crow-colored hair Carlock's face turned pale.

"They tell me," said Carlock in a very soft voice, "that you're a weasel in a jam. That you always win out by a Stillson wrench or a thumb in the eye or some way. That makes it bad for a fellow who mixes with you like a white man. But just the same I'm asking you, Slack, not to do that again. I got you, all right, and I know it's no use explaining to a rat that men don't bring women into their rough work. So I'm asking you please not to do it again."

Slack pulled up his lips in the thing that a coyote, perhaps, intends for a smile.

"What'll you do about it?" he asked.

"If I tell you," Carlock replied, "you'll know just what to look out for."

"Oh, well," Slack came back with studied carelessness, "let's not go to the mat about that. For something important, now, like the work here I can see you and I locking horns for a real go, one of these times, for I don't like you or your work, and I'm telling you so to your face. But I guess you won't do anything very exciting about this particular sore spot I've rubbed; not after what I've heard the boys say, and gone fairly far in checking myself, in regards to that little blond hunky."

For once in his life the other fellow was quicker than Slack. He saw it coming, but even as he tried to duck it was there. The thing that gained Carlock the tenth of a second he needed was the fact that he didn't draw back his arm the thousandth part of an inch. It started from just where it hung. His fingers even were open when

(Continued on Page 98)

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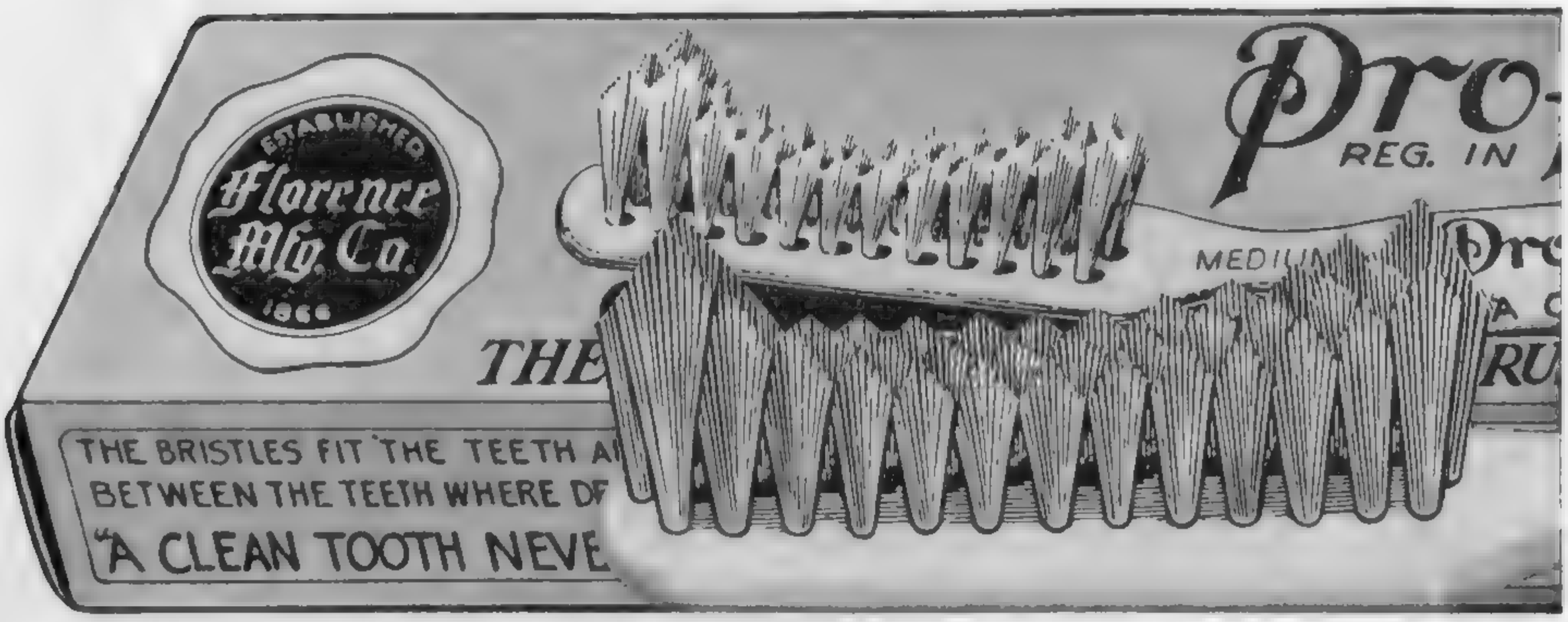

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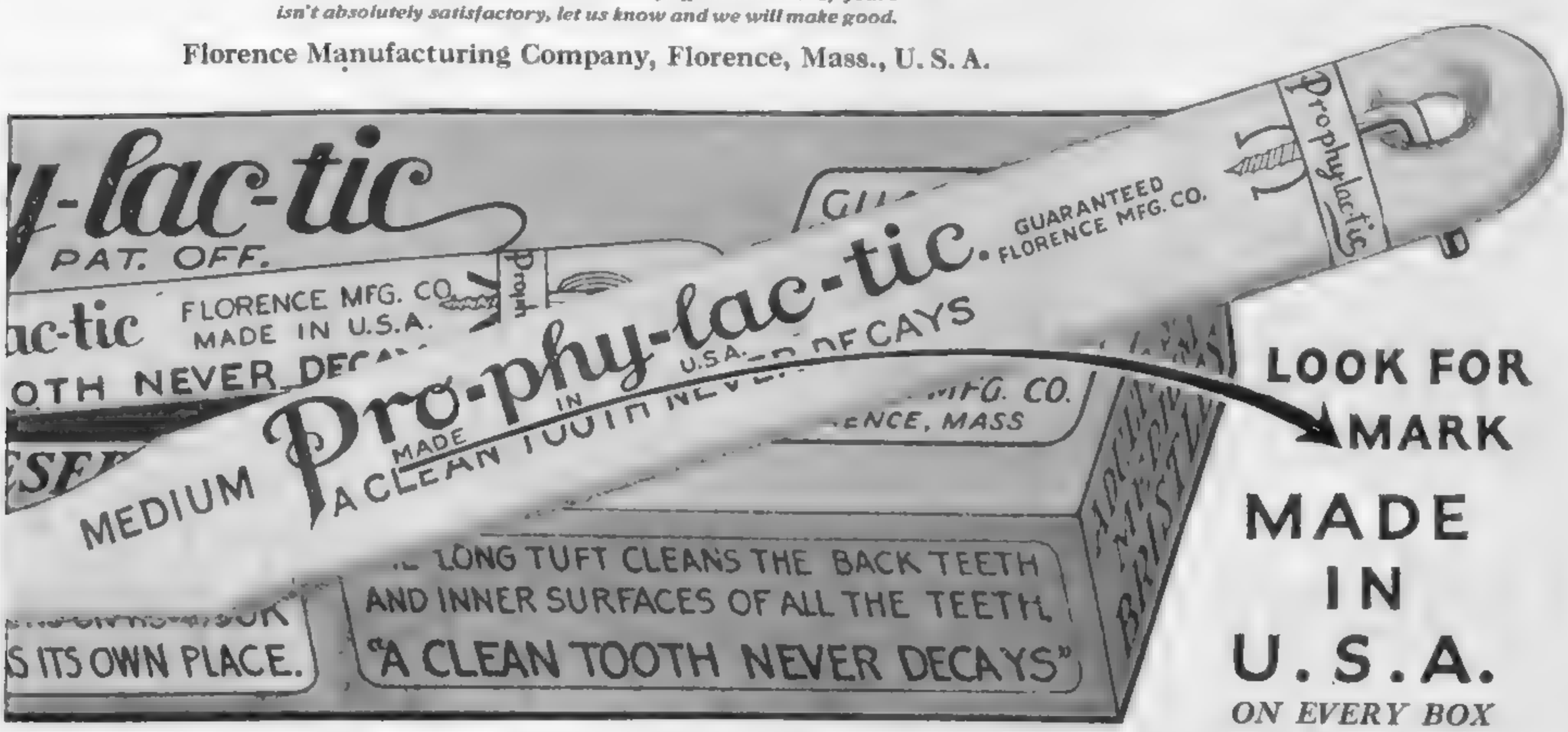

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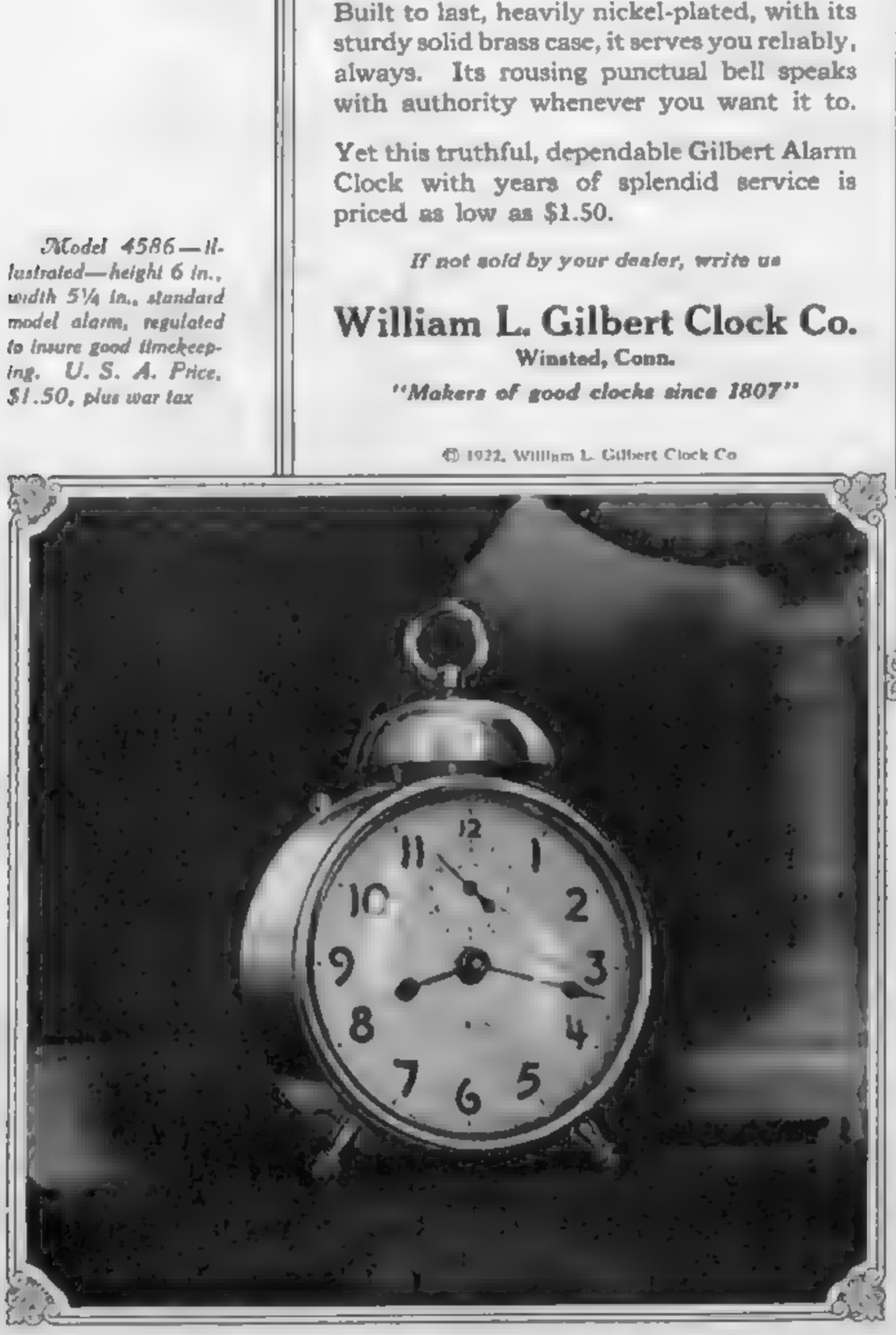

Gilbert Clocks

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his hand left his thigh. But it was a fist that arrived.

Slack staggered, threw up his hands, spat red and stepped backward. He put his foot on thin air, clutched, missed the edge of the excavation and rolled. First the grease-soaked bit of stratum that makes up the surface of much of a steel plant's ground left its mark on him, then the layer of gray ash fill, then slime of the old lush meadowland over which much of the Ironville Steel Works stands, then eight feet of heavy wet clay, slithery and soggy, and at last the gravel. Slack rolled, clutching, over it all, and at last, black with grease, gray with ashes, and yellow with clay, he tumbled down over the last few feet of gravel, and dived head first with a swash amongst the suction screens of the pumps in the icy water of the sump.

What was on his mind when he stood at last on the edge of the sump, bedraggled and besmeared, rubbing his eyes clear and still spitting red, would be hard to say, but as he clambered up the long ladder to the top of the bank again, the roars from Bill Raub's hilarious nail shooters struck bitterly on his ears, and it's a pretty sure thing that his thoughts were not so much of revenge as of escape from ridicule, for he disappeared quickly into the gas-producer building with never a glance at the tall fellow who then was busy wrapping a handkerchief round his knuckles; but the look on the face of the gentleman who dodged about behind columns and ash cars on an unseen way to his office was such a one as would have made a lobo wolf look benevolent in comparison.

Steve Tokazh, still in his cement-spattered working clothes, sat on the edge of his kitchen table with a short piece of board in his hand. His woman, softly weeping, rocked her body to and fro on a stool beside the hot stove. It was after one o'clock in the morning.

"When she comes I will beat her," repeated Steve, and tightened his grip on the short piece of board.

"I have put the bread knife away," sobbed his woman, her husband's comfort ever first in her mind.

"That is good," commended Steve. "If she picked up a knife against me this night I should kill her maybe. As it is, I shall only beat her yellow and black—the merchant!" he added and spat.

Steve's woman moaned. Then a step sounded. Steve took a fresh grip. A door opened. And Nagya Tokazh, with her Magyar blond hair awry and her American sheer silken waist ripped at the throat, stepped into the kitchen. Her trim American oxfords were ruined with snow. Her strong straight ankles and her finely made legs, so amazingly curved as to hide the sturdiness of them in their sheer beauty, were soiled with slush and mud as far as her short American skirt allowed vision. She flashed one fiery glance at her father.

"Put down that chunk of wood, Tokazh," she demanded. "This is America."

Her eyes roamed swiftly about.

"I've locked up the bread knife, little one," moaned the mother simply, rocking.

"If you beat me you'd better beat me to death," said the girl, ice in her voice. "If you don't I'll kill you somehow, sometime. This is America. I'll not be clubbed like a mare. Besides, Tokazh, before you strike me you ought to have sense enough to look in my eyes."

She walked straight over to Tokazh and his club. Tokazh looked into the depths whence the tawny light came and looking, opened his fingers. Sobbing as Magyar men can sob he took the girl to his heart. Mother Tokazh, always a practical soul, ceased sobbing the moment her husband started.

"Here's warm water and a nightgown dry and white," said Mother Tokazh, "and warm wool slippers, little daughter. How far did you walk?" Wise Mother Tokazh!

"This is America," said Steve Tokazh. "If I kill him I shall almost certainly sit in a great chair and be shocked by electricity until I am dead. Shall I kill the Horvat, daughter?"

"Maybe," said the daughter. "Listen. Like a fool he told me before he had drunk four times from the flask on his hip, that he hated this Carlock, and that he would run him off of the plant. I have heard much such talk at the office; for a beautiful girl who works near me often takes a ride in his car. She has pretty new rings but has lately started to paint her cheeks, and her tongue is the tongue of a fool. So because this Carlock is the first American who has treated me as though he had a sister of his own I rode with the Horvat to-night. With the help of the drink and my two curved feet, which the rat gazed and gazed at and said he would like to kiss, I trod his dirty plans out of his sodden mind like a vineyard girl would tread rancid must out of rotten grapes. You will understand it all, my father. I do not.

"'When you want a thing done exactly,' he told me, 'you must do it yourself. This very night the concrete in the forms at his job will cover the anchor bolts. I shall dress like the puddler who works in the forms, and taking a big shovelful of greasy ashes I shall place that on top of each anchor washer. 'Twill be easily done in the dark. Many things are.' And with that he switched off his dashboard light and turned the big car into a drift at the side of the road. 'The curve of your instep was made for kissing,' he said. But I am stronger than he is, the Horvat rat! And I know more vicious ways of fighting than he does. So I got the door open and leaped and lost him. I walked on back roads five miles. If you get your heel on his head, my father, spin on it; but do not sit in the great chair and be shocked with electricity until you are dead to do it. That is too high a price to pay to hear a rat squeal underfoot."

"You think he will try his plan to-night, after that?" asked Steve Tokazh, reaching for his coat.

"He will try it," she said. "Do you think, like the Horvat, that there is nothing to my head but yellow hair? I play upon that Croat like a gypsy on a fiddle. He was waiting for me down at the corner, lolling in the cushions of his long car, when I came walking up the back streets.

"'Did you enjoy the stroll, Hungarian?' he jeered, thinking to goad me into an outburst that he might enjoy, as though I were some Danube fishwife. But I turned the point into his own flesh.

"'Fine, Horvat,' I said; and he winced at that. He thinks he can hide his blood from everyone with his American clothes and tongue. 'Fine, Horvat; but I was disappointed in you. A man whose father's name was Lukka Uszlak ought to know that a Magyar girl spits out no in a wilder way than any other woman; and means yes just as wildly. Perhaps we will ride again, Mr. Uszlak. I have heard that your purse is deep; but you must learn to fight better for what you want before you can buy diamonds for the fingers of a Magyar girl.'

"He is a very simple animal. I saw the same smile twist his mouth that gave me strength to throw him over into the back of his car. He is disarmed. He suspects nothing. He will try his plan to-night."

Steve Tokazh hung his coat about his shoulders, letting the sleeves hang empty, hussar fashion.

"You did very well to call me, wife." He patted his woman on a thick shoulder. "I'm going back to work now."

For four days and four nights now the row-row-row of the mixer gears had been growling a steady and heart-warming song. Bucket after bucket, a minute apart to the second, had slid up the tower guides above the grinding mixer and dumped its load of fluid masonry into the hopper. Batch after batch, a minute apart to the second, had come slithering down the chutes to drop with a thick gurgle into the rising mass of plastic rock deep in the forms. Pete Carlock was filling up the box. Pete was still sitting on the world. On the fourth day the concrete had risen to the height of the bottom of the foundation washers, and before leaving, Pete had seen his night mixer man, Steve Tokazh, and had a little session at inland *bêche de mer* with him.

"To-night," he instructed Steve, "every batch concrete catch'n one extra bag cement. *Versteh?*"

"Plenty *versteh*," said Steve.

"*Versteh* why fix'n extra bag?"

"*Nem*," said Steve, "no *versteh*. You tell'm, 'Stif, you fix'n extra bag tscement for kunkrit.' Me, I fix'n. 'Aht's all. No muss *versteh* ev't'ing."

"Better you *versteh* everything, Steve," advised his boss. "Listen. By'm'by come big engine for top this concrete. Too much big engine. Sometime push. Sometime pull. All time strong like hell. All right. Engine he's pull this big foundation bolts. Big bolts she's pull this big washer down below. Big washer she's pull concrete. Which

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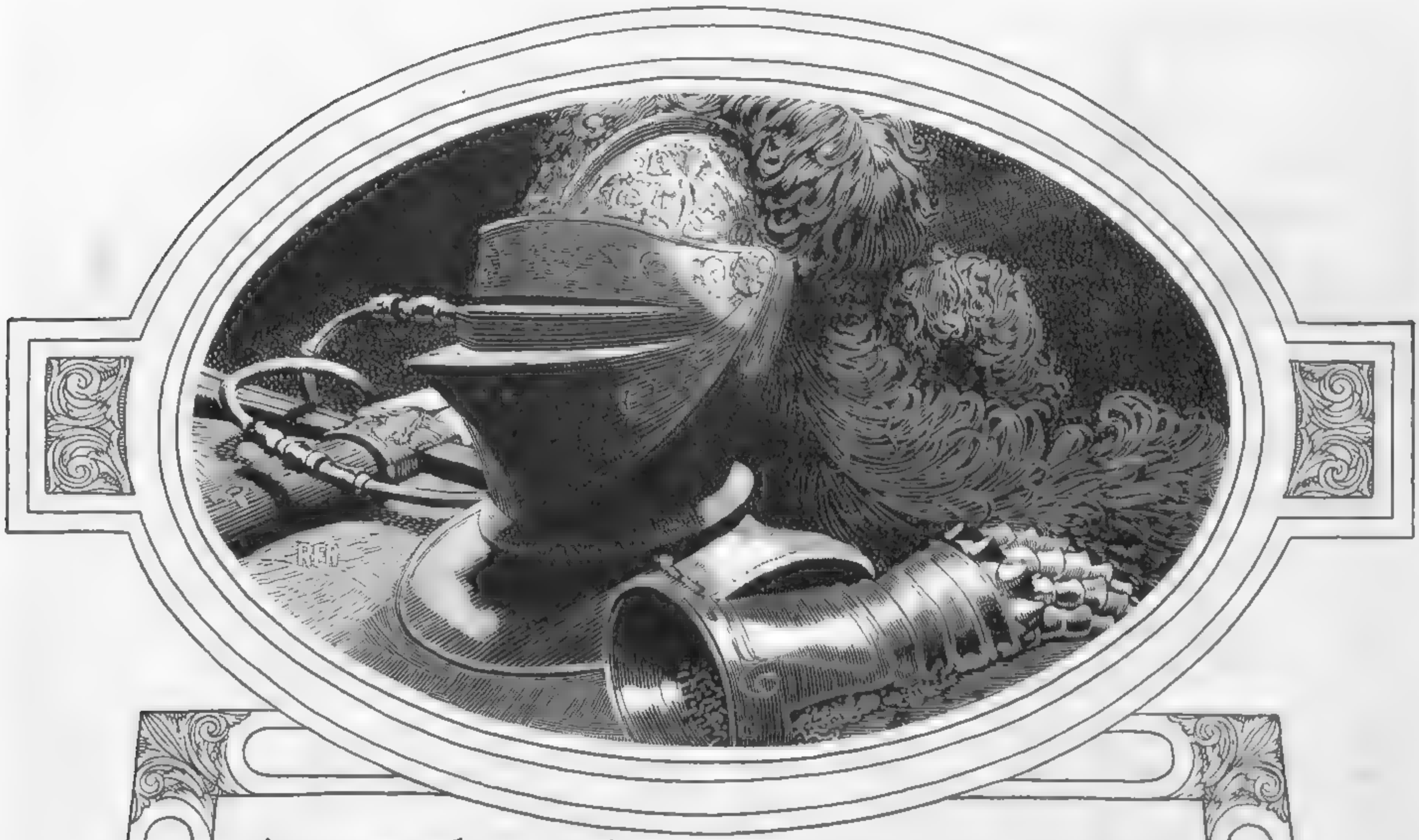

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(Continued from Page 98)

place you got washer, Steve, this place concrete mus' be strong to hold. Maybe three feet, maybe four feet on top washers, Steve, fix'n extra bag cement every batch. No strong this concrete on top washer, washer maybe broke concrete. Big bolt come loose. Engine come loose. Broke everything. Kill every man. Rais'n hell every place. *Versteh?*"

Steve nodded his head in delight. "Plenty *versteh!*" said Steve.

And now, because his boss had taken the trouble to make things clear to him, so that he had more than a mere automaton's interest in his work, Steve, hurrying back to his job at one o'clock that morning, could picture very clearly why an enemy to his boss should want a shovelful of greasy ashes placed on top of each foundation washer just before the concrete covered them. So the first thing Steve did after getting back to work was to search about a bit, in likely places, and at last, sure enough, back in a dark corner of the tool shed, stretched comfortably upon a pile of loose pick handles, he found his concrete puddler, fast asleep, an empty flask beside him, perfuming the air with whisky-laden snores.

The second thing Steve did was to take a casual stroll about the plank runways that meandered about on top of the big form, glancing casually down from time to time into the steamy blackness under him. Suddenly where four huge nuts, grouped on a heavy template, marked the place where one of the main gear bearings would some day stand, he halted.

The third thing he did was to whistle at John Bobic. And John Bobic, in obedience to that whistle, trundled his barrow of one-man stone over to where his foreman stood.

"Dis place," said the foreman. And John set his barrow down.

Steve Tokazh leaned and rolled the biggest stone on Bobic's barrow over onto his thighs, and carrying it on his quarter-bent legs as a good laborer always will, so saving a back strain, he stepped to the edge of the runway.

"No good," protested Mr. Bobic very vehemently.

"Was'matter no good, John?" inquired his foreman.

"You no watch little bit for hole," the one-man-stone handler offered. "Maybe got puddleman for hole fix'n kunkrit down below," he explained, airing his English proudly.

By which John told his boss as clearly as though in his native tongue that the one-man-stone man must always be very careful to know the location of the laborer who wades about hip booted in the quaggy masonry "down for hole," tramping the flowing mass into all corners and spading it smooth against the form walls. For the din of the concrete mixer and the whine of the hoist cables, the swish and scrape of concrete charging down the metal chute and the splash of its final plunge into the mass already placed, along with the rattle of stones against form boards and clanging bolts, deafen the puddler altogether to the warning rumble of the one-man-stone wheeler's conveyance across the runways over him. So the one-man-stone man must be careful of the man beneath him, even though it is true that the ordinary puddler's head is perfectly solid except for a tiny hollow about an inch in diameter, filled with dish water, situated in the center of the skull, and even though this osseous knob is topped with a peaked cap of fur, making it safe against most missiles.

But it has been carefully worked out by concrete engineers that the only economical one-man stone is a stone as great as a man can conveniently lift; say fifty pounds or so. Such stones a man can toss into a body of mass concrete at a cost of perhaps one-third the price of the masonry they replace. But not so when the stones are smaller. Labor cost runs too high and they do not bury themselves in the mass so well when they are flung in. So, on account of the size of the pellets he is dropping, your handler of one-man stone will always glance down into the forms below him before he plunks his big rock down.

Steve Tokazh turned on his man, a little nettled, it would seem, at being advised so carefully by a mere underling.

"I plenty watch'n little bit for puddler-man," Steve assured him.

And leaning over the vapory black depths of the slowly filling form Steve, with his forearms resting on his thighs, poised the great rock, and peering keenly into the steamy darkness, sighted with special care and opened his hands.

The forty-four-inch mill gloats; has started his many years of gloating; for the first bloom has gone shuttling back and forth, screaming and roaring through it the required number of passes; and the second bloom; and the third. Even the tenth one now rides swiftly up the track between the lines of flaring soaking pits on Barnum's Chariot, and is upset grotesquely, with a jarring thump, upon the end of the train of rolls that will rumble it up to the mill.

The general superintendent has gone home—he and his wife and daughters. The manager and his womenfolks have departed. The chief engineer and the master mechanic and their guests at this important occasion have seen the mill start its long, spectacular task, and have left. The chief draftsman and most of the squad who put the big mill on paper have gone. And the boss electrician and the head pipe fitter and the rigger foreman and the superintendent of masons—all those whose chief worry these many weeks has been to beat the schedule for the new mill's completion have scattered to bed, and to mighty sound sleep, for it seems that their work was good.

Except for a faint red glow in one of the windows of the little rough board construction shanty it would seem that the great, wealth-producing giant has been deserted by the erection force that sweated so long to put him together, leaving him now in the driving hands of the tonnage men.

The construction shanty huddles, forlorn and shabby, alongside the big new mill building like a tired pygmy beside some fresh young giant; but as long as one of its windows glows dull red at night there is doubtless something yet to be done before we can order the wreckers to tear it down.

The night is chilly with coming spring and the draft door has been opened at the bottom of the construction-office egg stove, and a blazing block of scrap wood is what makes the window glow faintly through soot and dirt. That blazing block also makes an incongruous figure in the dim rude office draw back on a rough bench and take off a high-collared coat. Shoulders come down from the flying archers of Scythia show their soft curves as the coat is laid aside, and there comes into the red light the gleam from the back of a white neck where amber-colored hair grows upward to the cover of a little turban, a marvelous concoction of caracal, black as a coal, with thick gold cord somehow threaded through the fur. Little doubt that there is something yet to be done before that shanty can come down. Let's stick around.

The door of the forty-four-inch-mill construction shanty suddenly opens wide.

"Not a one loose," exulted Peter Carlock, closing it. "We can go now. A rummy place for a girl to wait; and thanks for doing it. But I wanted to test out those foundation bolts myself after the talent left. I put a five-foot wrench on every one and could not budge a single nut the thousandth of an inch. Every foundation bolt is holding hard and fast. The new roll-mill super helped me. He's staying on all night to watch the new mill. He's white folks; something like a man. Ned! What a difference! I wonder what in the devil ever became of Slack."

At that the forty-four-inch mill's engine exhaust burst into giant laughter again. And Nagya Tokazh smiled a smile out of old Asia up at the man before her, a smile that made a little shiver run up the spine of Peter Carlock as he caught the tawny eye flame that went with it.

"I hated Slack, the Horvat rat!" said Nagya Tokazh.

"I shall always be a little bit afraid of you," said Carlock to the girl. "I shall have to hurt you often, just to show you that I am the stronger of the two. Will you like that, Nagya Tokazh?"

"At least," answered Nagya Tokazh, her white hands at her throat as though to steady the music that came out of it, "you start in to make love a good bit differently from other men."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked he. "My inspiration is different from that of other men. Your cheeks are smooth and high and flat and very wide apart, and your eyes are long and narrow. Ages ago a princess walked through a gate in the Chinese wall into the arms of a Hunnish chief to save her provinces from Tartar rape. You are a daughter of her. Your eyes and cheeks and your broad brows are hers; and your arched feet. A totem pole could not make wooden love to you, you Magyar. I've told myself a hundred times that if those long foundation bolts held tight, that if my first man's-size job was a good job I'd make my next a god's-size one and kiss you. But here I stand, Nagya Tokazh, loving you and afraid to do it."

A curl of lip, half scorn, half disappointment, turned up the ends of that streak of scarlet on which Pete Carlock's eyes were focused. Pete Carlock took a sudden step toward her.

"Don't look at me like that," he said.

Instinctively, as though an actual threat were in his words and action, the girl's hand leaped toward a table back of her, and the rough bench by which she stood went banging to the floor.

"Come here," said Peter Carlock.

She leaned with her two elbows on a pile of blue prints, a long desk knife in one fist, and made no move. A man could find out nothing from the tawny velvet eyes.

"I always knew it," Peter Carlock said. "A lifetime of excitement, loving a Magyar wife. First off, no man can have you unless he is a better man than you. That's fair enough."

There was a sudden move of Carlock's rangy body, and Nagya Tokazh found herself against him, one hand twisted up cruelly between her shoulder blades. She bit her lip and managed to keep back a cry, but the long paper knife dropped to the floor behind her and there swayed, whining.

"Why, here you are!" said the tall man in surprise, and held her helpless, his eyes still focused on that scarlet streak. Then his eyes found the tawny ones and his face went serious. "An ordinary kiss I would not ask from you, or any other girl," he said. "I'd take it. But this one that I am afraid to take goes back to when the long-eyed princess came through a gate in the Great Wall and does not find a beginning; and it goes forward just as many thousand years and finds no ending to my hunger for you. I can kiss you, now, you Magyar, and you know it. But what I want to know is, may I?"

He released the pain-racked hand. A gentle smile displaced the seriousness on his face.

"I warn you," said he, looking down at her while she rubbed at the finger prints on her white wrist, "if you say yes I shall stop all this nonsense and start making love to you in earnest."

"America has so many, many advantages," said Nagya Tokazh. "In Hungary"—mystery laughed in the tawny velvet eyes—"that would be plastered smooth and sleek with melted butter, Pete!" And she reached up the hurt hand and its mate and burrowed ten soft fingers into the mop of coal-black hair bending above her.

The forty-four-inch mill gloats. The forty-four-inch mill knows what holds it down. Not hate, as Steve Tokazh thinks, in a gray and hideous shape, a thousand tons of masonry on its shoulders, its gray and hideous hands pressed down upon a broad foundation washer in grim enforcement to do what it may to help hold the forty-four-inch mill steady. Of a hundred great foundation bolts, the one held down by hate is the only one that in the course of years shall ever loosen. And when it does, ninety-nine others, held fast by another thing, will be altogether sufficient for the job. And the forty-four-inch mill knows what that other thing is; sees it as clearly as Linc Jones ever saw, this time in the form of two, walking slowly, very close together, toward the watchman's gate, the smaller talking to the taller form with something of the czymbalom's wild beauty in her voice.

Hoh-ha! Hoh-ha! Hoh-ha! the forty-four-inch mill says; knowing that a foundation made for a woman's sake in the best manner that a man could make it would hold him steady at his years of seismal labor

Hoh-ha! Hoh-ha!

There go the two of them out toward The Pike, walking very slowly, and so close together that you couldn't pound a calling card between that curved shoulder and those tough young rib-cracking biceps with a twelve-pound sledge.

To-morrow the little drab construction shanty will feel the wrecker's pinch bars between its weather-beaten hemlock ribs; but hoh-ha! just the same, for it has finished one foundation and started another; the finest steadier for mighty effort in the world, the finest holder-down—a home.

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PRESSTO CHANGE!

(Continued from Page 13)

of the motor, the singing of the tires on the gravel roadbed, the ever-present thought that this automobile was half his and wholly a part of the old-clothes business which furnished him daily work, daily bread—and little else.

They came at length to a little road house set back in a grove of rigid pines and stately oaks; a road house of negroes, by negroes and for negroes. There Florian alighted and bade Percy and the damosel wait while he recruited a squad of sandwiches and some ginger ale. Alone with the funereal driver, the vaudeville artist made a sudden and frantic attempt to win him over. She leaned across the back of the driver's seat and insinuated her bewitching face close to that of Mr. Yeast. A compliment rolled liquidly from her delectable lips.

"You sho'ly is one terrible swell driver, Mistuh Yeast."

"Owns half this car too," came the practical retort.

"I think you is the wonderfulest man!"

"Huh! Tain't me—it's the autymobile. This heah is the bestest fo'-cylinder car on the market."

"I wish," she purred invitingly, "that Mistuh Slappey was drivin' an' you was settin' on the back seat with me."

Percy Yeast favored her with a withering glance in which there was no spark of sentiment.

"Fummadiddles! I woul'n't trus' Florian Slappey to drive this car fo' nothin'!"

The lady gave Percy up as a bad job, and Mr. Yeast fidgeted impatiently for the commencement of the return journey. Thus far everything had gone smoothly. Thus far, but no farther!

At that moment an apparently trivial incident occurred which upset Percy's poise to the point of terror. It wasn't much of an occurrence, but Percy knew that it was fraught with the potentiality of disaster.

From the general direction of Montgomery appeared twin headlights. The car behind them slowed ostentatiously as it neared Percy's shiny vehicle, and Mr. Yeast, glancing idly into the other car, found himself pulled rigid with stark horror. For he found himself gazing straight into the triumphantly gleaming eyes of Acey Upshaw, president and general manager of the Upshaw Taxicab Company, of Birmingham, Alabama!

Acey waved a farewell which was at once an insult and a threat. Percy, eyes popping from his head, heart pounding with fear, cold perspiration breaking out from every pore, gave vent to a crushed ejaculation.

"Hahd luck," he murmured pitifully. "Somebody sho', Lawd, done handed you my name an' address!"

He knew full well the inevitable aftermath of this chance meeting with Acey Upshaw, for Acey was not only a friend to Faro Sneed but he was also a despiser of the elongated Percy Yeast. There wasn't a doubt on earth that Acey would search out Mr. Sneed and pour into that gentleman's eager ears the tale of Percy's joy-ride in the firm's automobile. And Percy shuddered at the thought of what that would mean. Somehow Faro Sneed considered it open season on Percy at all times, but until this night his diatribes had been based upon injustice, and so Percy had been effectively armored by innocence. But now —— The utter disgrace of it! He, a trusted partner, joy-riding in the firm's automobile! And the worst of it was that Florian was not even in sight during the few moments of Acey Upshaw's vision—only Percy and the girl.

Percy trembled at the prospect of facing Faro the following morning. He knew in advance the torrid tirade which would be flung upon his head; the wild and profane recrimination; the accusation of betrayed trust. From the moment he had succumbed to Florian's persuasion Mr. Yeast had known that he was blundering. Now he realized that he had blundered more horribly than he could have anticipated. The immediate future was saturated with misery—great glibby gobs of it. Alone, Percy would have wept saltily.

Of the return journey to Birmingham Percy remembered little. He knew only that there was no happiness left in the world. He squirmed at thought of the inevitable to-morrow and the fierce and righteous anger of his business partner. Eventually they attained the city, and Percy unloaded Florian and his fair companion at her hotel. Then sadly he drove the car to his home and parked it under the spreading oak immediately in front. The night was clear, no hint of rain in the air; and, as a ritual of contrition, and, too, as though to free the car of any contamination, Percy Yeast gave it a final polishing before turning in for a few hours of fitful, nightmarish slumber.

Meanwhile certain events were transpiring of which Percy was happily ignorant. In the first place Mr. Upshaw operated strictly according to specifications. He reached Birmingham, instituted inquiries as to Faro Sneed's whereabouts and learned that he was engaged in a poker session at the hotel room of a Mr. Gratis Jonnett, of Tupelo, Mississippi. He found the room, requested an interview with Faro.

Faro Sneed stepped into the hallway, a sadly different man from the dapper, superior individual of a few hours previously. It was obvious that the cards had not been running entirely to the liking or financial betterment of Mr. Sneed, and he was in no cheerful humor. Into the willing ears of Faro Sneed, Acey Upshaw poured graphic details of Percy Yeast's perfidy. Faro made lengthy and personal comment regarding his partner and his partner's immediate ancestry, thanked Acey surlily for the information and returned to the poker session.

The room was saturated with heavy, rancid cigar smoke. About a shaky table sat three men—Lawyer Evans Chew, Dr. Brutus Herring and the host himself. Gratis Jonnett was strictly a personage. Hunched in his chair, a cigar black as his features clamped between strong white teeth, he was the embodiment of physical power and bitter relentlessness. He was of tremendous size, and beneath his silken shirt crawled huge knots of muscle. Too, there was something about the set of his jaw which marked him as a man not often crossed, and then unsuccessfully.

The table itself told the story of the evening's play. Doctor Herring and Lawyer Chew had before them stacks of chips varying only a trifle in size from those with which they had commenced the game. Faro Sneed's place at the table was conspicuous by its appearance of bankruptcy. Before Gratis Jonnett was reared a bulwark of chips—white, red, blue and yellow—particularly yellow. It had been this night as often before—two of the four stud-poker players holding their own, the third doing all the winning and the fourth being cast in the thankless rôle of involuntary contributor. All evening it had been a duel between Faro Sneed and the Gargantuan gentleman from Tupelo.

Nor did the chat with Acey Upshaw improve the temper of Mr. Sneed. He returned to the game and played with greater recklessness than before, and Gratis Jonnett never faltered in the even and perfect tenor of his game. Quietly, efficiently, scientifically, he strung along with Faro, topping that gentleman's hands, suavely raking in stack after stack of chips. And finally, when the hands of the alarm clock on the battered oak dresser designated the hour of three, chairs were shoved back, hostilities declared at an end and an accounting made.

Doctor Herring and Lawyer Chew had done but little more than break even. But Faro Sneed found himself flirting with disaster. He was four hundred dollars in debt to Gratis Jonnett, and his cash was exhausted.

Mr. Sneed was in an excessively bad way. For hours he had watched terrifiedly the approach of this show-down and fought against it. With natural optimism—and misplaced confidence in his poker ability—he had known that luck must turn, that he would recoup in the last few hands of play. But the tide of misfortune had not turned, and now he faced the nerve-racking necessity of explaining to the evil-appearing gentleman from Mississippi that he had not sufficient cash to liquidate the indebtedness. Faro knew that such an explanation might prove more than a trifle embarrassing. Gratis Jonnett appeared to be a man well able to collect his due—if not in cash, then in physical satisfaction. Faro shuddered at the prospect of being the satisfactee.

Mr. Jonnett demanded his money. Faro smirked ingratiatingly.

"You is gwine git yo' money, Mistuh Jonnett—or jes' as good as."

"Ain't nothin' jes' as good as, 'ceptin mo' money."

Faro was frightened.

"Co'se I don't ca'y that much cash roun' with me, but these heah gen'lemen will

Into the Willing Ears of Faro Sneed, Acey Upshaw Poured Graphic Details of Percy Yeast's Perfidy

splain to you that I is a 'sponsible business man ——"

"You is," grinned Doctor Herring. "You makes 'nother feller do all yo' wuk an' you gits all the money."

Gratis Jonnett's face broke into an evil grin, and when Doctor Herring and Lawyer Chew left the house Faro insisted that Gratis do likewise. The two couples parted at the door, and Messrs. Sneed and Jonnett strolled arm in arm toward Avenue G, the street upon which was located the house in which Percy Yeast slept between periods of labor.

The hush of a clear summer night had fallen over Birmingham. Above, a full moon and myriad stars gleamed from a cloudless sky. A cool breeze sighed gently through the majestic oaks and languorous willows which lined the broad thoroughfare. The prospect was quiet and ineffably peaceful, but Faro Sneed was not a part of the prospect; and as he piloted Gratis toward the home of Percy Yeast he experienced the rack of trepidation. Mr. Faro Sneed found himself possessed of an indebtedness of four hundred dollars, a husky, relentless creditor, no cash—and an idea.

The idea had been born of desperation and circumstance. The germ of it had been implanted in his brain by the meddlesome Mr. Acey Upshaw. It was an idea calculated to cause no particular happiness to Percy Yeast; but, after all was said and done, Percy Yeast was fair game on all occasions, and Mr. Sneed did not bother to consider his feelings.

And eventually they came to the home of the melancholy partner of the financially distressed Mr. Sneed, and there before the house glittered the touring car which was the greatest asset of the old-clothes business operated by the two men. Faro paused ostentatiously and pointed to the car.

"Mighty swell autymobile, ain't she?"

It so happened that possession of an automobile was the single unfulfilled ambition of Mr. Jonnett's avaricious existence. A dozen times he had accumulated almost sufficient cash to make the desired purchase, and always at the crucial moment a disaster of chance had overtaken him and thwarted his ambition. The car parked against the curb was just the car he wanted. His eyes sparkled eagerly.

"Purty fair," he admitted.

"That," insinuated Faro, "is my car."

"Yourn?"

"Posolutely."

"Dawg-gone!"

Faro made his plunge.

"I owes you fo' hund'ed dollars, Brother Jonnett. Does you take that autymobile, we calls it square."

Gratis hesitated for not the fraction of an instant. He took the car. Faro gave him the keys and watched him drive away, and in the heart of Faro Sneed was a feeling of infinite relief and merciless cunning. He was bitterly resentful toward Percy Yeast. Take their car for a joy-ride, would he? Well ——

He envisioned Mr. Yeast's horror when he should discover that the cherished automobile had disappeared. Percy would come down to the shop and report the loss. He, Faro, would confront the lean and lanky one with evidence of his joy-ride, and Percy would be effectively crushed. He could not present successful denial, and Faro determined to assume calmly that the car had been lost during the expedition of the previous night. Meanwhile Gratis Jonnett would be en route to Tupelo and evidence of Mr. Sneed's double-crossing removed.

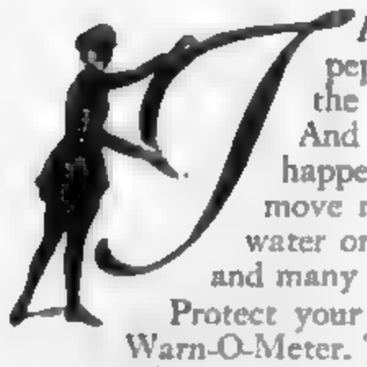
It was an excellent plan; not conducive to the betterment of the business, perhaps, but certainly the best way out of a difficult situation. Mr. Jonnett was satisfied, and the task of satisfying Gratis had been all-important if Mr. Sneed was to continue to live as complete as he had theretofore been. Besides, by saddling responsibility for the loss of the car upon Percy, Mr. Sneed knew that he would have taken the final strategic step which would make of Mr. Yeast a laboring slave for the balance of his natural life—plus. It was not precisely a pleasant prospect for Percy, and at the thought that he was putting across a masterful stroke Faro Sneed smiled happily.

"Some folks," he reflected extenuatingly, "is jes' nachelly bohn to be did. Percy Yeast was the fust one of them kind."

Within the house Mr. Yeast slumbered uneasily, and when the first gray streak of dawn punctured the eastern sky Percy awakened. He sat up straight in bed, overwhelmed by an instinctive sense of calamity. He knew without investigation that something was wrong. His thoughts reverted guiltily to the episode of the previous night—Florian Slappey and the vaudeville lady, and the meeting with Acey Upshaw. The car! Perhaps the very contamination had injured it irreparably.

He hoisted himself from the bed and lurched across the room. He drew aside the shade and peered without for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the car's

(Continued on Page 106)



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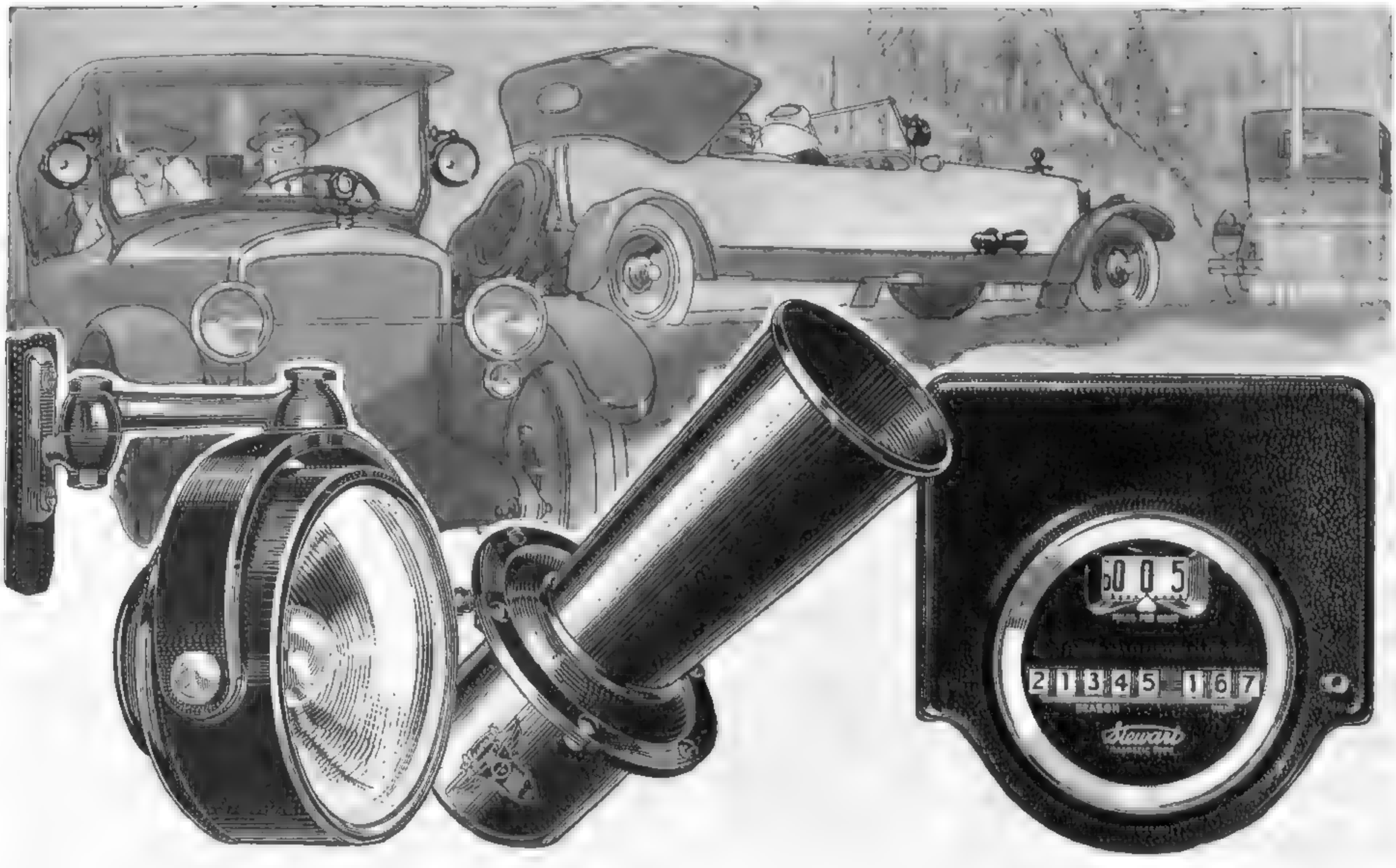
The heavy glass is sand-blasted to eliminate confusing glare and to keep out the sun's rays so as to avoid the signal appearing lighted when it is not.

STOP flashes out in brilliant red against a black background when the foot brake is depressed.

The Stewart Stop Signal is **$5.00** complete.

Stewart

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automobile Accessories



THERE'S always a need for the Stewart Searchlight, in town or country. For city driving it is especially useful in reading street signs, house numbers, or picking your way on an unlighted street. As its light-ray can be thrown in any direction it will provide illumination for roadside repairs.

For country driving the Stewart is absolutely essential. It enables the driver to keep from going into the ditch on narrow crowded roads. No need, either, to slosh through mud to decipher road sign directions. Stay in the car. Flash the brilliant light on them.

There's a large mirror in the back for watching rear traffic. The light can be turned on or off from the dash.

Stewart Searchlight, finished in rust-proof black enamel, with separate dash switch, **$7.50.**

EVERY car owner knows he must have a warning signal that will "talk rough" to clear a way through congested traffic. In the city, especially, must it be loud enough to be heard above the incessant din. How often has your horn been drowned out by the rumbling of a heavy, slow-going truck which you are trying to pass up. The Stewart's vibrant warning gets attention anywhere.

Stewart Warning Signals are thoroughly tested for tone quality, made to give lasting, satisfactory service and reasonably priced. For underhood or outside installation. Finished in rust-proof black enamel.

Model 163, shown above, particularly well adapted to Ford Cars, sells at **$6.50.**

Model 136, for all cars except Fords, **$8.50.**

Model 157, of heavier construction, a custombilt De Luxe model, **$10.**

MANY a man who buys a Ford Car must be arrested for speeding before he thinks of putting on a speedometer. The time to buy a speedometer is the minute you get your Ford. It not only saves speeding fines but it provides the only means for checking up on mileage obtained from tires, oil and gas. It is the only means by which you can follow road directions when touring. These directions are based on readings from the speedometer trip dial and must be followed by the same means.

The Stewart is finished in black enamel to harmonize perfectly with the Ford instrument board. It is easily installed and accurate in its speed registering and mileage recording.

Stewart Speedometer for Ford Cars, complete, **$15.**

Stewart Standard Speedometer for any make of car, complete, **$25.**

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Automobile Accessories

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 103)

welfare. Then he blinked, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Where the car should have been there was only blankness, a void—a horrible, fearful void. And then realization came to Percy. The automobile was gone!

He leaned limply against the wall for support. Ghastly terror clutched at his heart. He raised trembling hands to perspiring forehead and gave vent to a single utterance of abject misery:

"Mistuh Ruin, you sho' has kissed me now!"

Disaster so complete and overwhelming was not to be comprehended in an instant. Bit by bit the magnitude of the thing seeped into the atrophied brain of the gangling gentleman in the sadly inadequate nightshirt. He groped his way back to the bed, sank upon it and stared unseeingly at a cobweb on the opposite wall.

Bit by bit, stab by stab, each painful possibility of the situation hammered its way home. Impecunious as he was, Percy would have mortgaged cheerfully his chances of eternal salvation had he been impervious to the wiles of Florian Slappey the previous night. There was the weakness in his perfectly sound defense; there the ammunition for the inevitable barrage of vituperation which Faro Sneed would heap upon his head. And he couldn't blame Faro. He felt that he had betrayed the partner who had done so much for him. Percy did not—could not -suspect that Faro had used him for a good thing even before the episode of the automobile.

Only one thing Percy knew: He knew that he could not go down to the shop that morning and face his partner. He knew that Acey Upshaw must have told Faro about the joy-ride; and if he hadn't already done so the disclosure was a matter but an hour or so distant. The thing was cataclysmic, appalling. With heart thumping fiercely, Percy Yeast threw himself across the bed and buried his head in the pillows.

At eight o'clock a kind and astonished landlady asked permission to serve him a cup of coffee. He curtly refused her offer, and through an interminable forenoon he tossed about, jumping nervously with each sound of footsteps on the porch, dreading a visit from Faro Sneed. He visioned horrible consequences—dissolving of the partnership, the crumbling of a life's ambition, perhaps even the calaboose. Gloom, thick and soggy, enveloped him; gloom and abysmal misery.

But Faro Sneed had no intention of seeking out Percy Yeast. He let that gentleman remain at home and suffer the full measure of agony, and despite the fact that Mr. Sneed did the first day's work that had been his lot since the installation of Mr. Yeast as a partner he found himself smiling. The work was irksome and unusual, but things were so much better than they might have been.

All day long Percy Yeast pitched and tossed on the bed. Even tobacco lost its flavor. Life itself was without zest. Still in the future was the interview with Faro Sneed. That promised to hurt sorely. But by five o'clock that afternoon Percy's overwrought nerves could no longer stand the strain of confinement. He felt that he must get out of the house or go crazy. He dressed, slid out of the back door and oozed fearfully down the alley. He desired to meet no one—and that person only seldom.

Birmingham's Darktown, usually so friendly, now bulked forbiddingly. There was an air of hostility about every tree, every house. The few persons in sight appeared to Percy's taut nerves to be watching him derisively, as though aware of his plight. The streets were deserted save for groups of dusky children and an occasional dark adult homeward bound. For the most part the colored folks were downtown transacting business or reveling in the tribulations and triumphs of the picture-show heroine.

Percy rambled aimlessly. All life was awry and he didn't care particularly whither he was carried by his tremendous feet. He attained Avenue H and turned eastward, coming eventually to Twenty-third Street, where he instinctively veered toward the north again. Two street cars clanged by, and then three automobiles, two of them the brothers of his lost machine. Percy shuddered; it was as though Fate itself were taking an unnecessary and unkind dig.

Dejectedly Percy swung toward home. He slouched down the street, hands thrust deep into trousers pockets. His eye touched casually on a shiny touring car parked against the curb, and then Mr. Percy Yeast stopped short with an expressive "Oof!"

A mother will know her own child among a million. So Percy Yeast recognized his dear departed automobile. The thing struck him all of a heap. In a single bound he leaped from the nadir of despair to the zenith of exultation. The thing was impossibly good, unbelievably wonderful.

"Brother Miracle," breathed Percy gratefully, "you has done happened to me!"

There wasn't a doubt of it; and although Percy knew that his instinct was entirely trustworthy, he verified his first delirious impression. The license number was the same, and there was the long scratch on the right rear fender that had for months been the bane of Percy's existence. It was his car—his cherished automobile.

How it happened to be parked against the curb, who claimed possession of it at the present moment, how that possession came to be attained—those were facts which worried Mr. Yeast not at all. All he knew was that here was his car. It had been stolen once. Mr. Yeast took solemn oath that it would never be stolen again.

Very quietly and calmly he reassumed possession of his own property. He climbed into the car, unlocked transmission and ignition, depressed the starter, let in the gears and rolled down the street. He noticed for the first time that the sun was shining brilliantly, that the sky was cloudless, that little birdies were caroling in the trees. He saw that flowers were blooming in the tiny front yards, that children were playing merrily. And then, overcome by his joy, Mr. Yeast flung back his head, parted his lips and gave vent to something which he fondly fancied contained melody:

I went downtown the yuther day—
Ol' Aunt Jemima, do go home!
To see them yaller gals sing and pray—
Ol' Aunt Jemima, do go home!

Sis' Ca'line, Sis' Ca'line,
Cain't you dance the peawine?
Ol' Aunt Jemima, do go home!

As a strictly vocal effort the thing was no signal success, but it served its purpose of heralding to the world the infinite relief which had come to Mr. Percy Yeast. He shook his head from side to side and chuckled.

"I'se got the world by the tail on a downhill pull," he reflected contentedly.

And then he drove boldly down automobile row and pulled up short before the establishment of a dealer in auto accessories. There he purchased a thief-proof lock, a large circular device of cast iron calculated to fit snugly about rim and tire, and then Percy went home, clamped on the new purchase, shined the machine thoroughly with a fresh rag and went to bed.

That night Mr. Yeast slept—slept soundly and dreamlessly. Disaster had been, but was no more. There remained nothing but to face Faro Sneed the following morning and inform that gentleman that he had been ill the previous day. And though he knew Faro might wax wrathy over the joy-riding incident, that was a mere trifle in comparison to the debacle he had anticipated. He now blessed his lucky star that he had not gone to the shop that morning.

The following morning Faro Sneed saw to it that he reached the store long before Percy Yeast was due. During the previous day Mr. Sneed had succeeded in convincing himself that the equities of the situation were all on his side. Certainly if Percy had not gone on the joy-ride in the first place it would never have occurred to him, Faro, to steal the car in satisfaction of his four-hundred-dollar gambling debt to Gratis Jonnett. So he came to the shop early and, waiting for Percy Yeast, whipped himself into a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. He envisioned the crushed and dejected advent of Mr. Yeast; cringing, apologetic, defenseless. Faro would light upon him then with both feet. He rehearsed the speech which would forever crush his elongated partner.

Faro brought a chair to the front door and settled himself to wait. It was yet early; the streets were well-nigh deserted, and Faro was smiling triumphantly. Not that he was pleased over being autoless, but he was infinitely delighted over being able to saddle the responsibility upon so spineless a person as his downtrodden partner.

A shiny automobile turned the corner slowly and majestically, but Faro paid it no heed. He was not interested in touring cars this morning; he was awaiting the arrival of a long lean figure very much afoot. It was only when the car pulled up at the curb that Faro stiffened in his chair, rubbed his eyes unbelievingly and emitted a gasp.

"Sufferin' sons of salty tripe!" he ejaculated. "Sumthin' roun' heah smells like trouble!"

He could not credit the evidence of his senses. There was the car, there was Percy Yeast. The car was shiny; so was Percy. And Mr. Yeast's beatitude had imparted to that gentleman a *savoir-faire*, an insouciance disconcerting to the bewildered Faro Sneed.

A miracle had occurred, but there were several things about that miracle which Faro did not understand or particularly relish. In his mind there was limned a picture of the massive, relentless Gratis Jonnett to whom he had given the car, and so troubling was this vision of the colored gentleman from Tupelo that for once in his life Faro Sneed overlooked an opportunity to wither Percy with verbal fire. In a voice surcharged with wonder he fired a question at his gawky partner:

"Wh-where you be'n yestiddy?"

"Home," answered Mr. Yeast laconically. "Sick."

"Sick?" Faro shook his head. "Where that autymobile was when you was bein' sick?"

Fired by the enthusiasm of triumph snatched from disaster, Percy prevaricated with a fluency worthy of long practice.

"Car? Boy, that car ain't nev' been out of my sight. It be'n parked in front of the house ev'y minute."

"Ev'y minute?" echoed Faro weakly.

"Ev'y single, solumtary minute, 'thout ary second tooken out." Then with a craftiness hitherto foreign to Mr. Yeast's simple nature, "How come you to ast me such a foolish question?"

Faro was all at sea. Into his mind there flashed the horrifying conviction that the car he had turned over to Gratis Jonnett was an entirely different one. Yet his keys had fitted; the transmission and ignition had unlocked readily. It must have been this car, yet—it couldn't have been. He turned abruptly and entered the store. Percy Yeast followed him happily and immediately plunged into the mass of work which had accumulated during the previous day's vacation.

Percy was singing merrily, spurting forth words in a badly cracked barytone that rasped and grated on the overwrought nerves of Mr. Sneed. Finally that gentleman whirled.

"Where the tune are, Percy?"

"Tune?" mildly. "Tune don' make no diff'ence if'n a feller is happy."

"What you gittin' so dawg-gone happy 'bout?"

"Reckon a man is got a right to be happy if'n he wants to."

"You ain't never be'n happy befo'."

"'Tain't never be'n to-day befo', neither."

Faro subsided suspiciously. Somewhere in the woodpile of Percy's vociferous contentment there was concealed a gentleman of color, and Faro harbored the disquieting idea that he was none too distantly related to Gratis Jonnett.

An hour passed—two, three. Business was good and Mr. Yeast uninterruptedly blissful, and the happier Percy became the more inextricably Faro slid into the slough of despond. Mr. Sneed knew that trouble lurked in the immediate vicinity, and he awaited its coming with clouded eyes in which there was the look of haunting fear.

Meanwhile as Percy worked he thought. Thought was a novelty to Mr. Yeast. Heretofore he had been content to take things as they came. But the self-enforced Coventry of the previous day had started the long-dormant brain to functioning, and Mr. Yeast found himself rapidly developing deductive powers.

He regarded his partner out of the corners of his eyes, realizing that he didn't understand all he knew about the present situation. In the first place there was no mistaking the air of worry which surrounded Faro like a shroud. Nor was his utter silence on the matter of the day's vacation readily understandable. As to the matter of the joy-ride——

"You seen Acey Upshaw yestiddy, di'n't you, Faro?"

"Uh-huh!"

That was all. No wild outburst regarding the delight party with Florian Slappey and Florian's lady friend. Mr. Yeast shook

(Continued on Page 109)

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A cook may be an old Mammy who can make good hoe cakes, or may be a chef of a royal kitchen, and have the imagination and skill to compound a savory Tomato Soup, for instance like Van Camp's—a soup you will like, for we make it as though you stood at our elbow all through the day.

Insist on Van Camp's tonight, hot in a plate on your dinner table, —as it steams up with pleasing, home-like odors and flavors, your tongue will actually float in the mouth in anticipation.

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Wholesale Branches in 30 leading cities. Dealers everywhere

(Continued from Page 106)

his head and thought some more. He didn't think along definite lines, but he did begin to use his head for something more than a hatrack. Faro Sneed was too worried at thought of Gratis Jonnett to take heed of the danger in the present situation. So long had Percy been the underdog, for such a length of time had Faro taken advantage of him, that Mr. Sneed could not—or would not—allow himself to understand that Mr. Yeast was becoming a psychologically different gentleman.

And at precisely twenty-three minutes after eleven o'clock the storm broke!

Faro didn't see him coming. First tidings of his presence arrived when a deep and terrible voice boomed from the doorway:

"Heah's me!"

Both partners whirled. Faro, pale lavender with terror, wilted visibly. From between his quivering lips came a moan.

"Oh, Lawdy! Ise gittin' awful close to lilies!"

For a few seconds the tableau held. Then Percy, with an *aplomb* which surprised even himself, advanced toward the stranger, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Wants to git a suit pressed? We does elegant jobs while you waits."

Gratis paid him no heed. His baleful stare went straight through the attenuated form and focused fiercely upon the twitching figure of Faro Sneed.

"Cullud boy!" Gratis was addressing Faro. "I hopes fo' the sake of yo' fambly that you ain't behime in yo' dues to The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

"Wh-wh-wh-what you means?"

"I means," boomed the hard gentleman from Tupelo, "that when I kills 'em I kills 'em complete."

"Oh, my gosh!"

Percy Yeast found himself staring at his partner with eyes in which there was wonder and more than a hint of contempt. Faro's former mastery had been based upon poise and positiveness. Now he was trembling like a bowl of gelatin, face ashen, lips loose with terror. And Percy was not at all afraid. He rose to the emergency with a surety as surprising to him as it was welcome to Faro.

"My name is Mistuh Yeast," proffered he. "What yourn is?"

"Gratis Jonnett, fum Tupelo, Mississippi, where the cullud folks is made of cast iron an' don't have no hearts."

"Well"—Percy smiled ingratiatingly—"what we c'n do you fo'?"

Gratis shouldered him aside.

"Ise been done aplenty a'ready, an' you keep out of this, long boy. Tain't none of yo' affair. But when I finishes with that piece of col' bacon yonder ——"

Faro gave vent to a wail of terror.

"Hol' him offen me, Percy! Hol' him offen me!"

Mr. Yeast placed a valiant hand on the arm of the militant stranger.

"S'posin' you esplain."

Gratis whirled.

"Whose autymobile that is out yonder?"

Percy began to see light, and then remembering that the car was yet in his name officially gave a literal answer:

"Mine."

"Yourn?"

"Uh-huh."

"How come this heah piece of human side meat to have the keys to it?"

"He's my partner, tha's how come. But what is you aimin' at?"

Gratis paused long enough to explain. Grimly, graphically he told the story of the epochal poker game, of Faro's losses and of the giving of the automobile in payment therefor.

"An' then the measley skunk goes an' swipes that autymobile back again."

"Di'n't!" wailed Faro.

"You shet up, Mistuh Sneed!" snapped Percy Yeast. "Reckon Ise handlin' this."

"Car ain't gwine sat'sfy me now," seethed Gratis. "Ise thirsty, an' when I gits thirsty I drinks blood."

The situation was sifting slowly through Percy's head.

"Faro loses fo' hund'ed dollars to you," he summarized slowly, "an' swipes my car to pay it, eh?"

"Tha's which."

"An' then he takes it back again ——"

"But! Percy ——" cut in Faro.

"I reckon," said Percy to Gratis Jonnett, "that you is completely ontitled to carve him up a bit. But"—judicially—"that ain't gwine git you no cash money."

"Hmph! Some things is better'n money."

Percy gazed superciliously upon his partner.

"Knowin' what I knows bouten you, Mistuh Sneed, I is got a good min' to let my frien' here practice a li'l' chiselin' on y' gizzard. But"—and Percy dropped an affectionate arm across the shoulder of Gratis Jonnett—"s'posin' us takes a li'l' walk an' 'scusses things over."

Gratis hesitated, then acquiesced. From the doorway he loosed a Parthian shot.

"Ain't you heah when I comes back, Faro Sneed, I fin's out where you is at, an' when I 'scovers such, you is gwine be ain't!"

Together Percy Yeast and Gratis Jonnett rambled down the street. They talked earnestly and confidentially, and at length they reached the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Five minutes later they were closeted with Lawyer Evans Chew.

Into the ears of the foremost legal light of Birmingham's Darktown they poured the story of Faro's treachery, and when they paused Lawyer Chew commenced to talk. For perhaps a half hour rich and sonorous phrases cascaded from his tongue, and when his visitors nodded agreement he rose, procured his hat and accompanied them to the shop of Messrs. Sneed & Yeast.

A new sense of power had come to Percy Yeast. He had been thinking, and in the process had evolved many ideas which would never have been born in his brain in the ordinary course of events. It was with a feeling of superiority that he took the floor and addressed the cowering Faro Sneed:

"Ain't no use wastin' words, Mistuh Sneed. I has jes' come to see how much you has done me dirt. An' now, after talkin' things over, I has a siggestion to make. Does you take it, we is all sat'sfied. Contrariwise, all I does is to let Mistuh Jonnett loose on you an' telyphone the undertaker.

"You owes Mistuh Jonnett fo' hund'ed dollars. Also you owes me a heap on account you has made me think I was a partner when rilly all I was doin' was wukkin' fo' you at eight dollars a week. Also, on account you swiped this autymobile which was in my name an' give it to Mistuh Jonnett you done bought yo'se'f a ticket fo' the jail does we crave to put you there.

"Now what we is gwine do is this: Lawyer Chew heah is gwine fo'm a corp'ration which is gwine be named Yeast an' Sneed. I is gwine have fifty-one pussent of them stocks. On account th'ee pussons is got to be in it, Lawyer Chew is gwine have one pussent. You is gwine have the other fo'ty-eight. Ain't that the way of it, Lawyer Chew?"

"Yas-suh, Mistuh Yeast. Yo' pronunciations is imminently cirrec'."

"This heah corp'ration of Yeast an' Sneed," continued Percy Yeast exultantly, "is gwine stan' good fo' the money you owes Mistuh Jonnett. We is gwine pay him it all back. An' so's to be fair, I an' you is each gwine draw a sal'ry of twen'y dollars a week; fo'ty dollars bein' all which we earns in profits. But, Mistuh Sneed, all what you is gwine draw in cash per each week is eight dollars. Other twelve we pays ev'y week to Mistuh Jonnett ontil that fo' hund'ed is all paid up. That suit you, my frien'?"

Gratis nodded.

"Yas-suh. Twelve dollars ev'y week sounds sat'sfact'ry to me. Reckon it's even mo' better'n gittin' it all at once."

"Tain't gwine take you more'n eight months to pay back all that money, Faro Sneed. An' then you gits yo' full twen'y dollars sal'ry ev'y week. Now"—and he paused dramatically—"does you assept that plan or does you crave to lead a fumral procession t'morrow mawnin'?"

Faro Sneed, cornered and crushed, made a gesture of resignation.

"I does it!" said he.

"An' does you fail one week," rumbled Gratis, "you ain't never gwine know when the nex' week comes on account you is gwine be the most deadest pusson in the cemeterry."

And then Lawyer Chew stepped forward.

"An' now," orated he, "even though we ain't formally got our corp'ration papers yet fum the secertary of the noble an' sov'-'eign state of Alabama, I sugges's that we hol' a 'lection. Mistuh Sneed, will you take the chair?"

Passively Mr. Sneed took it. Percy Yeast arose.

"Fo' president," he said, "I nominates myse'f."

"I secon' the motion," said Lawyer Chew.

"An' I," uttered Percy, "votes my fifty-one shares of stock fo' me, which 'lects myse'f president."

Lawyer Chew was promptly elected vice president.

"An' fo' secertary an' treasury," smiled the president, "I nominates Mistuh Percy Yeast."

"Secon' the motion!" from Lawyer Chew.

"Fifty-one shares says I is them!"

Mr. Yeast smiled broadly in his moment of ultimate glory.

"Now, Mistuh Chairman, we needs to 'lect a man to press the clothes, go after new business, keep the books, sweep out the store, keep the autymobile clean an' do any other wuk which needs to be done. Fo' that presition, Mistuh Chairman, I takes noble pleasuah in nominatin' Mistuh Faro Sneed!"

Lawyer Chew nodded.

"Secon' the motion."

"A vote of fifty-two to fo'ty-eight," grinned Percy, "says that Mistuh Faro Sneed is 'lected to that honor."

"Now that we is finished ——" started Lawyer Chew.

"But we ain't," chuckled Percy Yeast. "Not quite yit. They's one mo' presition which needs to be 'lected."

He flashed a smile full in the face of the crushed and bewildered Faro Sneed.

"One mo' presition," repeated Percy. "An' my fifty-one shares of stock 'lects Mistuh Percy Yeast 'ficial autymobile joy-rider. Reason fo' same bein' that joy-ridin' is jes' about the fondest thing Mistuh Percy Yeast is of!"

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be. Yet not one of them possessed more grace or charm or beauty than she.

And as Miss Proctor's birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

Your mirror can't tell you when your breath is not right. And even your most intimate friends probably won't.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

That of course is when halitosis is a symptom of some deep-seated organic trouble a doctor must correct. Or maybe a dentist.

But so commonly halitosis is rather a temporary or local condition that will yield to more simple treatment.

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Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. Provide yourself with a bottle today and use it regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

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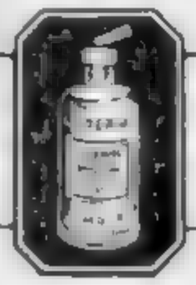

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N. Y. District 62,330,600 2,790 84,980,900 4,012
Phila. " 32,922,800 1,880 53,701,300 3,051
Pittsburgh " 22,452,700 1,306 44,700,30 107
Chicago " 45,895,100 1,460 193,412,
Minneapolis" 8,443,300 413 17,247
Totals (27 states) $198,518,600 9,037 $425,
From F. W. Dodge Company Stat
LOOK FOR SPRING BOOM IN ERECTION OF HOUSES
SPRING BUILDING SPURT IS PREDICTED
YANKEE NO.130
YANKEE NO.44

New work and new tools

a spiral screw-driver with spring in handle

a push drill with *adjustable* tension

Your work will be easier with these "Yankee" Tools than with any other screw-driver or push drill. They have time-and-labor-saving features found only in "Yankee" Tools.

"YANKEE" No. 130
Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver

Spring in handle holds bit in screw-slot and brings handle back automatically for next thrust. Permits quick, accurate work in hard-to-get-at places where only one hand can be used. Merely pushing on handle drives or draws screws. Three sizes of blades included.

No. 131 is same tool in heavier design. No. 135 is lighter. Also made without spring in handle in corresponding sizes, Nos. 30, 31 and 35.

"YANKEE" No. 44
Automatic Push Drill with adjustable tension

Hard wood, soft wood, large drills, small drills—this tool gives exactly the right pressure. Saves drill points from breakage.

Using an 11-64" drill in hard wood, you turn cap on handle to right, increasing tension. With a small drill, in soft wood, turn cap to left to ease tension.

Seven different tensions; eight drill points, 1-16" to 11-64"—practically a special tool for each job.

No. 41 is another automatic push drill—without adjustable tension—for those not requiring this feature.

The "handy man around the house" needs these tools quite as much as the skilled mechanic.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Ratchet Hand Drills, Ratchet Chain Drills, Ratchet Breast Drills, Ratchet Bench Drills, Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Bench Vises, Ratchet Screw-drivers, Plain Screw-drivers, 1½ to 30 inch blade.

Write for Free Tool Book

Shows all the ingenious "Yankee" Tools for saving time and labor.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

North Bros. Mfg. Co. Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 21)

The world was again under his feet. Restored to his rightful domain, he trod it with lightness and certainty. His mind was still a pleasant jumble of money and food and the Montague girl. An experienced alcoholic would have told him that he still enjoyed a coffee hangover. He wended a lordly way to the nearest motion-picture theater.

Billed there was the tenth installment of The Hazards of Hortense. He passed before the lively portrayal in colors of Hortense driving a motor car off an open drawbridge. The car was already halfway between the bridge and the water beneath. He sneered openly at the announcement, "Beulah Baxter, in the Sensational Surprise Picture of the Century." A surprise picture indeed, if those now entering the theater could be told what he knew about it! He considered spreading the news, but decided to retain the superiority his secret knowledge gave him.

Inside the theater, munching steadily from his box of candy, he was compelled to endure another of the unspeakable Buckeye comedies. The cross-eyed man was a lifeguard at a beach, and there were social entanglements involving a bearded father, his daughter in an inconsiderable bathing suit, a confirmed dipsomaniac, two social derelicts who had to live by their wits, and a dozen young girls, also arrayed in inconsiderable bathing suits. He could scarcely follow the chain of events, so illogical were they, and indeed made little effort to do so. He felt far above the audience that cackled at these dreadful buffooneries. One subtitle read, "I hate to kill him—murder is so hard to explain."

This sort of thing, he felt more than ever, degraded an art where earnest people were suffering and sacrificing in order to give the public something better and finer. Had he not himself, that very day, completed a perilous ordeal of suffering and sacrifice? And he was asked to laugh at a cross-eyed man posing before a camera that fell to pieces when the lens was exposed, shattered presumably by the impact of the afflicted creature's image! This surely was not art such as Clifford Armytage was rapidly fitting himself, by trial and hardship, to confer upon the public!

It was with curiously conflicting emotions that he watched the ensuing Hazards of Hortense. He had to remind himself that the slim little girl with the wistful eyes was not only not performing certain feats of daring that the film exposed but that she was Mrs. Sigmund Rosenblatt, and crazy about her husband. Yet the magic had not wholly departed from this wronged heroine. He thought perhaps this might be because he now knew and actually liked that talkative Montague girl who would be doing the choice bits of this drama. Certainly he was loyal to the hand that fed him.

Black Steve and his base crew, hirelings of the scoundrelly guardian, who was "a Power in Wall Street," again and again seemed to have encompassed the ruin, body and soul, of the persecuted Hortense. They had her prisoner in a foul den of Chinatown, whence she escaped to balance precariously upon the narrow cornice of a skyscraper hundreds of feet above a crowded thoroughfare. They had her as the screen said, "Depressed by the Grim Menace of Tragedy That Impended in the Shadows." They gave her a brief respite in one of those gilded resorts "Where the Clink of Coin Opens Wide the Portals of Pleasure; Where Wealth Beckons With Golden Fingers," but this was only a trap for the unsuspecting girl, who was presently sewed in a plain sack, tossed from the stern of an ocean liner far out at sea by creatures who would do anything for money—"Who," so it was said, "Were Remorseless in the Mad Pursuit of Gain."

At certain gripping moments it became apparent to one of the audience that Mrs. Sigmund Rosenblatt herself was no longer in jeopardy. He knew the girl who was, and profoundly admired her artistry as she fled along the narrow cornice of the skyscraper. For all purposes she was Beulah Baxter. He recalled her figure as being—not exactly stubby, but at least not of marked slenderness. Yet in the distance she was all that an audience could demand. And she was honest, while Mrs. Rosenblatt, in the Majestic Theater at Peoria, Illinois, had trifled airily with his faith in women and deceived him by word of mouth.

He applauded loudly at the sensational finish, when Hortense, driving her motor car at high speed across the great bridge, ran into the draw that opened too late for her to slow down, and plunged to the cruel waters.

Mrs. Rosenblatt would possibly have been a fool to do this herself. The Montague girl had been insistent on that point; there were enough things she couldn't avoid doing, and all stars very sensibly had doubles for such scenes when distance or action permitted. At the same time he could never again feel the same toward her. Indeed, he would never have felt the same even had there been no Rosenblatt. Art was art!

It was only five o'clock when he left the picture theater, but he ate again at the luxurious cafeteria. He ate a large steak, drank an immense quantity of milk and bought another box of candy on his way to the Patterson home. Lights were on there, and he went in to face the woman he had so long kept out of her money. She would probably greet him coldly and tell him she was surprised at his actions.

Yet it seemed that he had been deceived in this society woman. She was human, after all. She shook hands with him warmly and said they were glad to see him back, and he must have been out on location; she was glad they were not to lose him, because he was so quiet and regular; not like some motion-picture actors she had known.

He told her he had just put in a hard week on the Holden lot, where things were beginning to pick up. He was glad she had missed him, and he certainly had missed his comfortable room, because the accommodations on the lot were not of the best. In fact they were pretty unsatisfactory, if you came right down to it; he hoped they wouldn't keep him there again. And—oh, yes, he was almost forgetting! Here was ten dollars—he believed there was two weeks' rent now due. He passed over the money with rather a Clifford Armytage flourish.

Mrs. Patterson accepted the bill almost protestingly. She hadn't once thought about the rent, because she knew he was reliable, and he was to remember that any time that was convenient to him would always suit her in these matters. She did accept the bill—still, she was not the heartless creature he had supposed her to be.

As he bade her good night at the door she regarded him closely and said: "Somehow you look a whole lot older, Mr. Armytage."

"I am," replied Mr. Armytage.

Miss Montague, after parting with her protégé, had walked quickly, not without little recurrent dance steps—as if some excess of joy would ever and again overwhelm her—to the long office building on the Holden lot, where she entered a door marked "Buckeye Comedies, Jeff Baird, Manager." The outer office was vacant, but through the open door to another room she observed Baird at his desk, his head bent low over certain sheets of yellow paper. He was a bulky, rather phlegmatic-looking man, with a parrotlike crest of gray hair. He did not look up as the girl entered. She stood a moment to control her excitement, then spoke.

"Jeff, I found a million dollars for you this morning."

"Thanks!" said Mr. Baird, still not looking up. "Chuck it down in the coal cellar, will you? We're littered with the stuff up here."

"On the level, Jeff."

Baird looked up.

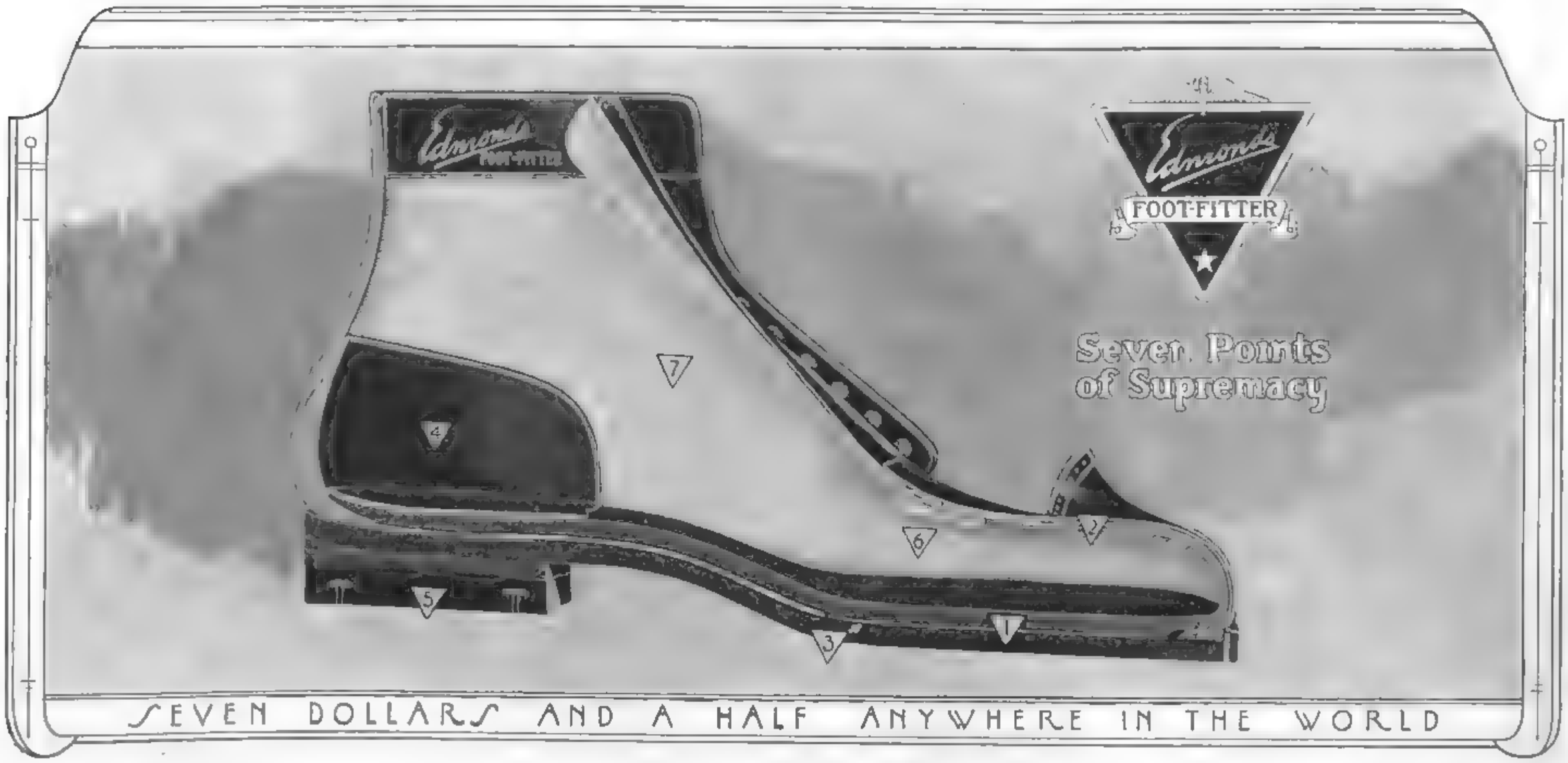
"On the level?"

"You'll say so."

"Shoot!"

"Well, he's a small-town squirrel that saved up seventy-two dollars to come here from Goosewallow, Michigan, to go into pictures—took a correspondence course in screen acting and all that, and he went broke and slept in a property room down in the village all last week; no eats at all for three-four days. I noticed him around the lot on different sets; something about him that makes you look twice. I don't know what it is—kind of innocent and bug-eyed the way he'd rubber at things, but all the time like as if he thought he was someone. Well, I keep running across him and pretty soon I notice he's up against it. He still thinks he's someone, and is very up-stage

(Continued on Page 113)



Can you buy a better shoe at any Price?

IN Edmonds Foot-Fitter Shoes your dollars buy the finest quality calfskin and sole leather obtainable, expert workmanship and the best efforts of the manufacturer to make the finest shoe in the world regardless of price. Compare any shoe you have ever worn with the seven points of supremacy which are found in Edmonds Foot-Fitters. See if you have received the same dollar for dollar quality.

1 The heavy outsoles are cut from grain oak leather—the best that can be bought. Even the insoles are cut from standard outsole leather which is 40 per cent heavier than generally found in other makes of shoes.

2 The full length vamp with a leather box toe is an exclusive feature. It prevents the tips of the shoes from ripping, strengthens the box and makes a smooth, unbroken inner surface. No other brand of shoes combines a full length vamp with a leather box toe.

3 The shoulder-channel insoles fit tightly against the outsoles. There is no room nor need for a cork bottom filler. This is very important. Shoes which have a cork bottom filler quickly lose their shape, wrinkle over the vamp and form hard lumps on the inside of the shoes as the cork is squeezed out of place by the wearer's weight.

4 The calfskin inside counter pocket is a desirable and practical feature. This piece of calfskin saves many pairs of socks, which with the ordinary shoe, wear out at the heel due to constant rubbing on duck lining. It prevents blistering at the heel and makes the shoes easier to slip on.

5 The rubber heels are ¼ of an inch longer than generally used. This additional heel length gives stronger arch support, a more secure and comfortable footing and longer wear.

6 The vamps are reinforced with 8-ounce duck. This heavy duck lining prevents cracking at the vamp, saves the stitchings by absorbing all moisture from the feet and enables the shoes to hold their shape permanently.

7 Edmonds Foot-Fitter Shoes are called Foot-Fitters because *they support the foot like a doctor's bandage.* They are built on combination lasts and patterns, higher and narrower at the arch, and when laced hold the foot securely in a comfortable and natural position.

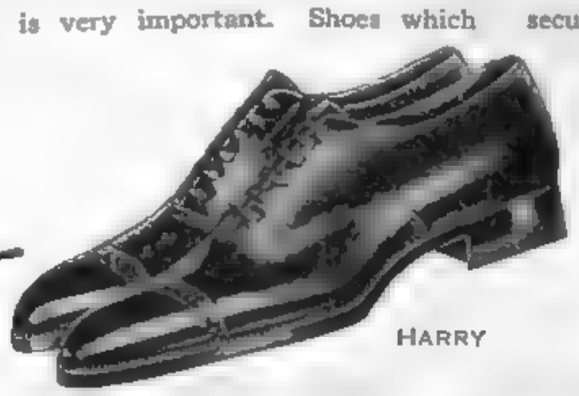
Apply the Buzz-Saw Test—Know the Truth About Shoes

Edmonds Foot-Fitter Shoes are the only men's shoes made having 100 per cent production of these seven desirable shoe features. This is an unqualified statement. If any other shoe manufacturer claims a similarly constructed shoe make him prove it by the buzz-saw test—by cutting a shoe in two so that you can see what is beneath the highly polished surface.

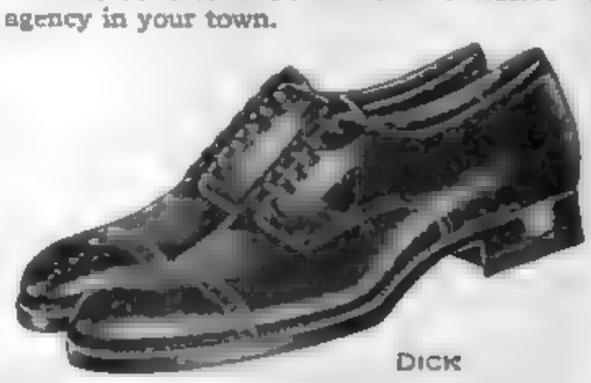
You can see a cross-section of an Edmonds Foot-Fitter at the exclusive "Foot-Fitter" agency in your town. Go there and examine this shoe before you spend another cent on an unknown quality brand Satisfy yourself that these claims are true. After you have worn your first pair of Edmonds Foot-Fitter Shoes you will never consider another make. Write for the name of the Foot-Fitter dealer nearest to you.

EDMONDS SHOE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Note to Dealers: Write for exclusive "Foot-Fitter" agency in your town.


HARRY

TOM


DICK

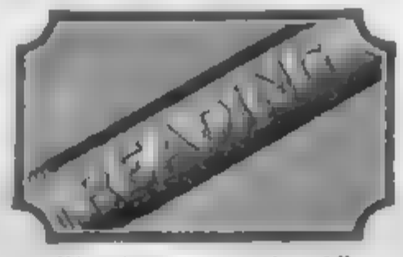
Edmonds "FOOT-FITTER" shoes

THE ULTIMATE COST

THE home of your dreams—a cozy, comfortable home—the home that becomes an actual realization to every man and woman at least once during a lifetime. You plan. You talk it over with your friends. You economize here and there. You figure on everything that goes towards perfection and permanence.

But how often a vital factor in building life is overlooked—the piping system—left entirely to the discretion of the plumbing and heating contractors. Thousands of dollars depend on the life of the pipe. The best pipe—Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—is none too good for your needs.

Experience has proved to trained buyers of building materials that Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is ultimately far more economical than ordinary pipe.



"'Reading' on every length"

For actual piping cost must be figured on a per-year basis—not on its initial cost. The pipe that lasts the longest is the cheapest.

Reading Pipe resists corrosion. And because it does, it gives three times the life of ordinary pipe. It saves the staggering expense of pipe replacement, which means tearing out walls and floors, digging up lawns, replacing the old rusted pipe with new, then replastering, reflooring and redecorating.

Whether you intend building a small home or a towering skyscraper, you should make certain that Reading is to be used in both the heating and plumbing systems. Discuss the matter with your architect. He will confirm your choice of Reading.

Write for the booklet, "The Ultimate Cost."

SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET—It contains instructive information on pipe costs and the best installation methods.

READING IRON COMPANY

READING, PENNSYLVANIA

World's largest manufacturer of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe—100% Pure

READING WROUGHT IRON PIPE

(Continued from Page 110)

if you start to kid him the least bit. But the signs are there all right. He's up against it good and hard.

"Last week he got to looking worse and worse. But he still had his stage presence. Say, yesterday he looked like the juvenile lead of a busted road show that has walked in from Albany and is just standing around on Broadway wondering who he'll consent to sign up with for forty weeks—see what I mean?—hungry but proud. He was over on the Baxter set last night while I was doing the water stuff, and you'd ought to see him up-stage me when I suggested a sandwich and a cupa coffee. It was grand.

"Well, this morning I'm back for a bar pin of Baxter's I'd lost; and there he is again, no overcoat, shivering his teeth loose, and all in. So I fell for him. Took him up for some coffee and eggs, staked him to his room rent and sent him off to get cleaned and barbered. But before he went he cut loose and told me his history from the cradle to Hollywood.

"I'd 'a' given something good if you'd been at the next table. I guess he got kind of jagged on the food, see? He'd tell me anything that run in his mind, and most of it was good. You'll say so. I'll get him to do it for you sometime. Of all the funny nuts that make this lot! Well, take my word for it; that's all I ask. And listen here, Jeff—I'm down to cases. There's something about this kid, like when I tell you I'd always look at him twice. And it's something rich that I won't let out for a minute or two. But here's what you and me do right quick:

"The kid was in that cabaret and gambling house stuff they shot last week for The Blight of Broadway, and this something that makes you look at him must of struck Henshaw the way it did me, for he let him stay at the edge of the dance floor and took close-ups of him looking tired to death of the gay night life. Well, call up the Victor folks and ask can you get a look at that stuff because you're thinking of giving a part to one of the extras that worked in it. Maybe we can get into the projection room right away and you'll see what I mean. Then I won't have to tell you the richest thing about it. Now"—she took a long breath—"will you?"

Baird had listened with mild interest to the recital, occasionally seeming not to listen while he marked the script before him. But he took the telephone receiver from its hook, saying briefly to the girl: "You win—hello! Give me the Victor office. Hello! Mr. Baird speaking ——"

The two were presently in the dark projection room watching the scenes the girl had told of.

"They haven't started cutting yet," she said delightedly. "All his close-ups will be in. Goody! There's the lad—get him? Ain't he the actin'est thing you ever saw? Now wait—you'll see others!"

Baird watched the film absorbedly. Three times it was run for the sole purpose of exposing to this small audience Merton Gill's notion of being consumed with ennui among pleasures that had palled. In the gambling-hell bit it could be observed that he thought not too well of cigarettes.

"He screens well, too, don't he?" remarked the girl. "Of course I couldn't be sure of that."

"He screens all right," agreed Baird.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think he looks like the first plume on a hearse."

"He looks all of that, but try again. Who does he remind you of? Catch this next one in the gambling hell; get the profile and the eyebrows and the chin—there!"

"Why"—Baird chuckled—"I'm a Swede if he don't look like ——"

"You got it!" the girl broke in excitedly. "I knew you would! I didn't at first, this morning, because he was so hungry and needed a shave, and he darned near had me bawling when he couldn't hold his cupa coffee except with two hands. But what d'you think—pretty soon he tells me himself that he looks a great deal like Harold Parmalee and wouldn't mind playing parts like Parmalee, though he prefers Western stuff. Wouldn't that get you?"

The film was run again so that Baird could study the Gill face in the light of this new knowledge.

"He does, he does! He certainly does! If he don't look like a Number Nine company of Parmalee I'll eat that film! Say, Flips, you did find something!"

"Oh, I knew it! Didn't I tell you so?"

"But listen—does he know he's funny?"

"Not in a thousand years! He doesn't know anything's funny, near as I can make him."

They were out in the light again, walking slowly back to the Buckeye offices.

"Get this," said Baird seriously: "You may think I'm kidding, but only yesterday I was trying to think if I couldn't dig up some squirrel that looked more like Parmalee than Parmalee himself does—just enough more to get the laugh, see? And you spring this lad on me. All he needs is the eyebrows worked up a little bit. But how about him—will he handle? Because if he will I'll use him in this five-reeler we're starting."

"Will he handle?" Miss Montague echoed the words with deep emphasis. "Leave that bird to me! He's got to handle! I already got twenty-five bucks invested in his screen career. And, Jeff, he'll be easy to work, except he don't know he's funny. If he found out he was it might queer him—see what I mean? He's one of that kind—you can tell it. How will you use him? He could never do Buckeye stuff."

"Sure not! But ain't I told you? In this new piece Jack is stage-struck and gets a job as valet to a ham that's just about Parmalee's type, and we show Parmalee acting on the screen, but all straight stuff. You understand? Unless he's a wise guy he'll go all through the piece and never get on that it's funny. See, his part's dead straight in a regular drama, and the less he thinks he's funny the bigger scream he'll be. He's got to be Harold Parmalee acting right out, all over the set, as serious as the lumbago—get what I mean?"

"I get you," said the girl, "and you'll get him to-morrow morning. I told him to be over with his stills. And he'll be serious all the time, make no mistake there. He's no wise guy. But one thing, Jeff, he's as innocent as a cup custard, so you'll have to keep that bunch of Buckeye roughnecks from riding him. I can tell you that much. Once they started kidding him it would be all off.

"And besides"—she hesitated briefly—"somehow I don't want him kidded. I'm pretty hard-boiled, but he sort of made me feel like a fifty-year-old mother watching her only boy go out into the rough world. See?"

"I'll watch out for that," said Baird.

XII

Alias Harold Parmalee

MERTON GILL awoke to the comforting realization that he was between sheets instead of blankets, and that this morning he need not obscurely leave his room by means of a window. As he dressed, however, certain misgivings, to which he had been immune the day before, gnawed into his optimism. He was sober now. The sheer intoxication of food after fasting, of friendly concern after so long a period when no one had spoken him kindly or otherwise, had evaporated. He felt the depression following a success based on stimulants.

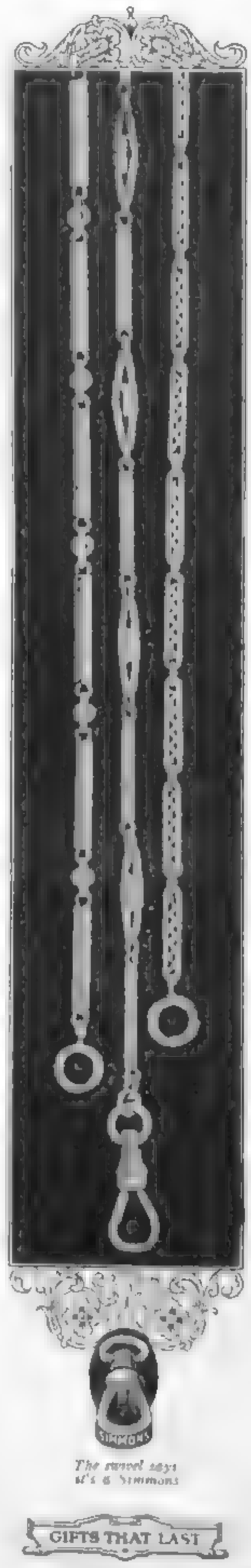
He had been rescued from death by starvation, but had anything more than this come about? Had he not fed upon the charity of a strange girl, taking her money without seeing ways to discharge the debt? How could he ever discharge it? Probably before this she had begun to think of him as a cheat. She had asked him to come to the lot, but had been vague as to the purpose. Probably his ordeal of struggle and sacrifice was not yet over. At any rate he must find a job that would let him pay back the borrowed twenty-five dollars.

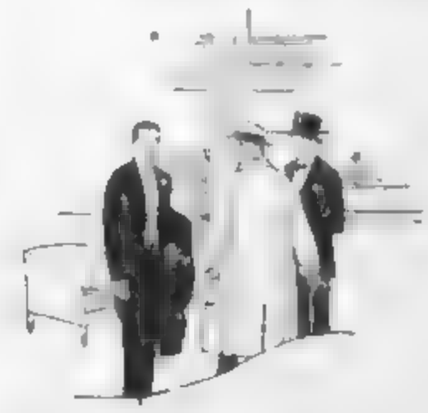
He would meet her as she had requested, assure her of his honest intentions and then seek for work. He would try all the emporiums in Hollywood. They were numerous, and some one of them would need the services of an experienced assistant. This plan of endeavor crystallized as he made his way to the Holden lot. He was taking his package of stills, but only because the girl had insisted on seeing them.

The Countess made nothing of letting him in. She had missed him, she said, for what seemed like months, and was glad to hear that he now had something definite in view, because the picture game was mighty uncertain, and it was only the lucky few nowadays that could see something definite. He did not confide to her that the definite something now within his view would demand his presence at some distance from her friendly self.

He approached the entrance to Stage Five with head bent in calculation, and not until he heard her voice did he glance up

Today's styles in CHAINS





TODAY by virtue of Simmons art in chain-making, one may own several finely wrought, beautifully designed chains at less cost than the one heavy chain our grandfathers wore for all occasions.

In the variety of Simmons styles, there is play for taste, for expression of individuality. Instead of the usual polished gold alone, Simmons Chains are exquisitely fashioned in the increasingly popular Simmons PLATINUMGOLD, in green gold, in red and in harmonious combinations of these.

This gives color tones in keeping with all the changes of man's dress. Green gold and red are favored for wear with brown tweeds or homespun. With blue or gray suitings, and with formal wear, Simmons PLATINUMGOLD satisfies the newest requirements of fashion.

In Simmons Chains, durability is assured, as well as style correctness. Simmons uses an exclusive patented process of drawing solid gold and PLATINUMGOLD over less expensive metal, a process which gives long wear at moderate cost.

Ask your jeweler to show you these Simmons Chains in the new styles. Mention the PLATINUMGOLD.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts

R. F. SIMMONS CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
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The swivel says it's a Simmons

GIFTS THAT LAST

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

Nothing Serious

Dangerous street crossing! Brakes on hard! Car slides and bumps trolley! But it's nothing serious. *Car is protected by Lyon Spring Bumpers.*

Wet, slippery streets often make collisions inevitable. That's why—no matter how carefully you drive, it pays to have your car protected *front and rear* with Lyon Spring Bumpers. They reduce risks to a minimum and bring your car, *undamaged*, through many a bump.

We guarantee Lyon Spring Bumpers to withstand the force of a blow at 15 miles an hour, *without damage to themselves or the cars they protect.*

Lyon Spring Bumpers yield to the force of a blow like a spring. Their "open looped-ends" and the resilient steel absorb the shock completely instead of passing it along to the car.

That is why you can get greatly reduced rates on collision insurance when your car is Lyon-protected. *These reductions more than pay the cost of a pair of bumpers.*

Lyon Spring Bumpers are the *original* all-spring resilient bumpers and their construction is covered by the *basic* Lyon patents. Remember this when you equip your car and be sure you get *Lyon Spring Bumpers.* They are the cheapest, surest protection you can have.

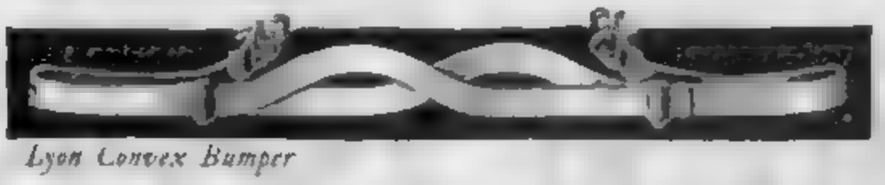
Handsome, strong and perfectly balanced. Attached to all cars by patented hook bolts, without altering or drilling frames. Your dealer should have Lyon Spring Bumpers in stock.

Over a million in use. $10 to $23.

METAL STAMPING COMPANY, Long Island City, New York

B. J. COGHLIN CO., Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Lyon Standard Bumper



Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

to observe that the Montague girl danced—from pleasure, it would seem—at merely beholding him. She seized both his hands in her strong grasp and rotated him at the center of a circle. Then she held him off while her eyes took in the details of his restoration.

"Well, well, well! That shows what a few ham and eggs and sleep will do. Kid, you gross a million this minute! New suit, new shoes, snappy cravat right from the Men's Quality Shop, and all shaved and combed slick and everything! Say—and I was afraid maybe you wouldn't show!"

He regarded her earnestly.

"Oh, I would have come back all right; I'd never forget that twenty-five dollars I owe you; and you'll get it all back, only it may take a little time. I thought I'd see you for a minute, then go out and find a job—you know, a regular job in a store."

"Nothing of the sort, old trouper!" She danced again about him, both his hands in hers, which annoyed him because it was rather loud public behavior, though he forgave her in the light of youth and kindliness. "No regular job for you, old pippin; nothing but acting all over the place—real acting that people come miles to see."

"Do you think I can get a part?"

Perhaps the creature had something definite in view for him.

"Sure you can get a part! Yesterday morning I simply walked into one for you. Come along over to the office with me. Goody—I see you brought the stills! I'll take a peek at 'em myself before Baird gets here."

"Baird? Not the Buckeye comedy man?" He was chilled by a sudden fear.

"Yes, Jeff Baird. You see, he is going to do some five-reelers, and this first one has a part that might do for you. At least, I told him some things about you, and he thinks you can get away with it."

He went moodily at her side, thinking swift thoughts. It seemed ungracious to tell her of his loathing for the Buckeye comedies, those blasphemous caricatures of worthwhile screen art. It would not be fair. And perhaps here was a quick way to discharge his debt and be free of obligation to the girl. Of course he would always feel a warm gratitude for her trusting kindness, but when he no longer owed her money he could choose his own line of work. Rather bondage to some Hollywood Gashwiler than clowning in Baird's infamies!

"Well, I'll try anything he gives me," he said at last, striving for the enthusiasm he could not feel.

"You'll go big too," said the girl. "Believe me, kid, you'll go grand!"

In Baird's office she sat at the desk and excitedly undid the package of stills.

"We'll give 'em the once-over before he comes," she said, and was presently exclaiming with delight at the art study of Clifford Armytage in evening dress, two straight fingers pressing the left temple, the face in three-quarter view.

"Well, now, if that ain't Harold Parmalee to the life! If it wasn't for that Clifford Armytage signed under it you'd had me guessing. I knew yesterday you looked like him, but I didn't dream it would be as much like him as this picture is. Say, we won't show Baird this at first. We'll let him size you up and see if your face don't remind him of Parmalee right away. Then we'll show him this and it'll be a cinch. And my, look at these others! Here you're a soldier, and here you're a—a—a polo player—that is polo, ain't it, or is it tennis? And will you look at these stunning Westerns! These are simply the best of all—on horseback, and throwing a rope, and the fighting face with the gun drawn, and rolling a cigarette—and, as I live, saying good-by to the horse! Wouldn't that get you? Buck Benson to the life!"

Again and again she shuffled over the stills, dwelling on each with vehement admiration. Her excitement was pronounced. It seemed to denote a sort of nervous infirmity. It had caused her face to flush deeply, and her manner, especially over the Western pictures, at moments oddly approached hysteria. Merton was deeply gratified. He had expected the art studies to produce no such impression as this. The Countess in the casting office had certainly manifested nothing like hysteria at beholding them. It must be that the Montague girl was a better judge of art studies.

"I always liked this one, after the Westerns," he observed, indicating the Harold Parmalee pose.

"It's stunning," agreed the girl, still with her nervous manner. "I tell you, sit over there in Jeff's chair and take the same pose so I can compare you with the photo."

Merton obliged. He leaned an elbow on the chair arm and a temple on the two straightened fingers.

"Is the light right?" he asked as he turned his face to the pictured angle.

"Fine!" applauded the girl. "Hold it!"

He held it until shocked by shrill laughter from the observer. Peal followed peal. She had seemed oddly threatened with hysteria; perhaps now it had come. She rocked on her heels and held her hands to her sides. Merton arose in some alarm, and was reassured when the victim betrayed signs of mastering her infirmity. She wiped her eyes presently and explained her outbreak.

"You looked so much like Parmalee I just couldn't help thinking how funny it was—it just seemed to go over me like anything, like a spasm or something, when I got to thinking what Parmalee would say if he saw someone looking so much like him. See? That was why I laughed."

He was sympathetic and delighted in equal parts. The girl had really seemed to suffer from her paroxysm, yet it was a splendid tribute to his screen worth.

It was at this moment that Baird entered. He tossed his hat on a chair and turned to the couple.

"Mr. Baird, shake hands with my friend Merton Gill, though his stage name is Clifford Armytage."

"Very pleased to meet you," said Merton, grasping the extended hand.

He hoped he was not too dignified, too condescending. Baird would sometime doubtless know that he did not approve of those so-called comedies, but for the present he must demean himself to pay back some borrowed money to a working girl.

"Delighted," said Baird; then he bent a suddenly troubled gaze upon the Gill lineaments. He held this a long moment, breaking it only with a quick dramatic turning to Miss Montague.

"What's this, my child? You're playing tricks on the old man." Again he incredulously scanned the face of Merton. "Who is this man?" he demanded.

"I told you, he's Merton Gill from Gushwomp, Ohio," said the girl, looking pleased and expectant.

"Simsbury, Illinois," put in Merton quickly, wishing the girl could be better at remembering names.

Baird at last seemed to be convinced. He heavily smote an open palm with a clenched fist.

"Well, I'll be swoshed! I thought you must be kidding. If I'd seen him out on the lot I'd 'a' said he was the twin brother of Harold Parmalee."

"There!" exclaimed the girl triumphantly. "Didn't I say he'd see it right quick? You can't keep a thing from this old boy. Now you just come over here to this desk and look at this fine batch of stills he had taken by a regular artist back in Cranberry."

"Ah!" exclaimed Baird unctuously. "I bet they're good! Show me!" He went to the desk. "Be seated, Mr. Gill, while I have a look at these."

Merton Gill, under the eye of Baird, which clung to him with something close to fascination, sat down. He took the chair with fine dignity, a certain masterly deliberation. He sat easily, and seemed to await a verdict confidently foreknown. Baird's eyes did not leave him for the stills until he had assumed a slightly Harold Parmalee pose. Then his head, with the girl's, bent over the pictures; he began to examine them. Exclamations of delight came from the pair. Merton Gill listened amiably. He was not greatly thrilled by an admiration which he had long believed to be his due. Had he not always supposed that things of precisely this sort would be said about those stills when they came under the eyes of the right people?

Like the Montague girl, Baird was chiefly impressed with the Westerns. He looked a long time at them, especially at the one where Merton's face was emotionally averted from his old pal, Pinto, at the moment of farewell. Regarding Baird, as he stood holding this art study up to the light, Merton became aware for the first time that Baird also suffered from some nervous affliction, a peculiar twitching of the lips, a trembling of the chin which he had sometimes observed in senile persons. All at once Baird seemed quite overcome by this infirmity. He put a handkerchief to his

(Continued on Page 117)

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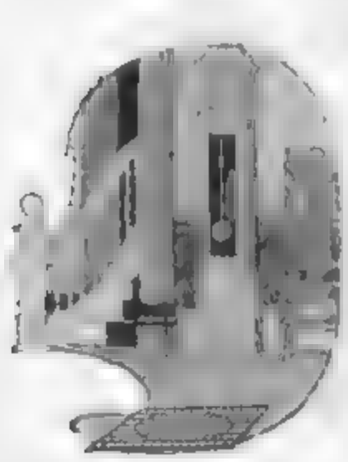

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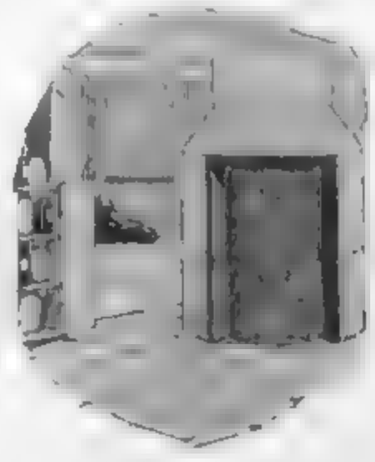

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Who's Your Tailor?

(Continued from Page 114)

face and uttered a muffled excuse as he hastily left the room. Outside, the noise of his heavy tread died swiftly away down the hall.

The Montague girl remained at the desk. There was a strange light in her eyes and her face was still flushed. She shot a glance of encouragement at Merton.

"Don't be nervous, old kid; he likes 'em all right."

He reassured her lightly.

"Oh, I'm not a bit nervous about him! It ain't as if he was doing something worth while instead of mere comedies."

The girl's color seemed to heighten.

"You be sure to tell him that; talk right up to him. Be sure to say 'mere comedies.' It'll show him you know what's what. But as a matter of fact, kid, he's trying to do something worth while right this minute—something serious. That's why he's so interested in you."

"Well, of course, that's different."

He was glad to learn this of Baird. He would take the man seriously if he tried to be serious, to do something fine and distinctive.

Baird here returned, looking grave. The Montague girl seemed more strangely intense. She beckoned the manager to her side.

"Now, here, Jeff—here was something I just naturally had to laugh at."

Baird had not wholly conquered those facial spasms, but he controlled himself to say, "Show me!"

"Now, Merton," directed the girl, "take that same pose again, like you did for me, the way you are in this picture."

As Merton adjusted himself to the Parmalee pose she handed the picture to Baird.

"Now, Jeff, I ask you—ain't that Harold to the life? Ain't it so near him that you just have to laugh your head off?"

It was even so. Baird and the girl both laughed convulsively, the former with rumbling chuckles that shook his frame.

When he had again composed himself he said, "Well, Mr. Gill, I think you and I can do a little business. I don't know what your idea about a contract is, but——"

Merton Gill quickly interrupted.

"Well, you see, I'd hardly like to sign a contract with you, not for those mere comedies you do. I'll do anything to earn a little money right now so I can pay back this young lady, but I wouldn't like to go on playing in such things, with cross-eyed people and waiters on roller skates and all that. What I really would like to do is something fine and worth while; not clowning in mere Buckeye comedies."

Mr. Baird, who had devoted the best part of an active career to the production of Buckeye comedies, and who regarded them as at least one expression of the very highest art, did not even flinch at these cool words. He had once been an actor himself. Taking the blow like a man, he beamed upon his critic.

"Exactly, my boy! You mustn't think I'll ever ask you to come down to clowning. You might work with me for years and I'd never ask you to do a thing that wasn't serious. In fact, that's why I'm hoping to engage you now. I want to do a serious picture; I want to get out of all that slapstick stuff, see? Something fine and worth while, like you say. And you're the very actor I need in this new piece."

"Well, of course, in that case ——"

This was different; he made it plain that in the case of a manager striving for higher things he was not the one to withhold a helping hand. He was beginning to feel a great sympathy for Baird in his efforts for the worth while. He thawed somewhat from the reserve that Buckeye comedies had put upon him. He chatted amiably. Under promptings from the girl he spoke freely of his career, both in Simsbury and in Hollywood. It was twelve o'clock before they seemed willing to let him go, and from time to time they would pause to gloat over the stills.

At last Baird said cheerily, "Well, my lad, I need you in my new piece. How'll it be if I put you on my pay roll, beginning to-day, at forty a week? How about it, hey?"

"Well, I'd like that first rate, only I haven't worked any to-day; you shouldn't pay me for just coming here."

The manager waved a hand airily.

"That's all right, lad; you've earned a day's salary just coming here to cheer me up. These mere comedies get me so down in the dumps sometimes. And besides, you're not through yet. I'm going to use you some more. Listen now"—the manager had become businesslike—"you go up to a little theater on Hollywood Boulevard—you can't miss it—where they're running a Harold Parmalee picture. I saw it last night, and I want you to see it to-day. Better see it afternoon and evening both."

"Yes, sir," said Merton.

"And watch Parmalee. Study him in this picture. You look like him already, but see if you can pick up some of his tricks, see what I mean? Because it's a regular Parmalee part I'm going to have you do, see? Kind of a society part to start with, and then we work in some of your Western stuff at the finish. But get Parmalee as much as you can. That's all now. Oh, yes, and can you leave these stills with me? Our publicity man may want to use them later."

"All right, Mr. Baird, I'll do just what you say, and of course you can keep the stills as long as I got an engagement with you, and I'm very glad you're trying to do something really worth while."

"Thanks," said Baird, averting his face.

The girl followed him into the hall.

"Great work, boy; and take it from me, you'll go over big! Say, honest now, I'm glad clear down into my boots."

She had both his hands again, and he could see that her eyes were moist. She seemed to be an impressionable little thing, hysterical one minute while looking at a bunch of good stills and sort of weepy the next. But he was beginning to like her in spite of her funny talk and free ways.

"And say," she called after him when he had reached the top of the stairs, "you know you haven't had much experience yet with a bunch of hard-boiled troupers. Many a one will be jealous of you the minute you begin to climb, and maybe they'll get fresh and try to kid you, see? But don't you mind it—give it right back to them. Or tell me if they get too raw. Just remember, I got a mean right when I swing free."

"All right, thank you," he replied, but his bewilderment was plain.

She stared a moment, danced up to him and seized a hand in both of hers.

"What I mean, son, if you feel bothered any time—by anything—just come to me with it, see? I'm in this piece and I'll look out for you. Don't forget that."

She dropped his hand, and was back in the office while he mumbled his thanks for what he knew she had meant as a kindness.

So she was to be in the Baird piece!

She, too, would be trying to give the public something better and finer. Still, he was puzzled at her believing he might need to be looked out for. An actor drawing forty dollars a week could surely look out for himself.

He emerged into the open of the Holden lot as one who had at last achieved success after long and grueling privation. He walked briefly among the scenes of this privation, pausing in reminiscent mood before the Crystal Palace Hotel and other outstanding spots where he had so stoically suffered the torments of hunger and discouragement.

He remembered to be glad now that no letter of appeal had actually gone to Gashwiler. Suppose he had built up in the old gentleman's mind false hopes that he might again employ Merton Gill. A good thing he had held out! Yesterday he was starving and penniless; to-day he was fed and on someone's pay roll for probably as much money a week as Gashwiler netted from his entire business.

From sheer force of association, as he thus meditated, he found himself hungry, and a few moments later he was selecting from the food counter of the cafeteria whatever chanced to appeal to the eye—no weighing of prices now.

Before he had finished his meal Henshaw and his so-called governor brought their trays to the adjoining table. Merton studied with new interest the director who would some day be telling people that he had been the first to observe the aptitude of this new star—had in fact given him a lot of footage and closeups and medium shots and dramatics in The Blight of Broadway when he was a mere extra—before he had made himself known to the public in Jeff Baird's first worth-while piece.

He was strongly moved now to bring himself to Henshaw's notice, when he heard the latter say, "It's a regular Harold Parmalee part, good light comedy, plenty of heart interest, and that corking fight on the cliff."

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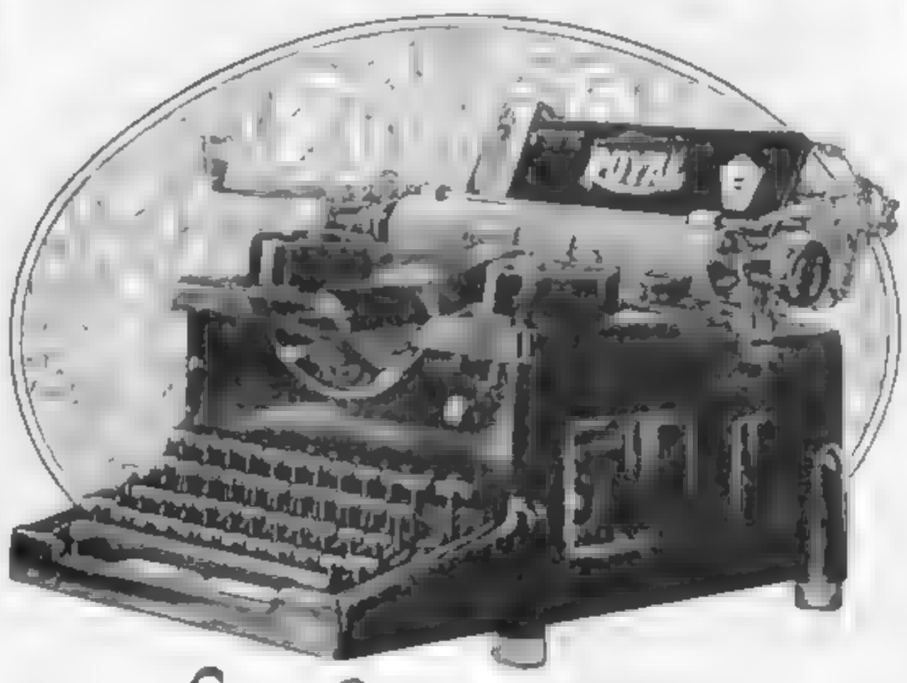

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He wanted to tell Henshaw that he himself was already engaged to do a Harold Parmalee part, and had been told, not two hours ago, that he would by most people be taken for Parmalee's twin brother. He restrained this impulse, however, as Henshaw went on to talk of the piece in hand.

It proved to be Robinson Crusoe, which he had already discussed—or rather not Robinson Crusoe any longer. Not even Robinson Crusoe, Junior. It was to have been called Island Passion, he learned, but this title had been amended to Island Love.

"They're getting fed up on that word 'passion,'" Henshaw was saying, "and anyhow, 'love' seems to go better with 'island,' don't you think, Governor? 'Desert Passion' was all right—there's something strong and intense about a desert. But 'island' is different."

And it appeared that Island Love, though having begun as Robinson Crusoe, would contain few of the outstanding features of that tale. Instead of Crusoe's wrecked sailing ship there was a wrecked steam yacht, a very expensive yacht stocked with all modern luxuries; nor would there be a native Friday and his supposed sister with the tattooed shoulder, but a wealthy young New Yorker and his valet, who would be good for comedy on a desert island, and a beautiful girl, and a scoundrel who would in the last reel be thrown over the cliff.

Henshaw was vivacious about the effects he would get.

"I've been wondering, Governor," he continued, "if we're going to kill off the heavy, whether we shouldn't plant it early that besides wanting this girl who's on the island he's the same scoundrel that wronged the young sister of the lead that owns the yacht. See what I mean? It would give more conflict."

"But here"—the governor frowned and spoke after a moment's pause—"your young New Yorker is rich, isn't he? Fine old family and all that. How could he have a sister that would get wronged? You couldn't do it. If he's got a wronged sister he'd have to be a workingman or a sailor or something. And she couldn't be a New York society girl; she'd have to be working some place, in a store or office—don't you see? How could you have a swell young New Yorker with a wronged sister? Real society girls never get wronged unless their father loses his money, and then it's never anything serious enough to kill a heavy for. No, that's out."

"Wait! I have it!" Henshaw beamed with a new inspiration. "You just said a sailor could have his sister wronged, so why not have one on the yacht? A good strong type, you know, and his little sister was wronged by the heavy, and he'd never known who it was, because the little girl wouldn't tell him, even on her deathbed; but he found the chap's photograph in her trunk, and on the yacht he sees it was this same heavy—and there you are. Revenge—see what I mean? He fights with the heavy on the cliff, after showing him the little sister's picture, and pushes him over to death on the rocks below—get it? And the lead doesn't have to kill him. How about that?"

Henshaw regarded his companion with pleasant anticipation. The governor again debated before he spoke. He still doubted.

"Say, whose show is this, the lead's or the sailor's that's had the wronged sister? You'd have to show the sailor and his sister and show her being wronged by the heavy—that'd take a big cabaret set at least—and you'd have to let the sailor begin his stuff on the yacht, and then by the time he'd kept it up a bit after the wreck and pulled off the fight, where would your lead be? Can you see Parmalee playing second to this sailor? Why, the sailor'd run away with the piece. And that cabaret set would cost money when we don't need it—just keep those things in mind a little."

"Well," Henshaw submitted gracefully, "anyway, I think my suggestion of Island Love is better than Island Passion—kind of sounds more attractive, don't you think?"

The governor lighted a cigarette.

"Say, Howard, it's a wonderful business, isn't it? We start with poor old Robinson Crusoe and his goats and parrot and man Friday, and after dropping Friday's sister, who would really be the Countess of Kleig, we wind up with a steam yacht and a comic butler, and call it Island Love. Who said the art of the motion picture is in its infancy? In this case it'll be plumb senile. Well, go ahead with the boys and dope out your hogwash. Gosh! Sometimes I think I wouldn't stay in the business if it wasn't for the money. And remember, don't you let a single solitary sailor on that yacht have a wronged sister that can blame it on the heavy or you'll never have Parmalee playing the lead."

Again Merton Gill debated bringing himself to the notice of these gentlemen. If Parmalee wouldn't play the part, for any reason like a sailor's wronged sister, he would. It would help him to be known in Parmalee parts. Still, he couldn't tell how soon they might need him, or how soon Baird would release him. He regretfully saw the two men leave. He might have missed a chance even better than Baird would give him.

He suddenly remembered that he had still a professional duty to perform. He must that afternoon, and also that evening, watch a Harold Parmalee picture. He left the cafeteria, swaggered by the watchman at the gate—he had now the professional standing to silence that fellow—and made his way to the theater Baird had mentioned.

In front he studied the billing of the Parmalee picture. It was Object Matrimony—a Smashing Comedy of Love and Laughter. Harold Parmalee, with a gesture of mock dismay, seemed to be repulsing a bevy of beautiful maidens who wooed him. Merton took his seat with a dismay that was not mock, for it occurred to him that he had but slight experience in love scenes and that an actor playing Parmalee parts would need a great deal. In Simsbury there had been little opportunity for an intending actor to learn certain niceties expected of him at sentimental moments. Even his private life had been almost barren of adventure that might now profit him.

He had sometimes played kissing games at parties, and there had been the more serious affair with Edwina May Pulver—nights when he had escorted her from church or sociables to the Pulver gate and lingered in a sort of nervously worded ecstasy until he could summon courage to kiss the girl. Twice this had actually happened, but the affair had come to nothing, because the Pulvers had moved away from Simsbury and he had practically forgotten Edwina May; forgotten even the scared haste of those embraces. He seemed to remember that he had grabbed her and kissed her, but was it on her cheek or nose?

Anyway, he was now quite certain that the mechanics of this dead amour were not those approved of in the best screen circles. Never had he gathered a beauteous girl in his arms and very slowly, very accurately, very tenderly, done what Parmalee and other screen actors did in their final fade-outs. Even when Beulah Baxter had been his screen ideal he had never seen himself as doing more than saving her from some dreadful fate. Of course, later, if he had found out that she was unwed ——

He resolved now to devote special study to Parmalee's methods of wooing the fair creature who would be found in his arms at the close of the present film. Probably Baird would want some of that stuff from him.

From the very beginning of Object Matrimony it was apparent that the drama would afford him a splendid opportunity for studying the Parmalee technic in what an early subtitle called The Eternal Battle of the Sexes. For Parmalee in the play was Hubert Throckmorton, popular screen idol, and surfeited with the attentions of adoring women. Cunningly the dramatist made use of Parmalee's own personality, of his screen triumphs, of the adulation lavished upon him by discriminating fair ones. His breakfast tray was shown piled with missives amply attesting the truth of what the interviewer had said of his charm. All women seemed to adore Hubert Throckmorton in the drama, even as all women adored Harold Parmalee in private life.

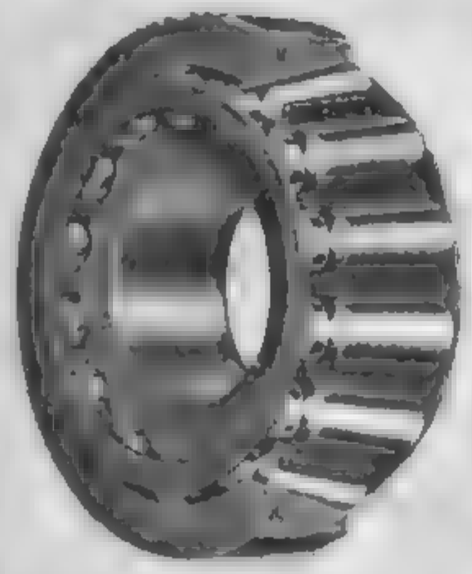
The screen revealed Throckmorton quite savagely ripping open letters, glancing at their contents and flinging them from him with humorous shudders. He seemed to be asking why these foolish creatures couldn't let an artist alone. Yet he was kindly in this half-humorous, half-savage mood. There was a blending of chagrin and amused tolerance on his face as the screen had him murmur, casting the letters aside, "Poor, silly little girls!"

From this early scene Merton learned Parmalee's method of withdrawing the gold cigarette case, of fastidiously selecting a cigarette, of closing the case and of absently—thinking of other matters—tamping

(Continued on Page 121)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST January 10, 1920

Timken Bearings —Where and Why



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The manufacturers' deliberate installation of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, the dealers' experience of them, the owners' unsolicited satisfaction, show an universal pride in Timken Bearings because they

—Carry all loads

—at all speeds

—in simple mountings

—with rare alignment

And ultimately are restored, by simple adjustment, after many thousands of miles (when any type of bearing must be worn to function as when new

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TIMKEN
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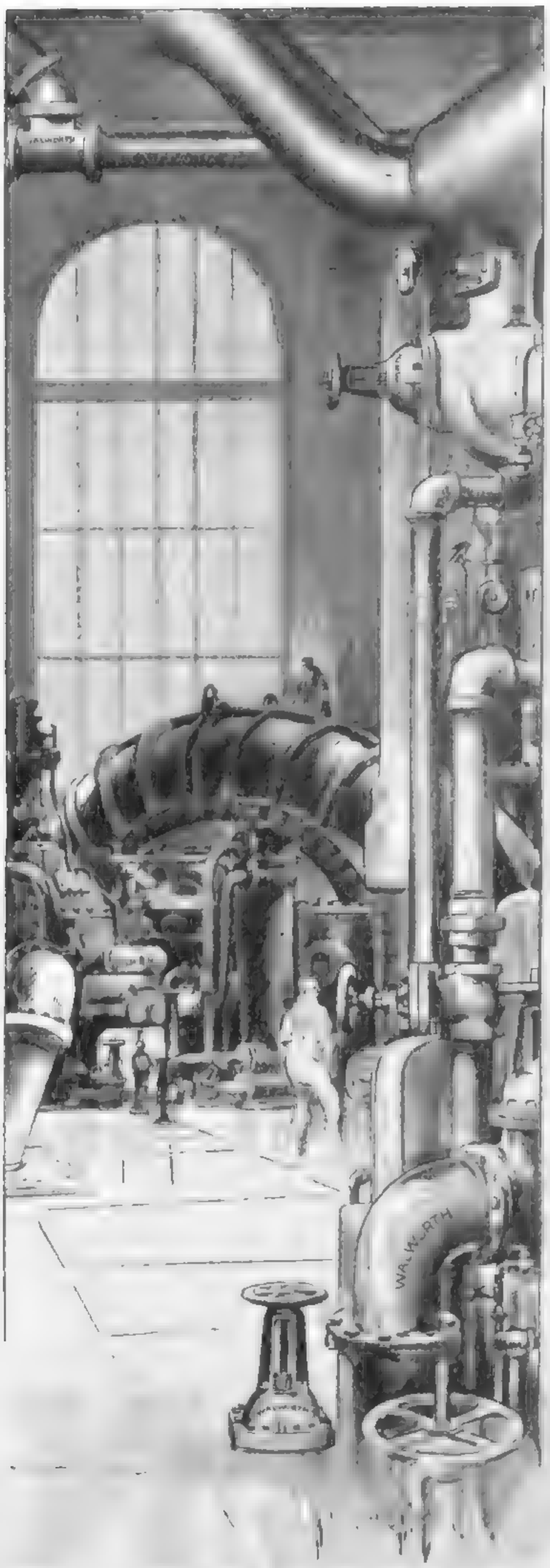

50,000 TONS A YEAR

of valves, fittings, tools for the transmission and control of steam, water, gas, air, oil, etc.

23,000 different items

Walworth is a national institution devoted to the manufacture of materials for economical and safe conveying of steam, water, oil, gas or air. Walworth produces 50,000 tons a year of valves, fittings and tools. Its name and the quality of its products are as well known in Buenos Aires and Shanghai, as in New York.

Valves and fittings usually represent less than 30% of the total cost of an installation, but they represent almost 100% of the efficiency.

It is Walworth's business to furnish valves and fittings, of all types for every requirement, that will produce such efficiency.

In our 80 years' experience, we have time and time again seen American industry in the dangerous state of unreadiness in which it is today. Business stands on the verge of revival. But everywhere plants are run down. For months the standing instructions to purchasing agents have been "Buy nothing." Upkeep has been neglected, extensions and new equipment postponed.

We have seen in other similar periods a sudden rush of activity which has caught hundreds of plants unprepared. The orders will go to those whose plants are in fighting trim. Some will take orders, and before they are executed have to shut down to make repairs and renewals that should be made now. Some will find their production costs creeping up beyond the old standards because of hidden losses that have developed during the period of curtailment.

How long is it since you or your consulting engineer inspected your installation? It may be operating daily, and yet be full of hidden wastes. In many plants we find superintendents loyally struggling along with anxious eyes on weak spots, patching up breakdowns, keeping losses of fuel or power as low as they can and saying nothing because of the attitude of the management. Ask these men. They will tell you to get rid of valves and fittings that are:

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b—improperly installed,
c—not suited to their purpose.

There are 23,000 items in the Walworth line, each suited to a special purpose.

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WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO.
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WALWORTH

Valves, Fittings, Tools for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

(Continued from Page 118)

the gold-tipped thing against the cover. This was an item he had overlooked. He should have done that in the cabaret scene. He also mastered the Parmalee trick of withdrawing the handkerchief from the cuff of the perfectly fitting morning coat. That was something else he should have done in The Blight of Broadway. Little things like that, done right, gave the actor his distinction.

The drama progressed. Millionaire Jasper Gordon, "a power in Wall Street," was seen telephoning to Throckmorton. He was entreating the young actor to spend the week-end at his palatial Long Island country home to meet a few of his friends. The grim old Wall Street magnate was perturbed by Throckmorton's refusal, and renewed his appeal. He was one of those who always had their way in Wall Street, and he at length prevailed upon Throckmorton to accept his invitation. He here manifested the wildest delight, and was excitedly kissed by his beautiful daughter, who had been standing by his side in the sumptuous library while he telephoned. It could be seen that the daughter, even more than her grim old father, wished Mr. Throckmorton to be at the Long Island country home.

Later Throckmorton was seen driving his high-powered roadster, accompanied only by his valet, to the Gordon country home on Long Island, a splendid mansion surrounded by its landscaped grounds, where fountains played and roses bloomed against the feathery background of graceful eucalyptus trees. Marton Gill saw that he must learn to drive a high-powered roadster. Probably Baird would want some of that stuff too.

A round of country-house gayeties ensued, permitting Throckmorton to appear in a series of perfectly fitting sports costumes. He was seen on his favorite hunter, on the tennis courts, on the first tee of the golf course, on a polo pony and in the mazes of the dance. Very early it was learned that the Gordon daughter had tired of mere social triumphs and wished to take up screen acting in a serious way. She audaciously requested Throckmorton to give her a chance as his leading lady in his next great picture.

He softened his refusal by explaining that acting was a difficult profession, and that suffering and sacrifice were necessary to round out the artist. The beautiful girl replied that within ten days he would be compelled to admit her rare ability as an actress, and laughingly they wagered a kiss upon it.

Merton felt that this was the sort of thing he must know more about.

Throckmorton was courteously gallant in the scene. Even when he said, "Shall we put up the stakes now, Miss Gordon?" it could be seen that he was jesting. He carried this light manner through minor scenes with the beautiful young girl friends of Miss Gordon who wooed him, lay in wait for him, ogled and sighed. Always he was the laughingly tolerant conqueror who had but a lazy scorn for his triumphs.

He did not strike the graver note until it became suspected that there were crooks in the house bent upon stealing the famous Gordon jewels. That it was Throckmorton who averted this catastrophe by sheer nerve and by use of his rare histrionic powers—as when he disguised himself in the coat and hat of the arch crook whom he had felled with a single blow and left bound and gagged, in order to receive the casket of jewels from the thief who opened the safe in the library; and that he laughed away the thanks of the grateful millionaire astonished no one in the audience, though it caused Merton Gill to wonder if he could fell a crook with one blow. He must practice up some blows.

Throckmorton left the palatial country home wearied by the continuous adulation. The last to speed him was the Gordon daughter, who reminded him of their wager; within ten days he would acknowledge her to be an actress fit to play as his leading woman.

Throckmorton drove rapidly to a simple farm, where he was not known and would be no longer surfeited with attentions. He dressed plainly in shirts that opened wide at the neck, and assisted in the farm labors, such as pitching hay and leading horses into the barn. It was the simple existence that he had been craving—away from it all! No one suspected him to be Hubert Throckmorton, least of all the simple country maiden, daughter of the farmer, in her neat print dress and heavy braid of golden hair that hung from beneath her sunbonnet. She knew him to be only a man among men, a simple farm laborer, and Hubert Throckmorton, wearied by the adulation of his feminine public, was instantly charmed by her coy acceptance of his attentions.

That this charm must ripen to love was to be expected. Here was a child, simple, innocent, of a wild-rose beauty in her print dress and sunbonnet, who would love him for himself alone. Beside a blossoming orange tree on that humble Long Island farm he declared his love, warning the child that he had nothing to offer her but two strong arms and a heart full of devotion.

The little girl shyly betrayed that she returned his love, but told him that he must first obtain the permission of her grandmother, without which she would never consent to wed him. She hastened into the old farmhouse to prepare grandmother for the interview.

Throckmorton presently faced the old lady, who sat huddled in an armchair, her hands crooked over a cane, a ruffled cap above her silvery hair. He manfully voiced his request for the child's hand in marriage. The old lady seemed to mumble an assent. The happy lover looked about for his fiancée, when, to his stupefaction, the old lady arose briskly from her chair, threw off cap, silvery wig, gown of black and stood revealed as the child herself, smiling roguishly up at him from beneath the sunbonnet.

With a glad cry he would have seized her, when she stayed him with lifted hand. Once more she astounded him. Swiftly she threw off sunbonnet, blond wig, print dress and stood revealed as none other than the Gordon daughter.

Hubert Throckmorton had lost his wager. Slowly, as the light of recognition dawned in his widening eyes, he gathered the beautiful girl into his arms.

"Now may I be your leading lady?" she asked.

"My leading lady, not only in my next picture but for life!" he replied.

There was a pretty little scene in which the wager was paid. Merton studied it. Twice again, that evening, he studied it. He was doubtful. It would seem queer to take a girl around the waist that way and kiss her so slowly. Maybe he could learn. And he knew he could already do that widening of the eyes. He could probably do it as well as Parmalee did.

Back in the Buckeye office, when the Montague girl had returned from her parting with Merton, Baird had said, "Kid, you've brightened my whole day."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"He's a lot better than you said."

"But can you use him?"

"You can't tell. You can't tell till you try him out. He might be good, and he might blow up right at the start."

"I bet he'll be good! I tell you, Jeff, that boy is just full of acting. All you got to do—keep his stuff straight. He can't help but be funny that way—straight, earnest, serious."

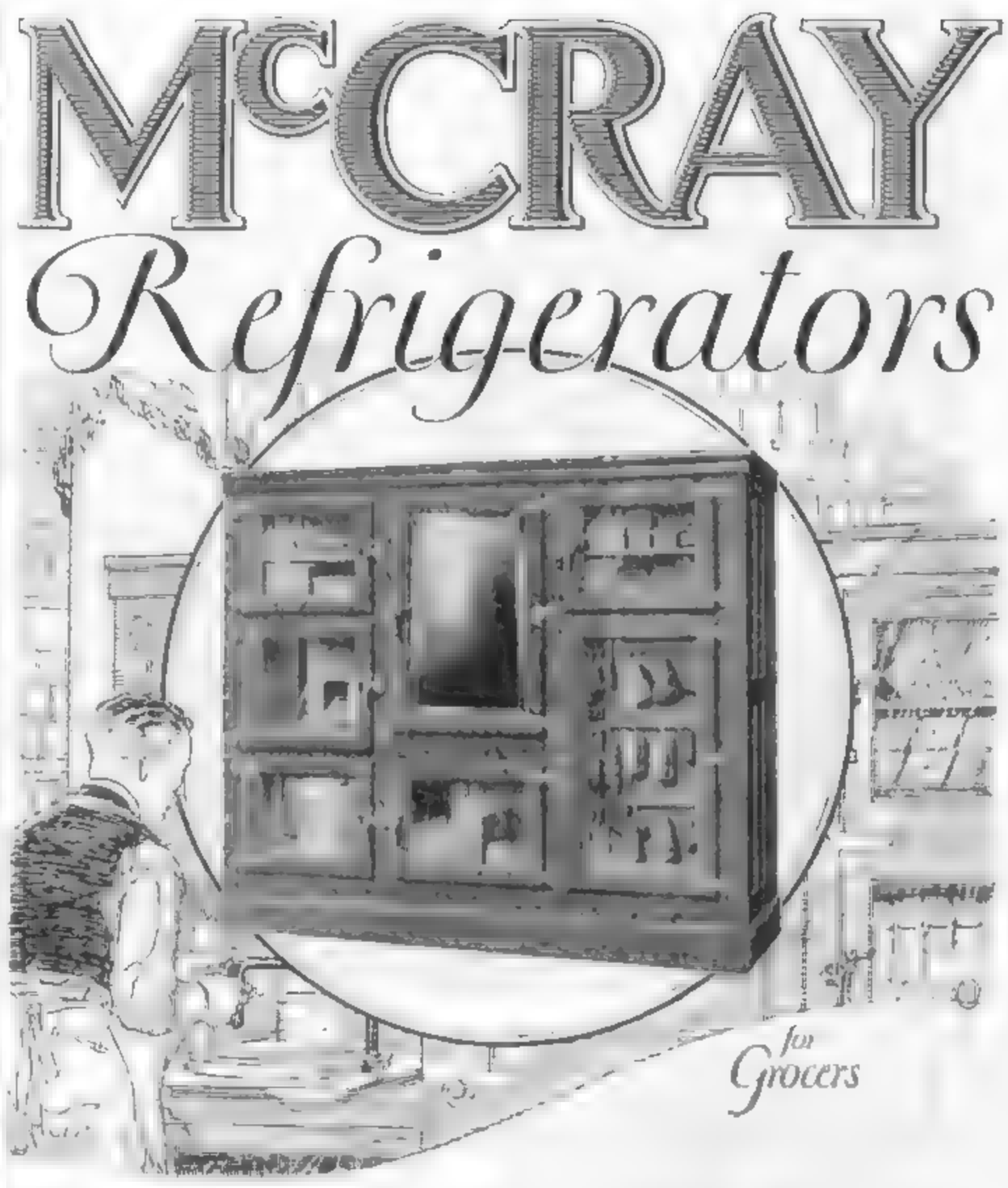
"We'll see. To-morrow we'll kind of feel him out. He'll see this Parmalee film today—I caught it last night—and there's some stuff in it I want to play horse with, see? So I'll start him in a quiet scene and find out does he handle. If he does we'll go right into some hokum drama stuff. The straighter, the earnester he plays it the better. It ought to be good, but you can't ever tell in our trade. You know that as well as I do."

The girl was confident.

"I can tell about this squirrel," she insisted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

McCRAY Refrigerators



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The same efficient refrigeration is available for all purposes. Wherever there is a need there is a McCray in size and style to meet that need—in residences, hotels and restaurants, hospitals and institutions, as well as in the grocery, market and florist's shop. And, McCray engineers will gladly submit plans, free, for specially built equipment.

Ask your grocer—his business depends largely on refrigeration, and he knows the record of the McCray for efficiency and economy. The McCray is adaptable for mechanical refrigeration, if desired. Outside icing is a feature of the residence refrigerators.

Send for Your Free Book. In it your refrigeration needs are thoroughly discussed, the complete McCray line is illustrated and described. No obligation, merely send the coupon, indicating which book you desire.

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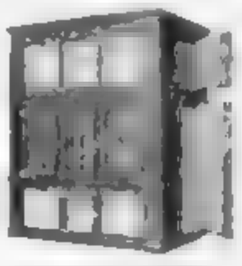

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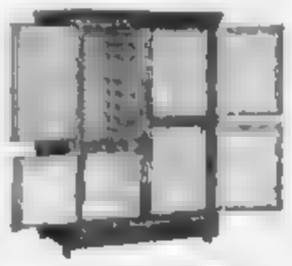
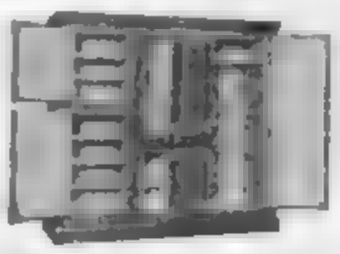


FOR RESIDENCES



FOR HOTELS, CLUBS AND HOSPITALS

for All Purposes

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO., 3212 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.

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☐ No. 72 for Grocers and Delicatessen Stores; ☐ No. 95 for Residences;

☐ No. 64 for Meat Markets; ☐ No. 75 for Florists;

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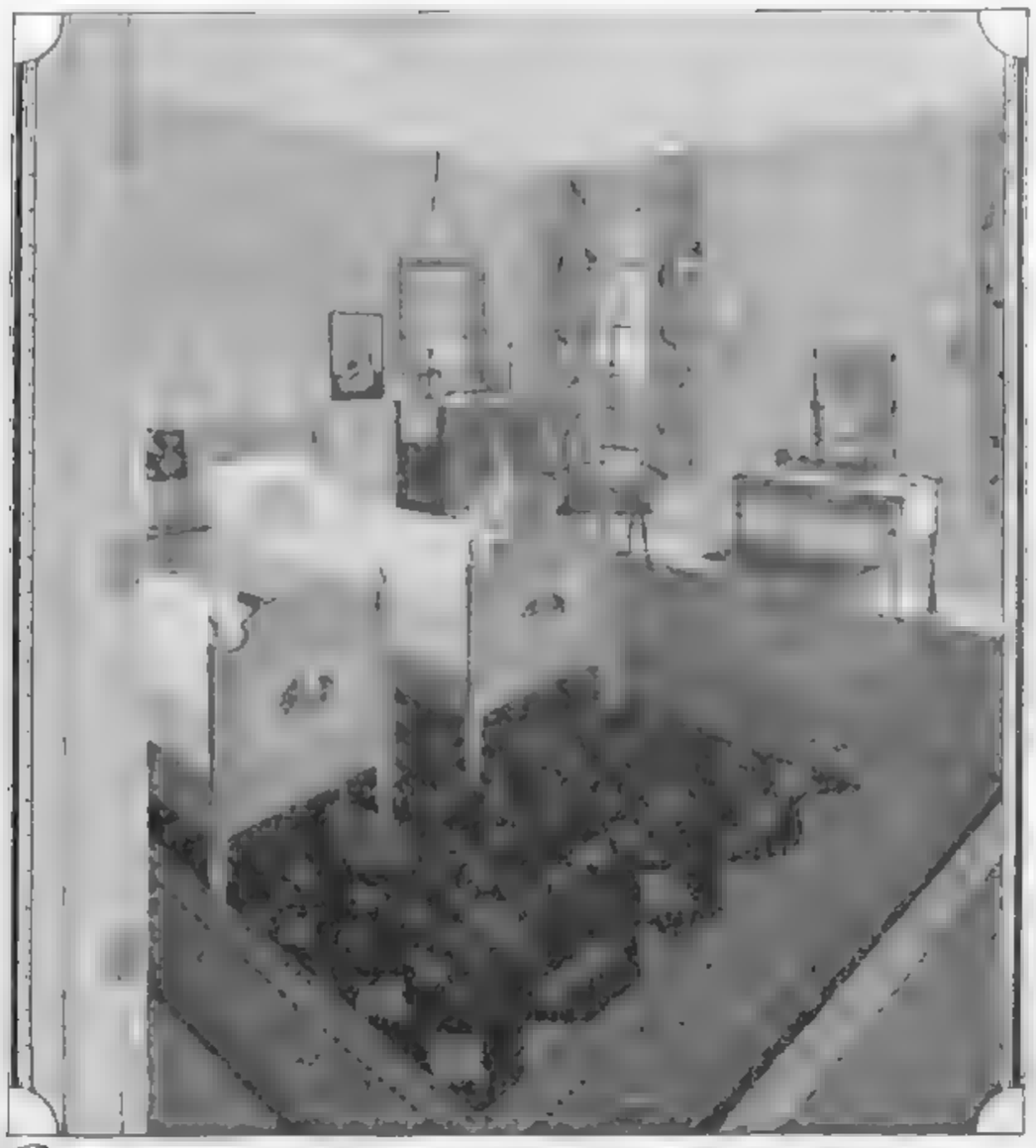

Beautiful floors that need little care!

Isn't this a quaint and charming bedroom—restful enough to invite refreshing sleep!

A prominent place in the harmonious effect is occupied by the Blabon floor of Art Linoleum.

And how easy it is to keep this sanitary floor clean and bright—a light regular going over with a damp cloth or mop is all the care it needs!

The floor in the illustration above is of Blabon Plain Gray Linoleum cemented down over builders' felt paper, which is a new and approved method of laying. This makes a permanent floor. It may be waxed and polished, if desired. A handsome fabric rug in harmonious colors is thrown over it, and removed in summer.

The dealer in Blabon Art Linoleums can send or recommend an experienced man to lay them for you, which insures the best results.

Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable to the tread. Their plain colors and artistic inlaid patterns go clear through to the burlap back, and never wear off while the floor endures. Their long life makes them remarkably economical. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice

Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as Linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

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Look for this label which appears on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums to make sure the dealer offers you genuine Blabon Linoleum.

Blabon Rugs of genuine Linoleum combine the advantages of linoleum with the beauty of the costlier fabric rugs. Sanitary Mothproof. Durable.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia

Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

FALSE COLORS

(Continued from Page 17)

the first cast because the head was engaged in committing mayhem on the grabber, but the second cast was more lucky; and Bobby suddenly felt his head and his mighty shoulders enveloped in an ill-smelling sack. He bit and writhed and fought, but he could not break free.

The man was winding the slack of the bag deftly about the plunging and snapping jaws. Trussed up and impotent, he was lugged aboard the hand car.

In another hour—still before sunrise—the car stopped at a mean wayside huddle of houses. Without removing the bag from his captive's head, the foreman propelled the ragingly resisting Bobby along for perhaps two blocks and deposited him at last in the back yard of a track-side hovel.

There, calling to his half-awake wife to fetch a rusty ox chain from the cellar—a bit of treasure-trove found along the right of way months before—the foreman passed it around the dog's neck and anchored the other end to a back-yard post. Then he ventured to remove the bag, and jumped back out of reach.

Having made secure his prize, the foreman went indoors for his usual half-day sleep. There would be time later to try to sell the savagely beautiful beast.

Now when Perry Roke set out for Midwestburg it was with a single idea, an idea which offered only about one chance in three of success. He remembered that Bobby, in his ten-month period of forest running as a puppy, had used for a den a deserted dance pavilion in Blake's Woods, on the outskirts of the city. Under this platform had the wild dog slept when not foraging the farms or thickets for food.

Roke reasoned that the collie would be likely to return to his lair, now that he had apparently gone back once more to the wild, and that was where he was going to look for him. To aid him, in the event of finding Bobby, he had brought along a club, a chain, a muzzle and a pair of thick gloves.

It had been no part of the Frayne-Roke plan to restore the lost collie to his master. They had worked out a far more profitable general scheme. It would be time enough to go into details when Bobby should be once more back in the safety of the Lochinvar Kennels, a thousand miles to eastward.

Roke sat in the smoking car, gazing idly out at the rain-rotted winter fields and the squalid villages that the train crawled past, for this was an accommodation, not an express such as Bobby so valiantly and idiotically had pursued. It stopped at all manner of God-forsaken way stations.

As the accommodation began to slacken its snailish pace for one of these, Roke sat up with galvanic suddenness, peering out of the window with more amazed interest than he would have lavished on the Grand Cañon and Niagara Falls combined.

In the unclean back yard of an unclean little track-side house a collie was chained. Roke, with a true expert's eye, marveled at first glance to see so magnificent a thoroughbred in such a place. Then on the instant he recognized Lochinvar Bobby.

With a jump, Roke was making for the car door, almost forgetting his hand bag. He tumbled out of the train as it was drawing to a halt at the station shack and started at a run toward the clump of huts that strung along the right of way. But just before he had reached the foreman's home he loitered to a careless standstill in front of a group of unwashed children who were peering over a slab fence into the yard. Without following the direction of their round-eyed gaze at the fettered collie, he addressed one of the youngsters.

"Say, kid," he began, drawing a handful of loose change from his pocket, "I've lost my big brown dog. Haven't seen anything of a new dog around here, have you?"

The eyes of all the group were focused now on that fistful of small silver. A dozen grimy fingers pointed over the fence. A dozen raucous young voices piped forth the information he sought. In due amaze, Roke peeped over the fence.

"That's the one!" he cried excitedly. "That's the one! Thanks!"

With Monte Cristo lavishness he tossed the entire handful of coins on the muddy ground for them to scramble for. Then he made for the unpainted front door of the hovel. A slatternly woman with an outthrust underjaw answered his knock. After brief parley the foreman, frowzy, red-eyed, barefoot, clad in undershirt and trousers, came forth to meet him.

"'Morning!" hailed Roke. "My big brown dog slipped his collar last night way up the line yonder. Some kids told me I'd find him here—and I did. Thanks for taking care of him for me. It's worth exactly twenty-five dollars to me to have the big feller back."

He pulled out his wallet as he talked. While the sleep-muddled foreman was still trying to find words wherein to explain his possession of the dog or to hold out for higher reward, Roke handed two tens and a five to the slatternly woman in the doorway. Roke was a reader of character, and wisely he gave the money to the actual head of the house rather than to its nominal lord.

The wisdom of his action was proved as the foreman glowered and sputtered forbiddingly, "Hold on there! I ——"

"Shut up, Mort!" adjured the woman. "It's all right. Let the gentleman have his dog. The price is right, and even if it wasn't he's got the law with him. Shut up!"

Into the garbage-strewn back yard she piloted Roke, her husband muttering along in her wake. The kennel manager stepped up in friendly but incisive fashion to where Bobby strained dumbly at his bonds. Pocketing collar and muzzle and chain, Roke extended his left hand; then as it all but touched Bobby's nose he moved it sharply to the left. Bobby's head instinctively followed the abrupt leftward motion, and Roke's right hand caught him expertly by the ruff just behind the ear.

In a second the muzzle was slipped over the snarling jaws and the collar and chain were in place. Then tugging at the braced-back collie Roke started out of the yard with him.

"Kind of funny he ain't gladder to see you if he's your dog!" commented the foreman sourly.

"Why would he be glad?" retorted the kennel manager. "He didn't get to my place from Oregon till yesterday. I shut him up in my hencoop for the night and he jumped out through the window. He never set eyes on me till yesterday. The feller I got him off of wrote me he was ugly with strangers. Say, I wonder can I hire a flivver to take me home. I'll pay well. There ain't another train till Lord knows when."

Following the slatternly woman's voluble directions he made his way to the house of the settlement's plutocrat, farther down the right of way. There he engaged the services of a battered and ancient-vintage car and of a boy to drive it. Fifteen miles to westward he and the rebellious Bobby boarded a train on a line paralleling the one going to Midwestburg. One more change of cars and they were safely on their way East.

A telegram from a way station informed Lucius Frayne, "We are starting for home."

Frayne, leaving his dogs to the care of a local handler, followed by the next train. He arrived at the Lochinvar Kennels to find Bobby installed in a stout inclosure whose sheep wire ran seven feet above-ground and two feet below. The dog was lying in one corner of this, moodily refusing to eat or to notice anyone. He greeted Frayne's too-close approach with a wild-beast snarl.

Bobby was hideously unhappy. Not only was his great heart broken by separation from Jamie, but the events of the past two days had ripped his nerves and temper to shreds. Roke had not treated him with active unkindness, yet he had let the dog feel the indignity of his position in a way that rankled unspeakably.

"Well," said Frayne after a long and placidly triumphant glance at the prisoner, "we've got him. What's next? I've got a bunch of schemes besides the ones you and I talked over out West, but the more I think of them the more holes there seem to be in them all. Got any good ideas?"

"One," replied Roke. "Only one. But that one is enough and plenty, and it's hole-proof; it's a gold mine."

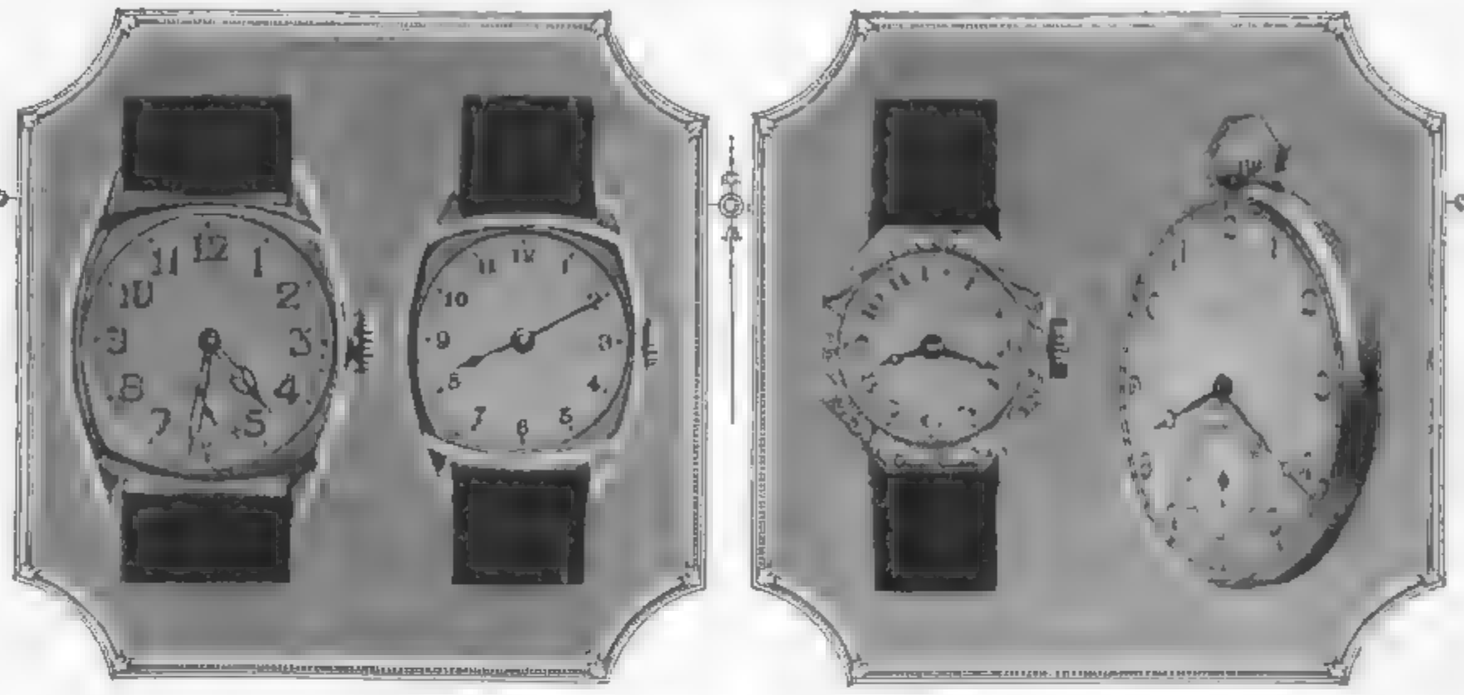
"Cut loose!" ordered Frayne as Roke made a dramatic pause.

"Poor Lochinvar Gavin's dead," said the kennel manager with seeming irrelevance. "He was ailing, you'll remember,

(Continued on Page 124)

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Convenience and correct dress demand two watches

For men — a strap watch for business and outdoors; a pocket watch for dress

For women — a strap watch for sport and street; a dress wristlet for social wear

SO popular has the strap watch grown that now it occupies an important place among our personal accessories.

When a man pursues his outdoor hobbies, a pocket watch is often an encumbrance and is put to hazard. Then a strap watch proves an invaluable possession.

And in the office or on the road, where convenience is of paramount importance, the strap watch daily performs an efficient service.

With the tailored suit a woman's strap watch is most appropriate for business, street wear or the sports. The intricate mechanism of her dress wristlets should not be put to the continued stress of such rigorous activity.

Yet in the drawing room or at the opera, where fashion decrees evening dress, a man's strap watch becomes incongruous. And a woman's strap model—even for afternoon or semi-formal dress—is an ornament of doubtful taste.

They who hold convenience and correct dress as things of consequence, possess two watches—a strap watch for business, for the street and for the outdoors, and a dress watch for social wear.

In the watch cases shown above you see abundant evidence of the character of Wadsworth artistry, an artistry which builds cases unsurpassed for beauty, endurance and exactness of fit.

Whether your choice be a pocket watch, a strap watch or a wristlet, in white or green or yellow gold, you will find among the Wadsworth products a case created for your taste, and at a price within your means.

With great skill the movement maker constructs the movement, an intricate mechanism for the measurement of time. But, for the completion of the watch he now turns to the case maker, who employs such artistry in the designing of the case as will make the completed watch a beautiful article of personal wear.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.,
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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Relax in a Royal

The inestimable health value of periodic relaxation is today fully recognized by medical authorities. Just 15 minutes a day of this perfect rest brings most amazing results. What is needed most is the will to relax and the necessary equipment.

No. 6360

Just Push the Button

This famous "Push-the-Button" chair encourages restful relaxation. You sink into it gracefully. Pull out the Disappearing Leg Rest—push the famous "Push Button"—and recline to a position of perfect rest. Release the button and the back locks. No strain—to any position. Just "Push the Button"—a patented and exclusive Royal feature.

Modern or period designs—oak or mahogany finish—tapestry, fine leather, velour or fabricated leather coverings. Prices moderate. Fully guaranteed. See a demonstration at your dealer's. Booklet on "World's Easiest Easy Chairs" sent free upon request.

Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal
EASY CHAIRS
"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

No. 1009
One of the finest over-stuffed leather chairs made. Mahogany or walnut finish Spanish leather, tan, blue or black. Upholstered with loose cushion seat over Serpentine Edge Seat construction. Disappearing Leg Rest.

No. 861-6
Mahogany or walnut finish. Tapestry, Velour or Fabricated Leather coverings. Spring Edge Seat.

Special No. 6
Oak, mahogany or walnut finish. Rattan or "Reptesan" imitation leather, tan, blue or black. Deep Luxurious Spring Edge Seat, showing Leg Rest extended.

(26

(Continued from Page 122)

when we left. He died last night. I buried him deep. He ——"

"What's that got to do with Bobby here?" interrupted Frayne impatiently. "Gavin never amounted to the price of his registration. He's no loss. He was the most promising tricolor at five months I ever had, and at six months—after that fire engine cut his tail off in the middle and lamed his hip for life—he wasn't worth a plugged nickel. I was a fool not to shoot him instead of waiting for some sucker to come along and buy him as a stud. We never had an offer for him. So what's all this sadness about your burying him deep and ——"

"I'm not sad," denied Roke. "I'm just kind of astonished—that's all. I buried poor Lochinvar Gavin last night. Yet there he stands to-day. You may think that's Lochinvar Bobby. It ain't. It's Lochinvar Gavin."

Frayne stared at his kennel manager in crass bewilderment. Roke went on:

"Last night I made out a post entry for the Westminster Show. It was the last day post entries could be sent. I entered Lochinvar Gavin for novice and limit and open, tricolor and American-bred. He's a surprise we've been holding back till he was right. I ——"

"Are you drunk?" babbled Frayne.

"No such luck. I'm telling you this is Lochinvar Gavin, and registered with the A. K. C. as such at the age of five months, and he's never been shown before. So in he goes as a novice and ——"

"You wall-eyed idiot!" roared Frayne. "Bobby's known by sight to a hundred people who'll be at Westminster. Why, you told me yourself Mackellar had entered him for this year's show there! You said he told you Bobby was the only dog in good enough coat just now for them to bring all the way to New York. Show him at Westminster? Do you hone for jail, or are you just laying pipes for a room in the foolish house? We couldn't show him as Gavin or as any other dog. Besides, Gavin was a tricolor, and he was registered as a tricolor. Bobby's a dark sable and white. He ——"

"Just because Bobby's a sable to-day," said Roke quietly, "is no reason why he'll be a sable ten days or even ten hours from now. Bobby's going to be a tricolor; the finest tricolor in America, at that."

Lucius Frayne looked long and open-mouthed at his manager. Then feebly he mumbled: "It can't be done! You could never fake that coat till it looked like ——"

He broke off, gazing with renewed interest at Roke. The manager had taken off his cap and was stroking contemplatively his shining black shock of hair. Frayne remembered now hearing more than once a rumor that the inky-haired man was not less than sixty-four years old and that he was absurdly sensitive as to his age. On the strength of that glossy black head of hair Frayne had never before credited the gossip. Now he gasped aloud as Roke's plan blazed in upon his lively imagination.

"Six bottles ought to do it," the kennel manager was ruminating aloud. "Eight at most. But it costs a lot, the right stuff does, and the other kinds crock or turn green. Hold on a minute!"

He went to an outhouse, opened its door and whistled. Out bounded a stunningly handsome tricolor pup.

"That's Lochinvar Patrician," explained Roke. "I practiced it out on him yesterday; worked three hours over him, and then again early this morning. Patrician was a sable, the nearest of any of ours to Bobby's shade. And look at him now! Rub your hands in his coat. You'll see it's fast color."

"Good Lord!" exulted Frayne, converted in one surging instant as he ran his fingers through the pup's shimmering black fur. "It's a clean-up, unless there's something bigger at Westminster than I've seen at any show this winter. Bobby's going through his classes like a drunken longshoreman through a week's pay. If he acts savage or queer in the ring it'll be because the good old novice has never been in public before. And a couple of pills will make him show like a veteran. He'll sweep the whole shooting match, there and everywhere else. He'll win a championship in three shows, with any luck. Then we'll take him to the Interstate Collie Club's big show in April. There are fatter and more cash specials there than at any other specialty show nowadays. Why, Bobby's due to be a gold mine! Buy a million gallons of the dye if you want to. I'll pay. And Mackellar won't be at Westminster, for he wasn't entering any dog there but Bobby; and if he was he could never guess, even if he examined the collie inch by inch. A sable can't turn into a tri. Besides, Gavin was old Lochinvar King's son, Bobby's own half brother. That'll account for any family likeness. Roke, I was the wall-eyed idiot, not you. Go to it!"

Of collies—apart from the "white" variety, which are oftener kept as magnificently handsome pets than as show dogs—there are three sorts: The merle—gray and white and tan; sables—including all shades of yellow or of brown; and tricolors. These last are black and white and tan. The chests and forepaws and underbodies and tail tips of tricolors are white. There is a trace of tan on cheeks and eyebrows and sometimes on the legs or elsewhere. All the rest of a tricolor's body is jet black.

Thus by dyeing black the tawny portion of Bobby's coat, and leaving splashes of the original hue to represent the tan sections of a tricolor, the disguise was perfect. But the dyeing was a terrific task, even when the collie was muzzled and tied down.

Jamie Mackellar came back to Midwestburg to a house left unto him desolate, and for a solid week he searched the woods for miles in every direction. Well he knew Bobby would never have deserted him, but that the dog was away looking for his master.

From his own savings Jamie doubled Belden's two-hundred-fifty-dollars-reward offer. He was sick with lonely misery at the loss of his chum.

But rewards and detectives alike failed to glean any clew. If the section-gang foreman, forty miles distant, possessed the effete accomplishment of reading, then either he did not chance to read the papers of so far-off a city or else he failed to glance over the lost-and-found columns.

Dully heartsick, desperately lonely, Jamie took up again his duties as kennel manager. Drearily one evening in his deserted house he picked up and glanced over the copy of Field and Fancy which had come by that day's mail. He scanned idly its pages, which usually held so much keen interest for his dog-loving soul. Then midway in the collie-gossip column he came upon an item which he read and read a second time. After which he sat for a few minutes in wrinkle-browed thought. Presently he went to the telephone and called up Rufus G. Belden's house.

When the magnate was summoned to the phone Jamie asked, with a queer little thread of excitement in his gentle voice: "Didn't you tell me one of your pups was run over by a car, sir, when Roke was handling the kennels for you?"

"Why, yes," replied Belden, not getting the drift of the query. "Why?"

"Didn't you tell me," pursued Jamie, his voice quavering oddly like that of a dog on the trail, "didn't you tell me Roke said it was only the second time such a thing had happened to him in all his years as a kennel boss?"

"H'm," reflected Belden, probing his memory. "Why, yes, I believe he did. Why? Has one of our dogs been run over?"

"No, sir. But—for the Lord's sake, think hard, sir—didn't he tell you that the other dog was Lochinvar Gavin, a pup of Mr. Frayne's? You told me about it when I came here first. I remembered the name because it's the same as my father's—Gavin. A tricolor pup you told me he said it was. Can't you remember, sir? We were out by the ——"

"I—I rather think that was the name," said Belden, adding fretfully, "but if that's why you called me away from my dinner ——"

"It wasn't, sir," disclaimed Jamie. "Just listen to this from Field and Fancy: 'Mr. Lucius Frayne promises collieites a surprise at Westminster with his big tricolor Lochinvar Gavin. This splendid dog is a son of Champion Lochinvar King and a half brother to the still more renowned Lochinvar Bobby, whose loss was recently reported. Gavin has never been shown before. Mr. Frayne says he has waited till he was just right before flashing him on the fancy.'"

"Well, what of that?" asked Belden, unimpressed.

"The A. K. C. law won't let two dogs be registered by the same kennel under the same name," explained the thrilled Jamie. "Gavin was run over, yet here Gavin is to be shown. I—I've got a hunch ——"

"You don't mean there's a Chinaman's chance that—that —— Why, man, it's a tricolor!"

"We Scots get hunches," insisted Jamie. "I don't say there's anything queer or that it's any of my business, but I know Frayne—and we both know Roke. They were West last week. I only say, will you let me start to-night for New York? At that, I can't hope to get to the Westminster Show before the collie judging begins. It always starts about eleven on the first morning. But I ——"

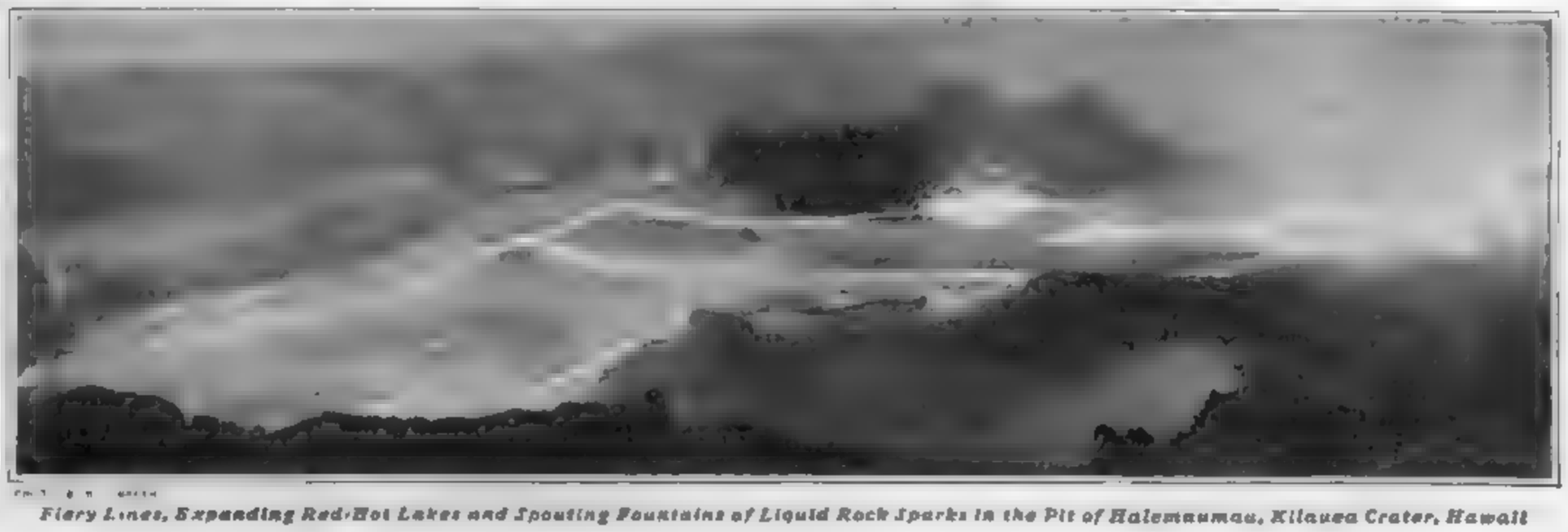
"Oh, trot up here and talk over the silly idea with me!" grunted Belden. "Only don't expect me to play your hunch."

A Canadian was to judge collies at the Westminster Show that February. His train from Toronto was late, and he did not enter the ring at Madison Square Garden to face an unusually large male puppy class until nearly half past eleven. He was a painstaking judge, and it was his first engagement in New York. Wherefore he worked with methodical slowness, weeding out the large class of furry youngsters in deliberate fashion, giving an inordinate amount of time to each.

The railbirds fidgeted. At this rate the collie judging would last on until after dark. Finally the four ribbons were awarded. The steward chalked on the board "Novice Class," and the runner hurried down the double line of collie benches, bawling the novice numbers.

At the same moment a taxi disgorged at the Garden's yellow-brick colonnade a cinder-spattered little man who dived into the building at a dead run, stopping only to throw down the money for a ticket and

(Continued on Page 126)



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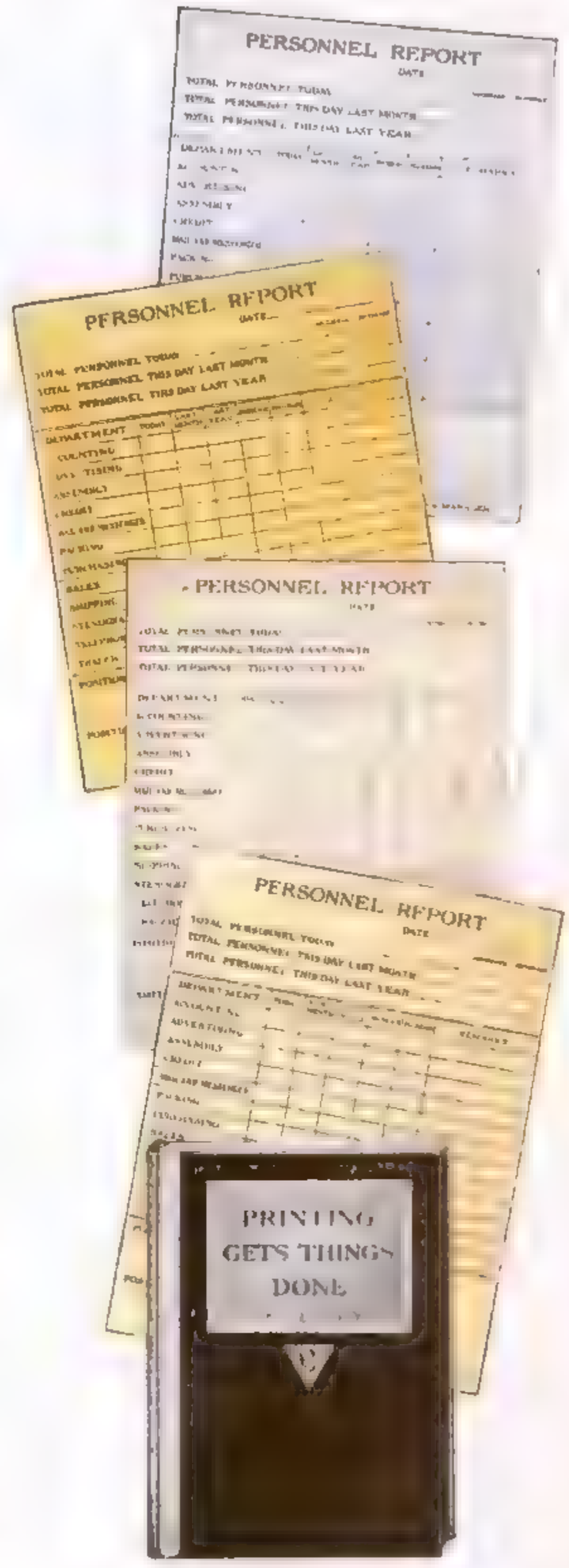

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WASHINGTON

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Now face the serried ranks of American heroes, 20,000 sons who made the supreme sacrifice, gathered here in their last encampment, amid the wooded hills and rolling turf of beautiful Virginia. Go now to the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier, to the Temple of Fame, and then . . . before you leave, visit the glorious Amphitheatre, that noble white-marble edifice with the sweeping colonnades.

Tread softly down its marble-floored aisles, past the tiers of marble benches. Be seated . . . and . . . as you raise your eyes to the great blue heavens above, you will find fresh ennobling thoughts.

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Continued from Page 124

then to snatch a catalogue as he aped past. Without checking his run down the aisles, he opened and riffled the pages of the gray-backed catalogue in an ardent search. But finding the number he sought, and finding then the bench corresponding to it, he discovered the bench was empty. And he bolted for the ring, scattering idlers and railbirds as he went.

Into the ring filed four collies, besides three of the puppy class which had remained there. The Canadian judge eyed them with no optimism, for novice is the hardest and most mixed class to adjudicate. It contains everything from riffraff to future champions—more of the former than of the latter. Yet from out this mixed collection to-day stood a mighty and magnificent tricolor, a dog such as is seen at not one show in three. The eyes of the judge were riveted on him in open wonder.

Lochinvar Bobby, still sullen and heart-broken, stalked into the ring with visible reluctance under convoy of Perry Roke. His new tricolor coat was glorious in its quantity and sheen and texture. His perfect build and carriage were a delight. Here, if anywhere on earth, was championship timber, and the close-packed railbirds marveled that so astute a dog man as Frayne should have kept this world beater in seclusion. It did not make sense to them.

"All in!" announced the steward.

"Walk your dogs, please!" commanded the judge, moving to the ring's center.

Around the edges of the ring paraded the seven entrants, led by their handlers.

But before the orderly procession had finished the first half of the first lap a shrill and almost tearful voice from just outside the gate clamored forth, "Bobby! Bobby lad!"

The stately parade lost form and order in a flash. It lost them, because the great tricolor gave a half-human cry of rapture and bounded madly in the direction of the call.

Perry Roke went green-white, but he kept his head. Viciously he yanked at Bobby's leash.

"Back here, Gavin!" he thundered, tugging with all his might.

Bobby, springing to full length of the leash, felt himself hauled back. This man at the other end of the silken cord was trying to keep him away from his restored god. With lightning speed Bobby swirled about and slashed. It was a maneuver worthy a battling timber wolf for swiftness and for murderous skill.

The saber tooth found its mark before Roke, with all his experience and cunning, could remember to guard it. The kennel manager's forearm was cut as by a knife from elbow to wrist. Instinctively, as he recoiled from the fury of that onslaught, Roke loosened his hold on the leash. This was all Bobby wanted him to do. In the same second the giant collie had broken loose from the scandalized parade and was flinging his beautiful body forward at the gate.

Before he could reach it a little red-faced man had plowed his way past the barrier of railbirds and had found and opened the gate's latch. At Jamie Mackellar's first step into the ring a shaggy black-and-white-and-tan shape flung itself on his chest, screaming, sobbing, whining, barking, all in one crazily vibrant medley of ecstasy.

Forgetful of his own Scottish reserve, forgetful of his surroundings, forgetful of everything except that he had found the dog he loved, Jamie flung both arms around the writhingly shaggy body, squeezing the enraptured collie to his puny chest and gasping incoherently as he broke into a shambling dance:

"Bobby! Oh, my bonny old dog! Where've ye been the while, laddie? And what've ye done to your sonsie sable coat? But I knew you! I knew you! The minute I looked into your face, yon, I knew you! There's no such other look to any dog's face. Yes, and I knew the rest of you, for all your color, just as right as you'd know me in a new suit of clothes, Bobby lad! Who'll laugh next at a Scotchman's hunch?"

The ring and the railbirds were in a tumult. Dogs and handlers and officials converged in a dumfounded rush on the blitheringly blissful little man and his shriekingly and sobbingly delirious collie.

Now Perry Roke was a rarely gifted scoundrel. His worst enemy had never doubted the fellow's pluck and resourcefulness. He strode up to the gyrating pair, shouting, as he nursed his bleeding forearm:

"Mr. Mackellar, I'll thank you to let go of that dog of mine! Judge, you'll bear witness this man has no right in the ring, and that he called my own dog away from me while I was showing. If that's not a case for the A. K. C., then ——"

The judge had come angrily across to the interrupter of his judicial work. Now, recognizing Jamie as an old friend and a famous collie man, he hesitated. The steward officiously bustled out of the ring and ran off in search of the show's superintendent.

"Mr. Mackellar," began the judge sternly, breaking in on Roke's appeal, "this is very strange conduct for a man of your standing. May I ask why you have ——"

"D'you mean to say you don't recognize Lochinvar Bobby?" shrilled Mackellar, whirling on his questioner. "You that gave him winners and best of breed at Midwestburg and again at ——"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the amazed judge. "Bobby is a sable. This ——"

"Yes, and Bobby might as well say you're not the same judge he showed under at Midwestburg," interposed Jamie, "because that day you wore brown tweeds and you're wearing a black suit to-day. You're a collie man, and yet it fooled you! Why, use your own good eyes, man! He ——"

"Judge," insisted Roke loudly, his sweating face like a corpse's, "will you make that maniac give me back my collie? He ——"

"Give him back to you, is it?" flamed Mackellar, facing Roke for the first time. "Give him back to you, eh? To you who stole him and faked him into a tricolor and then didn't have the horse sense to let good enough alone, but had to spoil your own game by writing that brag for Field and Fancy and putting me on the track? Give him back to you, eh? That I will, man! Judge, I'm asking you to do a new kind of judging for a minute. The catalogue will tell you this dog was whelped and raised in the Lochinvar Kennels. That means Roke has handled him from birth. I can prove I've never set foot in the Lochinvar Kennels. So if he's Gavin he never clapped eyes on me before. Now then!"

He stepped back a pace from Bobby, who had ceased gyrating for joy and had sunk to his master's feet, quivering and sobbing, his classic head on Jamie's muddy boot.

"Bobby boy!" called Mackellar.

Scarce waiting the command, Bobby was beside him.

"Give me my handkerchief, Bobby lad," said Mackellar, "and then my tobacco pouch. You know where they live."

On the instant Bobby's nose had plunged into Mackellar's coat-tail pocket, and between daintily gentle jaws he was fishing forth a crumpled bandanna. Thrusting this into his master's hand, he reached into a side trousers pocket and began to haul out by its faded string a disreputable tobacco pouch.

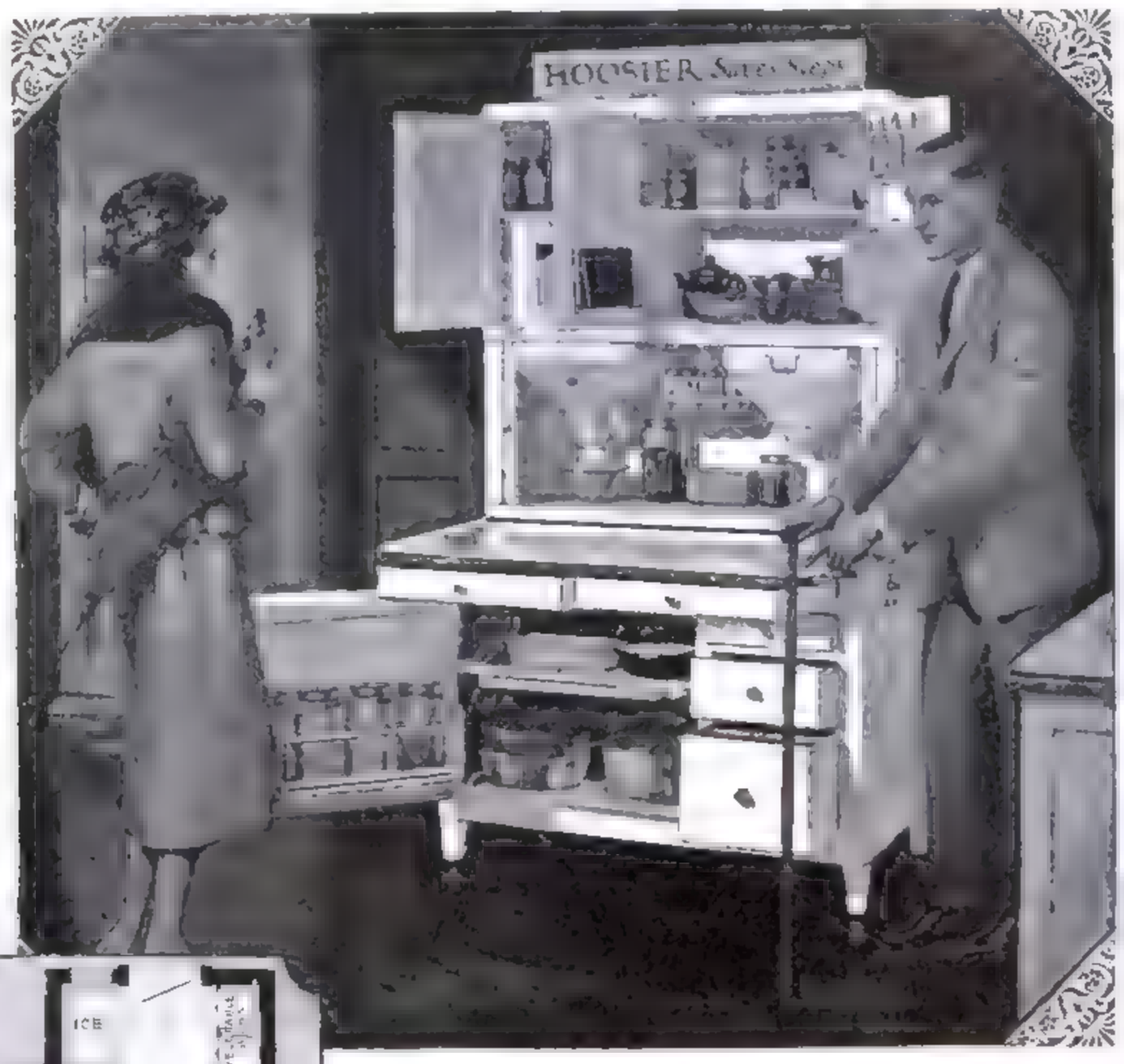
"So!" exulted Jamie, his high voice scaling above the sudden clangorous murmur from the throng of onlookers. "Now then, Bobby lad, yon pillar of honesty says you're his and he wants me to give you to him. Go to him, Bobby lad!"

A sharp pointing gesture went with the sharper mandate. Bobby understood. Through the air he hurled himself. Down under the crashing impact of his bulk went Perry Roke. Jamie snapped his fingers. Bobby halted in his dive for the fallen man's throat and stood, one foot on Roke's chest, his eyes fixed in eager inquiry on Mackellar.

"See?" announced Jamie above the uproar. "I've given him to you, Roke. And now you've got him, what are ye going to do with him? He's waiting orders. If he's your dog give him those orders. If he's mine I'll be glad to give them to him, and they'll be orders dealing with your lying throat, my friend. Now whose dog is he? Speak up before I tell him what to do next!"

"It—it was all just a joke!" wept Roke, his nerve crumbling as he looked up at the menacing brute above him. "Just a joke; a joke that ——"

"A joke that'll bar you and your boss' kennels from all A. K. C. registration from now till doomsday," amended Jamie, in riotous good humor once more. "Come on home, Bobby lad. I'm wondering how in blue blazes I can detricolor you without shaving you. Home's the place for a disreputable old God-given turncoat like you! Come on!"



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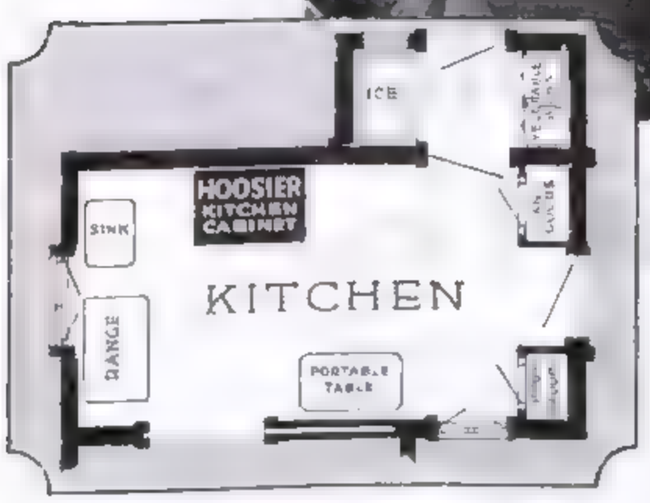

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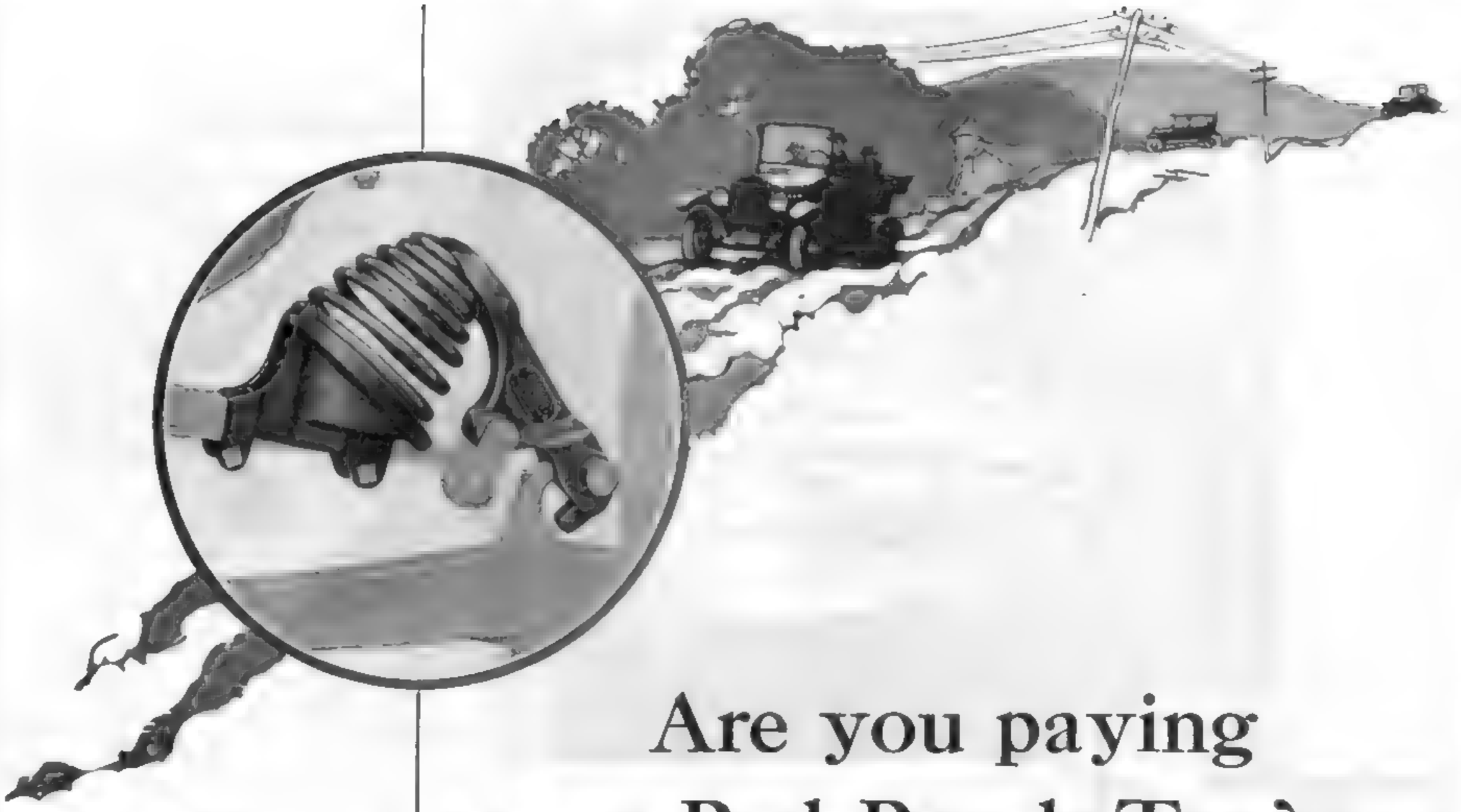

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THE CITIZENS OF HIDJ

(Continued from Page 15)

the platform. He broke in, "I told you about six hundred times what'd happen, Penny!"

"That's a lie!" Penn choked. "You never said a thing! You let me!"

He curled up on the wet canvas and sobbed. His capable shoulders bubbled with muscle, and a mermaid wagged her tail on one of them. Harm dismissed me with his eyes and began to mutter in Hidj, sitting cross-legged by the sufferer. I paddled back to the beach.

Of course the colony was enchanted. When he swam in, youths and virgins made a hedge about him. He beamed, explaining the designs on his legs and arms to the pretty young woman. He called her Sally at tea on Marlett Smith's veranda, and she acted as announcer for him on Monday, when he adorned an amateur charity circus at Saint James. He wore a scarlet silk kilt and turban and chattered Hidj to customers in his booth. Before that he had decided to call my wife Aunt Medora—her name is Joan—and he had other aunts.

Harm was appalled and sighed to me, "He knows he's good-looking, of course. He won't go to college either. He knows he's awf'ly well educated and clever."

"But you're going to college, Harm?"

The dark boy brooded. "No, sir. I'm nineteen. It's pretty late—and I haven't any right to let a brute like that loose without a keeper. He's really an awf'ly fine kid, doctor. But he's got a romantic mind. His diary's full of junk." He jumped up. Penn was howling among the little tents of the circus and heads were flickering. Harm ran off, and came back when the noise had stopped. He reported, "Mrs. Merchant dropped her purse somewhere."

"Who's Mrs. Merchant?"

"She's that pretty black-haired woman who's ballyhooing for Penny. Her name's Sally. It's her husband's boat anchored off Mr. Marlett Smith's place."

I had noted the small yacht swinging off Marlett Smith's rocky lawn. Mrs. Merchant sat at my left that night at dinner in Marlett Smith's limestone pergola and looked charming in pale-green gauze. She had strands of aquamarines over her naked shoulders, and I thought that she wore too many rings. Her husband was a big tanned man with gray hair who drank four cocktails and didn't talk.

"They're Canadians," said Marlett Smith. "He's come to New York to run a branch of a lumber business. They've taken one of my houses on Park Avenue. They bore me dreadfully, but they seem pleasant. Very common," he yawned, tormenting his white mustache, "but everyone is these days. Is it true Penny keeps his diary in that infernal language?"

I foully stole the diary one day when Penn had gone to dine at Southampton with some boys he'd known at school. It was written to date exactly. Marlett Smith and I pondered over it and copied out five hundred distinct words, none derived from English. "Wup" was plainly a negative. We deduced that "tulm" meant "ill," as the day of Harm's sick headache was merely "Harm tulm," and the day after an experiment of Penny's with inferior curaçao was "tulm" alone.

"I wonder what the terms of endearment are," Marlett Smith said. "They seem to curse each other so constantly. Ah, well, I'm sixty and sentimental. It's soothing to see boys so fond of each other. My brother and I were so civil that it took us years to get over it and quarrel like friends."

The Sunday supplements printed Penn in his circus dress and had paragraphs about the Tyree history, exaggerating the fortune superbly. Harm fumed in his sedate fashion and dragged Penn from Long Island in late August after a series of spattering rows in Hidj, English and pure doughboy. In January of 1920 he abstracted Penn from the city of Los Angeles and wrote to me:

"Two film vampires and a she theosophist were getting him cornered. And he was going to promote an artistic movie to film the life of Savonarola or some such bosh.

"If you happen to see a picture named Broken Vows you will recognize the angel Gabriel in the resurrection scene. I hope nothing will happen in Japan."

Much happened. Harm wrote from Hong-Kong in May.

"She was an English peeress with four grandchildren. He has, in the diary, his belief that she looked like a beautiful ruin by moonlight. He called her Evadne. Her name was Ann. People took him for her son, and they climbed Fuji-yama together. Then he got scared because she is a widow, and we came away. He always gets mushy about older women. I think he is afraid of girls, really. I wish Mrs. Merchant would stop sending him postcards. It inflames his vanity."

My wife said, "Perhaps Harm is the more intelligent of the two. But he isn't sympathetic, and Penny needs sympathy." She completed a row in the muffler she was knitting for Penn, and continued, "I think that's why he dangled after Mrs. Merchant so much. She rather gushed over him. She's a natural gusher. I think married women of thirty should give up gushing. But Harm's so chilly."

"Stuff!" I said brutally. "Harm worships the idiot! Penn should be spanked before breakfast every day and locked up at night. Some widow of fifty'll marry him. I wish Mrs. Merchant would leave some of her rings at home. She shook hands with me at a party the other night and it hurt."

She shook hands with me in the foyer of the opera in November of 1920 and hurt me less. There were fewer visible rings.

She said, "Had a note from Penny in Paris. They're sailing next week. He's such a duck, isn't he? Hasn't it been dull this evening?"

"So dull that I'm leaving," I told her.

"So am I," she smiled, swinging her white-furred cloak over her shoulders.

I wondered whether any of her gowns were cut reasonably high and why she used gardenia scent.

She babbled, "Going to Mr. Marlett Smith's reception? Drive over to our hut and have a peg. Oh, you've your car here? How ripping!"

My car inclosed her perfumed furs and her jolly ripple of words. We were driven across town into Park Avenue and past the brilliance of Marlett Smith's vast house. He owns six other houses on Park Avenue. The car stopped at the smallest, and I followed Mrs. Merchant up three steps to a white door, without meaning to go in.

But she said, "Oh, come along! You've never met Ian—my husband, and he's so keen on psychiatry, and I rather wanted to talk to you about him."

The heavy white door opened. We went into a shimmer of batiks and a smell of whisky. A gaunt maid took Mrs. Merchant's cloak. She led me through thin silk curtains into a drawing-room that blazed with more batiks, and lamps in orange shades.

The pretty woman raised her hands and cried, "Oh, Ian, you wretched beast! Roulette again! And after all the dollars and dollars you lost Saturday! I've been telling Doctor Henry you'll have to be cured of it."

Merchant laughed shortly and rose from a velvet chair by the handsome miniature table. We shook hands and I nodded to half a dozen men about the table.

The Canadian said, "Been reading your book on dreams. Frightfully interesting. . . . Soda or plain water? Hullo, thirty-two's lucky again!"

The tiny ball had clicked into thirty-two on the rim of the wheel. No one had bet on the number. Merchant slowly pulled toward his white waistcoat the lost chips. A young fellow bit the back of his hand and fingered three counters left before him. I leaned on the mantel behind Merchant and watched the ball roll again while I ate a sandwich.

It was a leisurely game. The big man jerked out short remarks to me and sipped well-watered whisky.

He said, "I hate bridge and poker. People always lose their tempers. You can stop this footling business or baccarat any time, you know."

His wife laughed, "But you never do stop. It's past eleven and you're in a dinner jacket. Aren't you going to Mr. Marlett Smith's?"

He pulled some chips in and said, "Don't think I shall, old thing. My head's splitting."

The young fellow rose and lit a cigarette. He stammered, "Think I'll get along. My sister's meeting me at the Smith show."

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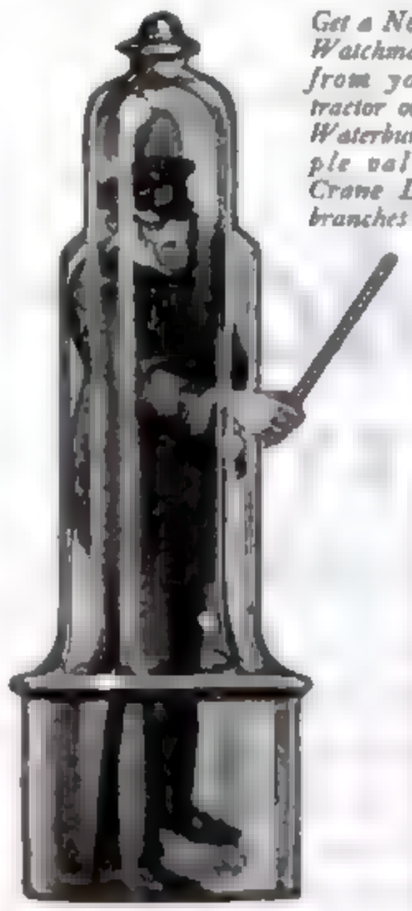

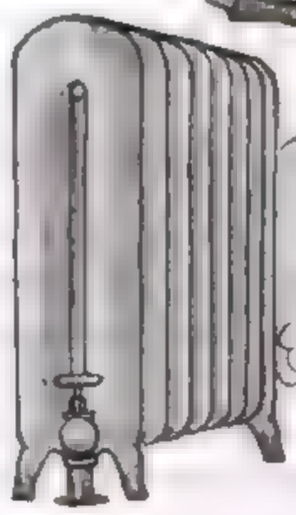

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We walked up Park Avenue together. He was someone I knew by sight, but he didn't talk for a moment. Then he stammered, "I say, Doctor Henry, d'you play roulette much?"

"I'm about as fond of gambling as I am of cold gravy," I yawned.

He mumbled, "It's damned funny that a man can bet on seven numbers eight times running and never pick up a cent!" Then he remembered good form and went on, "Mrs. Merchant's a corker, isn't she? Awfully good fun," and we turned into Marlett Smith's gateway.

Marlett Smith had unearthed a Goya in Buenos Aires through some dealer and took me to look at it in his art gallery, where people were strolling among the ancient potteries and his other toys. It was the portrait of a grave, dark young man, and the collector said, "Rather like Harmon Tyree, isn't it? When will the citizens of Hidj be back? Next week? That's nice. Hope Penny will fight shy of the Merchant hell. Not good for him."

"Why hell?"

"It's what it is, you know. The fellow's nothing but a gambler, and she aids and abets him. Their lease is up the first of March, thank heaven!"

I said, "But he's a lumber dealer, isn't he?"

"Has an office downtown," the banker nodded, busy with his mustache. "No. I dislike being landlord to a roulette wheel, be it never so ornate. They're pleasant people. Mrs. Merchant's clever. It was really rather adroit to have that bit of a yacht break down in front of my place summer before last and stay there a week—not being mended. Pleasant, common people—like everyone."

"They'll be here to-night?"

"Oh, Lord, no!" he said. "They bore me dreadfully. I've no objection to gamblers if they're charming, but Merchant's such a bore."

He was highly annoyed under his weary, amiable manner. He had been useful to the Merchants. They had made acquaintances at his Long Island house. In fact I had heard the pretty woman described as a great friend of Eustace Marlett Smith. I suppose that has its value among hostesses. He bade me bring the Tyrees to dine as soon as they landed, and I didn't see him again until the day of their landing. He came to my house for a throat cure, and I brought him up to the library, where Penn was accusing Harm of writing a novel and Harm was looking murderous.

Penn said, "Hello, Uncle Eustace! Seen Sally Merchant lately?"

Marlett Smith told him, "No. She grew tired of my white hairs."

Penn waved a leg from the hearth side couch and gurgled, "Harm's so riled about her. Some jackass in Paris said she was a tout for a gambling joint. Said Merchant runs a roulette wheel and fleeces lambs. Harm's scared she'll drag me down and down until I'm a sodden wreck in the gutter—like a movie. Harm, you'd make a wonderful guardian for an old ladies' home!"

"After my experience as your keeper," Harm growled, "I'm qualified to take charge of anything. I'd be of most use in a home for low-grade morons though."

They fought until Marlett Smith went away and after that.

About half past six Penn mentioned, "If you think you're going to haul me off to Harrisburg and keep me chained up on the farm ——"

"I am," said Harm, lighting his pipe. "You've got this vulgar passion for being flattered by middle-aged women. It'd be a relief to me to get you married and off my hands, but ——"

"You've used up vulgar," Penn hissed. "Get another adjective, for the love of Peter O'Grady!"

Harm drawled, "Vulgar's the right word. Go get dressed for dinner, and don't get water all over the bathroom floor."

"Go to everlasting blazes!" said Penn, and stalked downstairs. The front door shook the house.

Harm sighed, "As a matter of fact, he's been awf'ly sensible lately. I hope he won't run about with Mrs. Merchant. I don't like her. Too much perfume."

Penn didn't come home until midnight. He wandered into the library and fished my cigarette case out of my pocket without speaking. He smelled of gardenias and looked meek.

I observed him over a novel for five minutes before he asked, "Harm in bed? Look here! I think I'd just as soon go live on the farm for a while. I—I'm scared."

"Of what, Penny?"

He said, "Can't tell you—I mean, I shouldn't," and his worried voice took on a male dignity as he kicked the rugs. It gave me that nervous jar which follows, in an old brain, some quick gesture of youth; he was growing up. He mumbled, "You won't tell Harm? —— She kissed me."

"Rather flattering."

"Flattering nothing! Only wrote her letters to rile Harm."

I cruelly asked, "Did you put in postscripts to explain that?"

"I haven't been making love to her!"

"I assume," I said, "that we're talking about Mrs. Merchant. If I were you, Penny, I wouldn't write letters to married women under forty. When did she kiss you?"

"When I left, in the hall." His romantic eyes rounded. He said, "I say, doc, that place is a gambling hell! There were ten or twelve men there, some of 'em boiled."

"Roulette? And how much did you lose, Penny?"

"I didn't. I won twenty dollars. . . . Says she's frightfully lonely. Her people live in England. Merchant's a good deal of a thug, I think. She's worried because he drinks too much. But ——"

"But you don't care anything about her, and you've only been writing letters to her to annoy Harm. That's your pleasant way of improving your own good opinion of yourself by letting Harm show he's fond of you. When he scolds you, you know that you're immensely valuable to him, and that cures you of your momentary suspicion that you're nothing but a nineteen-year-old pup. So ——"

"Here!" said Penn. "Don't get psychological!" His face had turned cherry red. He glared at me.

I went on: "Also, you're good-looking. Never forget that when you're letting some middle-aged woman pet you. There are husbands and husbands. Go to bed."

He repaid my cruelty by singing Frankie and Johnny in Hidji as he walked upstairs. The indiscreet ballad sounded most sinister in that tongue. But he started for Harrisburg with Harm next day and stayed on the old farm placidly. At Christmas he telegraphed for fifty pounds of chocolate. Harm explained this act in a letter:

"The wife of the rector in town told him he was rather rowdy and not very handsome. It was an awful jolt. He is now trying to learn the Episcopal service and is coaching the church boys' club basket-ball team. No letters to Mrs. Merchant. I see in the diary that women with gray hair are more interesting than others. The rector's wife has gray hair."

In middle January Harm wrote:

"All is still peaceful. The neckties are getting quiet. The rector's wife does not like bright colors. She makes him dance with all the plain girls at parties and calls him 'my child' whenever he bubbles over. It is very good for him. Mrs. Merchant sent him a novel last week with some stuff about missing him on the flyleaf. He says she is unhappy with her husband and that he is sorry for her."

She didn't look sorrowful in January. She was, somehow, much in evidence. She seemed to haunt the opera, and I saw her shoulders flashing across the mixed color of a dozen theaters. Late in the month I heard her described by a wit as "A walking advertisement for Merchant's roulette parlor," and not long after the description one of my patients told me that he had lost very heavily, "playing baccarat with some Canadians in Park Avenue." I began to think that Mrs. Merchant's constant visibility was really nothing more than an indirect publicity for her husband's table. That reduced Penn's kiss to a point in advertising and made his flight comic. I felt more certain of this one night in early February when a servant came into Marlett Smith's library and murmured some name.

"Bring him here," said Marlett Smith, moving his queen on the chessboard between us.

The French servant murmured something very quickly, and Marlett Smith blinked but said, "Bring him here, anyhow." The man flitted off. The banker elevated either end of his mustache and told me, "Justin thinks he's drunk—young Torbey, the copper man's son. Silly little ass. Nice lad. Frightfully dull. . . . Ah, Torbey, had an accident?"

(Continued on Page 133)

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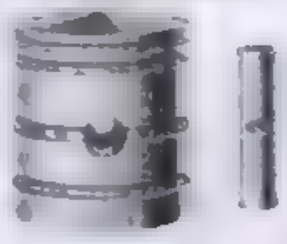

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CHICAGO - PITTSBURGH

Six different high shoe models—three oxfords

(Continued from Page 130)

He wasn't drunk. He was a flushed and angry young fellow whose white shirt front had sprawled blotches of blood on its sheen. One nostril was rimmed with black and his left eye was swelling shut.

He said, "Thought you'd like to know that Merchant just threw me out of his house for telling him his damned roulette wheel's crooked. He rents that place from you, doesn't he?"

Marlett Smith kindly sighed, "Yes, but I don't share the profits, my dear boy."

Young Mr. Torbey wiped his nose and said, "But I've got to tell people, you know. Lots of men play there. I've been watching. He always moves his elbow on the table just before the ball stops. I reached over and picked it up and I got a shock. The table's got an electric battery ——"

His nose bled freshly.

"Ah," the banker sighed, "I remember one like that at Cannes in 1894! Well, Merchant's lease runs out on March first. Yes, you'd best tell people, my boy. Doctor, do look at his nose! It's bleeding very badly."

He cast an appalled glance at the Persian rug, and I steered young Torbey off to a bathroom.

He was furiously voluble while I did what I could for his bruises.

"Merchant's strong as a prize fighter! That confounded woman brought a couple of kids in with her from the theater, and one of them lost about five hundred. Can't think why someone hasn't spotted the thing before. Plain as daylight. He simply presses a button under the cloth."

Marlett Smith was delighted. The news of the row hurtled about New York. He gave me bulletins over the telephone. People made inquiries of him and his intimates chaffed him about his tenants.

"Everyone tells me," he chuckled, "that they were suspicious about Merchant long ago but didn't want to hurt my feelings. Oh, the Merchants sent some boxes off to-day. My maids spend all the time they should spend dusting things watching the house, and I get the glad tidings from my man when he's putting me to bed."

On February twenty-fifth I put my wife and sons on a train at the Grand Central Station, bound for a wedding in Boston, and walked up Fifth Avenue, overtaking Marlett Smith's soft gray hat in the twilight before an Oriental shop. The excitement of being remotely mixed with a scandal had cheered him. His mustache was rigidly waxed and he waved a stick almost jauntily to me.

"I think the Merchants cleared out yesterday," he said at once. "At least, there aren't any lights there. They've not sent me the keys, but the lease isn't up until the first of March. Nice people, but ever so common. I do wonder where they've gone. Cuba, probably."

I lured him to my house with promises of infinite chess, and we strolled into Fifty-fifth Street through the dribble of small snowflakes all day prophesied by the glum clouds.

My butler opened the door and told me, "Mr. Penn Tyree left word he'd dine here, sir."

"Splendid!" said Marlett Smith.

But Penn didn't dine with us, although I let dinner wait until Marlett Smith grew grumpy. As the boy wasn't there, we talked of him, and I reported the sedative rector's wife. The banker laughed.

"Rather a contrast to Mrs. Merchant, although I never saw anything baleful about Mrs. Merchant. Being a runner-in for her husband's hell was a sort of inverted virtue, don't you think? Very loyal and wifely. She might have been a bad interior decorator or something corrupt like that. . . . Is this claret really from Ohio? Quite dry and nice. How many merits one discovers in one's native land, now that it's too late to profit by them. I wonder where the Merchants went. There was quite a nice gambling hell in Havana in 1915, on the Prado. The ex-president of some South American republic ran it, and sea captains used to throw things at the croupiers when they'd lost. It was quite like being in a Conrad novel. The man had a pet flamingo. He called it Pochito and people used to try to feed it, but it wasn't friendly. Havana's nice. . . . Yes, I should like some more claret."

We were playing our eighth game of chess about ten o'clock when the doorbell rang. Marlett Smith straightened his mustaches to greet Penn with the necessary dignity, but it was Harm who whirled into the room, his furred collar pointed with snowflakes and his eyes brightly angry.

He asked, "Where's that fool kid gone to? How d'you do, Mr. Smith? Has he been back here?"

"I didn't know he'd been here at all, Harm."

"Your man said he called, doctor."

"Oh, I thought he'd telephoned," I said. "I haven't seen him."

Harm slung his coat over a chair and picked up a cigarette from the box on the chess table.

He declared, "I'll certainly damage his face for this! He's been perfectly all right for two months, and now he has to ——"

"What's he up to? Sit down. Be calm."

Harm dropped into a chair and babbled, "Why, the idiot got a special-delivery letter early this morning before I was awake, and he simply cleared out, and the servants say it was from New York. He didn't even wake me up."

"Mrs. Merchant's left town," said Marlett Smith.

Harm gave the old man a look of bright relief and sighed, "Glad of that. But what the devil's he up to?"

"Oh, someone sent for him to fill up a dinner," I lamely suggested.

"He'd have told me—and," Harm said, "it's my birthday."

That had hurt and frightened him, I think. They'd never been apart on a birthday. The constitution of Hidj was upset and Harm was quietly alarmed. He reached for the telephone book and began to hunt down numbers.

He had vainly called several houses of school friends before Marlett Smith tapped a pawn on the table and said, "Harm, I'm not actually sure that the Merchants have left town. The house was dark last night. Ring it and see."

Harm spun the pages of the fat book and gave the central a number, but after a moment he hung up the receiver and said, "They say it's disconnected. Bill not paid. Gambling can't be so profitable."

Marlett Smith and I both remembered in the same second that the Tyrees hadn't heard of the scandal. We gave him the facts together, and Harm slapped his knee with a fleet grin.

He said, "Penny's not such a fool about judging people, you know. He's always said Merchant looked like a rotter. But that doesn't help. What time was he here, doctor?"

I rang for my butler, and saw Marlett Smith's eyes cloud under his white brows. He curved his mustache until the points almost gored his thin nose.

Harm fidgeted in his chair until the servant came in, and asked the man, "What time was my brother here?"

"He called about half past five, Mr. Harmon. He had a taxi waiting."

"And said he'd come back to dine?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"He didn't look ill or ——"

"He looked rather funny, sir," said the man.

"How?"

"Why, upset and excited, sir."

Harm pounded one fist silently on the other palm when the man was gone.

He said, "It's that damned Merchant woman! She knows he has money. She ——"

"Nonsense!" Marlett Smith pronounced. "She can't kidnap him. What good's his money to her? After all, it's been a most successful gambling hell, I dare say. Call some more of your friends, Harm."

He reared his slim body in his chair and watched Harm busy with the telephone. But his vain old face was tense, and patches of color slowly formed in his cheeks, while I puzzled and Harm's voice grew shadowy with bewilderment, pumping useless questions into the black cup of the instrument. And I didn't like this, suddenly. Snow was lightly flicking the windows, and I got a cold sense of the city spread off about us, somewhere concealing the handsome, random boy.

He'd been sent for in this curious way, appealed to on some terms he couldn't refuse, and had vanished. It wasn't anything of course. He'd run into a friend and had gone to a play. I was most distinctly troubled. I jumped when my butler came in to touch my arm.

"Mr. Penn's bag is in the guest room, sir."

"Damn it," Marlett Smith yelled, "why didn't you say so before, you idiot?"

Harm jumped across the room and darted upstairs while the banker was talking. His feet halted above us and I could hear snappings. Then he came hurrying down with the red diary and slapped it on the chessmen, growling, "See? It's that damned woman!"

I scowled at the two lines of gibberish, with the words "Sally" and "Harm" plain.

Marlett Smith said, "Translate!"

"Oh: Letter from Sally. He has left her without money. Wants me to come without telling Harm. His birthday. F-feel rotten about it." His finger stopped before reaching three final words and he bit his lip; then said, "Wrote on the train. See how bad the writing is?"

"Get a taxi," Marlett Smith told the hovering butler.

He gave the driver the Merchants' address, and didn't let go of Harm's arm as the car charged down Fifth Avenue and across a dark street into Park Avenue, where the lamps showed nobody navigating the powdered walks. I made displeasing theories up and let them slide off my mind.

Harm kept growling, "Damned woman! Knows he's romantic. She'll weep on his neck and he'll give her every cent he's got. Just my luck if she makes him run off to California with her. Father told me never to thrash him."

The small house showed no lights. Harm ran up the three steps and pressed the brass bell set beside the white door. A prompt trilling began inside the building with that empty noise that speaks of vanished hangings. My eyes came level with the drawing-room windows, and there were no shades to interfere with my gaze into the space when I held up a match. The room was stripped. The match sent a pink reflection shimmering on the polished wood of the floor.

"This is rot!" said Marlett Smith. "She'd be at a hotel, or she's gone."

"But if she's got no money ——"

"She's got those rings," he argued, staring as Harm pressed on the door, which was sickly lavender in the light from the nearest street lamp.

A young policeman came striding up and saluted Marlett Smith with his night stick.

He said, "Been no lights there since yesterday, Mr. Smith, sir. A man I know collects bills for a groc'ry was ringin' all afternoon. Met him when I was comin' on duty. 'Them English ain't gone off without payin' their rent, sir, have they?'"

The banker said, "They're Canadians. No. Here, run over to my house and say I'm here. Tell them to bring over ——"

"Listen!" Harm shouted, and jumped back from the door.

A scream had answered the ringing of the bell. The house wasn't empty. Someone was howling in a high and steady sound without pauses, without words. The noise shot through the glass of the windows and it seemed that it must fill the cold street. It maintained one note that had no meaning except pain, no sex, no tone. Sweat commenced on my sides. I felt flakes chilling my face.

Then Harm panted and threw himself at the thick white door—began to pound it with his fists.

"Here!" said Marlett Smith. "Smash the windows, officer! Get Harm quiet, Henry! Hurry!"

Harm was mad for the time. I had to tear him from the door. The policeman was smashing the drawing-room windows with his stick and Marlett Smith was twisting his mustache. It seems the oddest thing that no one heard this noise from the calm houses beside its source. The officer swung his blue clothes up over a sill and the white door swung in. Marlett Smith found a switch, and bulbs still sheathed in orange silk showed us the naked hall, its walls scarred by vanished mirrors. But the air was warm. I felt that. Then Penn's scream stopped.

As if that released her, a woman in dark velvet stepped down the stairs for a yard and asked, "What does this mean? I don't under——"

"Penny!" Harm shouted. "Where's Penny?"

She was wearing all her rings. They flashed from her fingers, knitted on her breast. She said with flat steadiness, "I really don't understand. My maid's ill—frightfully ill. I'm trying to give her some ——"

Harm started up the stairs. His coat caught on the white newel and kept him poised for a second while he tore it loose.

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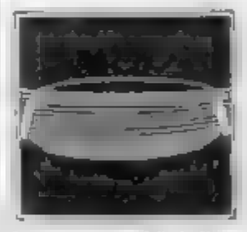

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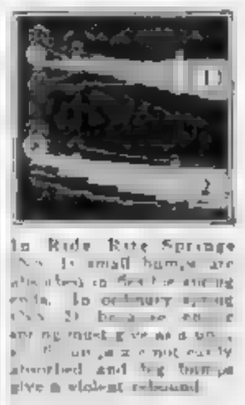

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The woman's face was stiff with a false, brave smile.

She gasped, "Mr. Tyree, you really mustn't come up! My maid is ill. It's contagious and ——"

"You liar!" said Harm. "Where's Penny?"

She spread her arms and clutched the rail with one hand, checking him. She was trying to do something, gain time. Marlett Smith knew this in the same second.

He cried, "The backstairs, officer! Quick!"

The policeman went pounding along the hall to another door.

"Let me by!" Harm gulped. "Let me by or I'll hit you!"

She didn't. Instead she raised a harsh and nauseous cry of "Quick, Ian!" and struck Harm in the face so swiftly that he couldn't stop the blow.

I ran up the stairs, hearing Marlett Smith gasp "Upon my soul!" as civilization left us. I found myself struggling with this body in scented velvet and trying to keep her wild hands from my face. It was odious. She didn't speak, but writhed in the smell of some rich perfume. Harm was stumbling about the upper hall and found a switch. More light showered from higher bulbs. Then a door slammed. Harm called out from somewhere and Penn howled again. Someone began to kick wood. The woman sighed and stopped her struggle

She said "Very well," and was limp on my arm.

I let her sag on the rail and ran on into a gray bedroom, where Harm was kicking the panels of a locked closet door to pieces. The place was lit by one bulb and by a round electric heater that was rosy in a corner by the windows. Penn hoarsely gabbled from the closet, "Came downstairs and grabbed me. I knew it was a fake when she said she needed a check for two thousand ——"

I shoved Harm aside and kicked the lock of the door to pieces. Marlett Smith strolled in and happily watched me, enjoying himself. Penn was minutely tied in a clothesline, knotted about his arms and legs in a dozen wrappings. His coat and shirt were ripped. He licked his lips and leaned on me while Harm cut the rope.

He coughed, "Said he'd gone and she needed two thousand to get to her people in England. She talked too much, though—and she had all those rings on. And he must have been listening, because the minute I stalled he came downstairs. Strong as a bull! Anyhow, they told me I'd sign checks for two thousand or they'd lock me up and leave me when they'd gone. Thought they'd do that anyhow. Hit me a couple of times. Then the bell started ringing and"—Penn grinned—"knew it was you, Harm."

Harm kicked the cut rope away and shut his pocketknife. He stared at Penn for a breath and then said, "I ought to thrash you so that you can't stand! Where did that thug hit you, Penny?"

"Stomach, of course!"

"I fancy," said Marlett Smith delightedly, "that you'd have signed some checks before morning, Penny."

"I certainly wouldn't have!"

The banker smiled and went strolling to the electric stove. He tapped something loose from the twisted bars of metal before the white hot coils of the machine. It fell to the floor, which smoked at once. It was a long hatpin. Harm's lip rose and he snarled as we stared at it. Penn whistled and rubbed the tattooed mermaid on his bare shoulder

Then he shivered and said weakly, "I guess I would, sir."

"Clever people," the banker mused. "Medieval well?"

"No one's come out the back way, sir," said the policeman, walking in. "The lady's puttin' her hat on. Will I stop her?"

"Has she anything of yours, Penny?"

"No. There's my check book," Penn coughed, nodding to a table.

He sat down on the floor and rubbed his ankles, licking his cracked lips.

"Then let her go," said the banker.

I stared into the hall. There was another door lit now, and shadows fluttered there. She came into view, veiled, with a densely furred wrap about her and a dressing case in her hand. Civilization now masked her. I found myself feeling to see that my hat wasn't on my head. Harm muttered something as she passed out of sight. Then, very swiftly, a tall man swung from the other room in her wake, pulling his cap down. It was Merchant. Harm barked like a dog and leaped after the burly, hastening figure.

Penn shrieked, "No, Harm! Gun! He's got " And I jumped for the hall. It was Penn who jarred past me and seized his brother's arm, sobbing "No!"

"I'm going to ——"

"He's got a gun! No, Harm! Please!"

He locked his arms about Harm and forced him against a wall. Merchant ran down the stairs. The door shut below. Penn was gulping out Hidj and didn't stop until Harm grinned and flushed. He said, "Shut up!"

"I shan't! Think I'm goin' to let you chase that mucker when he's got a gun in his pocket, you big mushhead? You stay here or I'll lam you in the eye!"

"He's gone," I put in.

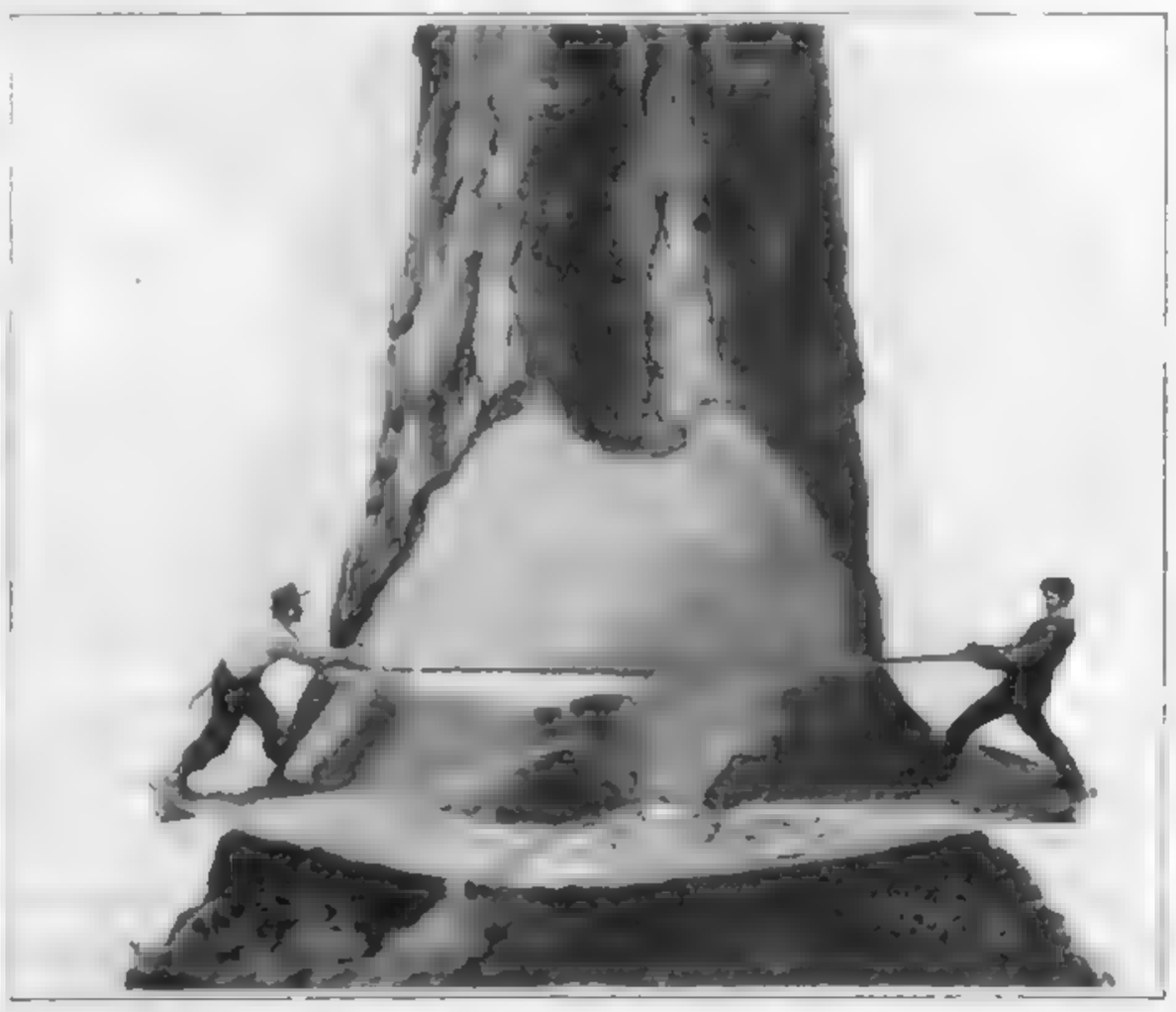
Marlett Smith said "Wonderful," behind me.

The policeman gazed with awe. They stood snarling in their language at each other. The mermaid wriggled on Penn's shoulder. Harm grinned and closed his battered hands together behind his brother's back.

The voices slacked and fell into a murmurous accord. They beamed. I walked back to Marlett Smith and waited while he dismissed the policeman.

"The war," I whispered, "is over"

"Oh, no," said Marlett Smith; "affairs in Hidj have merely resumed their normal condition."



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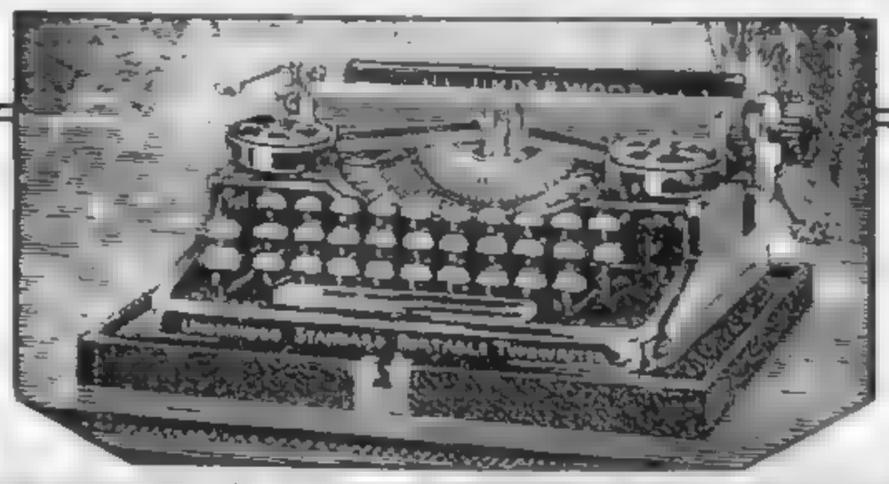

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THE BUNG STARTER

(Continued from Page 7)

"Very sad indeed," agreed Vernon, who had not the slightest idea of his meaning.

"Fount of joy dried at wellhead," continued the inebriate. "Mightsh well turn back with me and fill high a cup Samian wine at my dump. Gollul lef'."

Vernon hesitated, doubtful whether to see the fool safely home or to leave him to the providence that makes such cases its special care. Before he could make up his mind the object of his consideration settled the matter for himself by raising his hat with a coldly dignified gesture and walking away without another word. Observing that he walked fairly well Vernon decided to leave him to the providence aforesaid, and proceeded on his way.

It was a dimly lighted street, ill paved and little better than a slum; a street of dingy tenement houses, mean, rickety cottages, shabby shops, lumber yards and stables, and now it was a very silent street with only here and there an illuminated window and muffled sounds of human occupancy within. Vernon had not gone far before he regretted his instinct for short cuts. The deeper shadows were highly suggestive of lurking bandits with upraised cudgels; each doorway seemed a menace of ambush. He chose the extreme edge of the sidewalk and mended his pace, and for the time thought no more of Ermyntrude or Darrell.

Then the silence was suddenly and alarmingly broken. The scream of a woman!

Vernon's heart leaped and he felt his knees weaken abominably. In the panic that struck him that was a particular misfortune, for he wanted his knees in good condition for instant flight. He had, in fact, turned to run, but just then the scream was repeated—unmistakably from the alley that he was approaching, whose corner building bore on a lighted transparency the legend Power's Pool Parlors—and at that second shrill appeal Vernon knew that at whatever cost to his precious skin, in spite or any knee weakness and against any odds that he might encounter, he was going to speed to the aid of this distressed female. And no Ajax, Diarmid, Hotspur, Tybalt or Cyrano—no fighting fool of them all—could have hastened to the fray with more seeming alacrity than did Vernon, sick as he was with fear and with no encouraging spectators or elbow touch of comrades to sustain him. He saw at once what he had to contend with, however: Just one man—one burly ruffian, in whose clutch a slender girl was struggling like a wildcat and using language that no lady should use in any circumstances whatever.

Vernon's war cry rang out as he came on: "Hey, you, sir!"

The ruffian turned to face him, without releasing his grasp on the girl's wrist. The light at the corner of the alley showed him plainly, as ugly a scowling scoundrel as one might wish never to behold. He glared at Vernon belligerently, yet with a sort of sneer that made little of him.

"You beat it while the beating's good, Freddy," he growled. "I'll take you, too, if you butt in."

"Make him let me go!" cried the girl.

At the same time she stooped quickly, but not quickly enough, for the hulking brute jerked her head back from his wrist before her teeth could fairly close upon it.

"I'll smash you in the jaw if you try that again, sister," he said, interpolating an oath to attest the sincerity of his resolution.

Vernon, who had stopped, now advanced with his stick held threateningly.

"You let her go, confound you," he said, and almost as he said it the stick was twitched from his hand and he found himself on the flat of his back, the breath knocked out of him by a violent blow on his chest, and his left hand pinned to the ground beneath the large-sized boot of his assailant. It was a situation entirely novel to him and one brought about by means as strange as disagreeable. Nobody had ever before laid a hand on him save in the way of kindness; not even his own father; he had never so much as quarreled with a companion, and in this inoffensive attitude of his toward the world at large his amiability had never compromised his dignity. Now he had actually suffered a blow and was in the most undignified posture imaginable—literally under the foot of his enemy—and the realization of this filled him with a fury of rage that expelled the last remnant of fear and even common prudence.

"Now we'll fix you, dash, several asterisks, double dash you!" snarled the black-browed brute.

He fumbled in his coat pocket, but at the instant the girl jerked him backward and Vernon bounded to his feet, gripping in his right hand the wooden implement that Mr. Malachi Power had hurled into the alley some hours previously, and upon which Vernon had fallen.

"Watch out for his gat!" screamed the girl, and, not content with warning, she struck at the pistol in her captor's hand. The weapon exploded and the bung starter descended with a dull thud upon the ruffian's devoted head about simultaneously. He dropped like a log and lay still, and there Vernon stood before the rescued damsel, triumphant, and exulting in his triumph.

"Beat it, you boob!" cried the girl excitedly, clutching Vernon's arm and shaking him from his rapt contemplation of his handiwork. "That gun's gonna bring 'em a-buzzing, and if you've croaked him ——"

Vernon seemed to understand what she meant. "We'll see," he said, and knelt to unbutton the coat of his fallen foe. "Why!" he exclaimed and looked blankly at the girl.

The open coat had revealed a bright metal star inscribed Police.

"Is that ——" he began, but checked himself and placed his hand upon the breast of the prostrate figure. To his infinite relief he detected a slight pulsation of the heart, so got up again, just as the girl ran to him with his hat and stick.

"No use leaving real clews for them," she said breathlessly. "Here they come! Le's go!"

Vernon realized the gravity of the situation sufficiently to waste no time in argument. Footsteps, hurried and approaching footsteps, were clearly audible. The girl was already running, so, without delay, he set out after her. At the first corner she darted into an alley darker and narrower even than the one that she had left, and there, stopping almost immediately, she took Vernon by the arm and drew him to what appeared to be a fence, a section of which suddenly opened at her touch and which she carefully closed after they had passed through it into a yard littered with bulky objects unrecognizable by Vernon in the darkness.

"Listen!" whispered the girl, who had remained standing by the fence and still held his arm. "Hear them?"

Whoever had arrived on the scene of the late conflict had evidently found the body. Exclamations more or less profane clearly indicated that. One gruff voice gave directions: "Carry him inside, you, Sloane, and you, whatever your name is. Sloane, don't let this man go until I get back. And call the station and get Hepner and report. He'll know what to do and he'll do it quick. Gregory, you come with me and we'll beat around here a little."

Brisk footsteps, and then a halt and a challenge: "Come out of there, you! Come out before I fill your hide with lead!"

No answer to that. A muttered colloquy and once more the footsteps—turning the corner, nearer and nearer, and then stopping. Vernon felt the clasp on his arm tighten.

"They might be anywhere if they haven't made a clean get-away. Say, you might as well skip down the alley to Arbor Street. Keep your eyes skinned as you go, and wise Altman on his beat. I'll catch Burke on Marcy if I don't scare up anything before I get there. Come back by the avenue."

"Sure," answered the person addressed, and the fugitives heard him move away. They had been standing closely together in the intimacy of their common peril, she almost clinging, Vernon with every nerve and muscle tense, clutching his trusty bung starter with a grip that argued a firm determination to use it promptly at need, acutely conscious of the contact of his companion, of every quick admonitory pressure of her hand, all his protective instinct aroused to the utmost, excited, as he well might have been, but dangerously self-controlled. The peril seemed very imminent, too, for their pursuers were within a foot or two of where they stood, and but for the intervening fence Vernon could have touched them without moving. It seemed to him that his very breathing must betray him.

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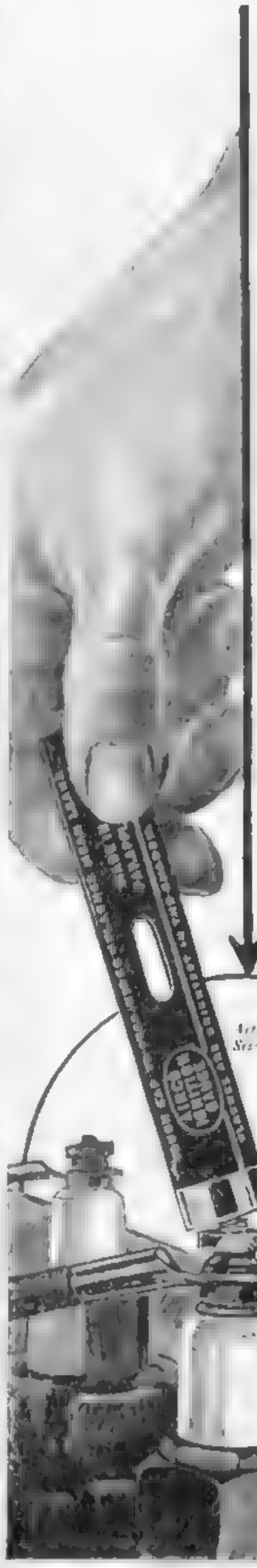

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For a moment or two the remaining officer lingered and then he, too, departed; but not until he was well out of all possible hearing did the girl stir or speak. Then it was in the lowest whisper that she admonished Vernon to watch his step, and taking his hand she conducted him to the door of a shedlike building a few yards distant, and there gave him his hat and stick and another caution: "Lift your feet high and clear over the threshold or you'll set off a burglar alarm in Malachi's room, and there may be some gink in there that knows where it comes from." She unlocked the door and vanished into inner darkness.

"Now come, and lift your feet."

Vernon, raising his foot with a sort of stringhalt, but setting it cautiously down, walked without hesitation into the pitchy gloom, the door instantly shutting out whatever pale light was reflected from the sky. Then a wide, luminous circle flashed suddenly and danced from corner to corner of what seemed to be a storehouse for lumber, old trunks, broken chairs, rusted bed springs, sacking and such trash. It was lined with tar paper that diffused a strong but not unpleasant odor, and it was windowless. The girl seated herself on one of the trunks and motioned to Vernon to take his place beside her. When he had done so she extinguished her light and began very softly to giggle.

"Well, here you are, Freddy," she whispered, her mouth close to his ear. "Gee! Don't you think I ought to have a chaperon?"

Vernon reached into the darkness for her hand, and finding that it held the flashlight took it from her and, thumbing the switch, turned a full radiance on her face. Before that moment he had had only a vague impression that she was young, or rather that her voice and figure were youthful. He was now really seeing her face for the first time. Not at all an unattractive face, on the whole; Milesian in its cast; eyes bluish-gray with black pupils and heavy fringes of black lashes, set widely apart and surmounted by straight and heavy, dark brows; nose small and impertinently tipped up; upper lip a trifle long and both lips too thin and too red; too much red on her somewhat hollowed cheeks and far too much white where the red was not flaming. When she smiled, as she did now, she revealed teeth that, with one partly golden exception, were quite nice. She wore a silly little cocked hat with a garish ornament, which yet was not unbecoming.

"Well?" she challenged, recovering the light and snapping it out.

"Yes, I think so," Vernon replied.

"Think what?"

"That you might need a chaperon."

"Cut that out," she said, but her tone was not unkind. She giggled again. "Do you know what you're up against, Freddy? You certainly beaned that bull. You beaned him for fair, the big stiff!" She seemed to relish the recollection and Vernon shuddered a little, not exactly with disgust. She felt the movement. "You're cold," she said, and got up. Vernon heard the rustle of her garments here and there, the sound of a scraping on the floor, a creak, the plop as of a drawn cork and the gurgle of poured liquid; then he felt a touch on his shoulder. "Where's your hand?" He gave it and it was guided to what he easily guessed was a small tin cup, round which she pressed his fingers. "Why, you ain't cold!" she said with some surprise. "Well, it won't hurt you, anyway. Drink it down; you needn't be afraid of it. It's the real thing. I took a sip myself. Get it?"

Leaning over his shoulder she exhaled. Vernon got it, and grinned. "Why not?" he thought, and whispered, "Did you leave but a kiss within the cup?"

"It's all most people would leave you if they got first chance at it," she returned.

Without further hesitation Vernon recklessly drained what a little experience would have told him was a superman's sized jolt. Being what the girl said it was it did not seem to have any corrosive effect, but merely diffused a rather pleasant glow that gradually extended from his stomach to the ends of his fingers and the tips of his toes. "That is really excellent," he said appreciatively. "Is—is it rye whisky?"

"Don't you know the difference between rye and bourbon?" she asked.

Vernon did not. His knowledge did not extend beyond Scotch in the whisky branch of potable science, except that he had seen people drink what he understood to be rye—the older set mostly. But he repeated that it was good.

"Too good for those swine," said the girl, who had again resumed her seat beside him on the trunk. "I'd like to put strychnine in it. There's three cases right here—over five hundred dollars' worth—and that would help Malachi out. As soon as I heard that he was pinched I came over with the old bus to get it, but the guy I brought along fell over his feet and brought that cop out—the one you put to sleep. Well, Bill made his get-away, all right, but I got grabbed. If it hadn't been for you, Freddy —— Say, you're a good sport, all right!"

Vernon could not help feeling gratified and a little thrilled by the admiring tone in which she pronounced this encomium. "Who is Malachi?" he asked.

"He's my old man. My name's Miss Ellen Power. Listen," she said brightly. "We could get that stuff down cellar, anyway, if you'll help me. Malachi hadn't ought to have brought it up, but there was a couple of good customers coming for it, and ——" She flashed a light on her wrist watch. "That cop may have got back by this time or he may be on his way, but it won't take us more than five or ten minutes."

Lay it to the demoralizing influence of alcohol, if you please, but within the space of time mentioned by Miss Power, Vernon had raised an artfully hidden trapdoor and with the young woman's assistance had unlawfully concealed three cases of contraband in the small cemented cellar below. It was no light task, for the cases were heavy and had to be handled so as to avoid the least noise; but the thing was done to the entire satisfaction of the female criminal, and the trapdoor closed and covered, so that, as she observed, there was a good chance for it escaping detection unless somebody had an inside tip.

"What next, Miss Power?" Vernon asked.

That, it seemed, was what Miss Power had been considering for some time without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. She opined that a cordon of the police had been drawn about them, but as to its extent and alertness—"It depends on whether it was just a knockout or a case for the coroner," she said. "Anyway, now's as good a time as any to make a break—somewhere—I guess."

"One moment, please," said Vernon. "Does this alley run through to Marcy Street? I thought the officer said that was where he was going. Yes? Then we'll go that way."

"And have him pick us up on his way back, if he hasn't got back."

"I think not. He may not come back by the alley. If he does, and we meet him—why, so much the worse for him."

"Gee!" exclaimed the girl admiringly. "Nothing yellow about you, I'll say! I thought I had some nerve myself, but say!"

Vernon slipped into his overcoat, which he had taken off to move the cases, hooked his stick over his arm, picked up his hat, and then stooped for his bung starter.

"I'm ready," he said.

It was good to get out into the air again—into the open, if a narrow alley could be so considered. At least there was no longer the nervous strain of waiting, cooped up, anticipating discovery in ignominious concealment. Vernon's spirit rose instantly and to a surprising height, and he strode with his head up and his chest out and with so little caution that his companion more than once remonstrated with him. She was on his good left arm, which he had politely offered as they left the hole in the fence; his right hand grasped his mallet, and if it had not been so encumbered he would undoubtedly have twisted his little mustache, musketeer fashion. Spurs should have clanked and jingled at his heels. Oh, a devil of a fellow he felt himself to be! And he had the exceedingly pleasant consciousness that he was not alone in this opinion. Almost too bad that Sergeant Francis X. Maloney of the Thirty-fifth Precinct station had not chosen to return by the same way that he went. Both he and Vernon would have enjoyed themselves.

"You're pretty husky too," murmured the girl, as if divining and continuing his thought. "There ain't many guys of your size could have handled them cases like you did."

A minute or two later she held him back. "Let's cut through here somewhere and not go out on this alley," she proposed. "It's a pipe somebody will be hanging

(Continued on Page 140)

The Survival of the Fittest

Of the names known to motor enthusiasts in the early years of the century, but few survive today.

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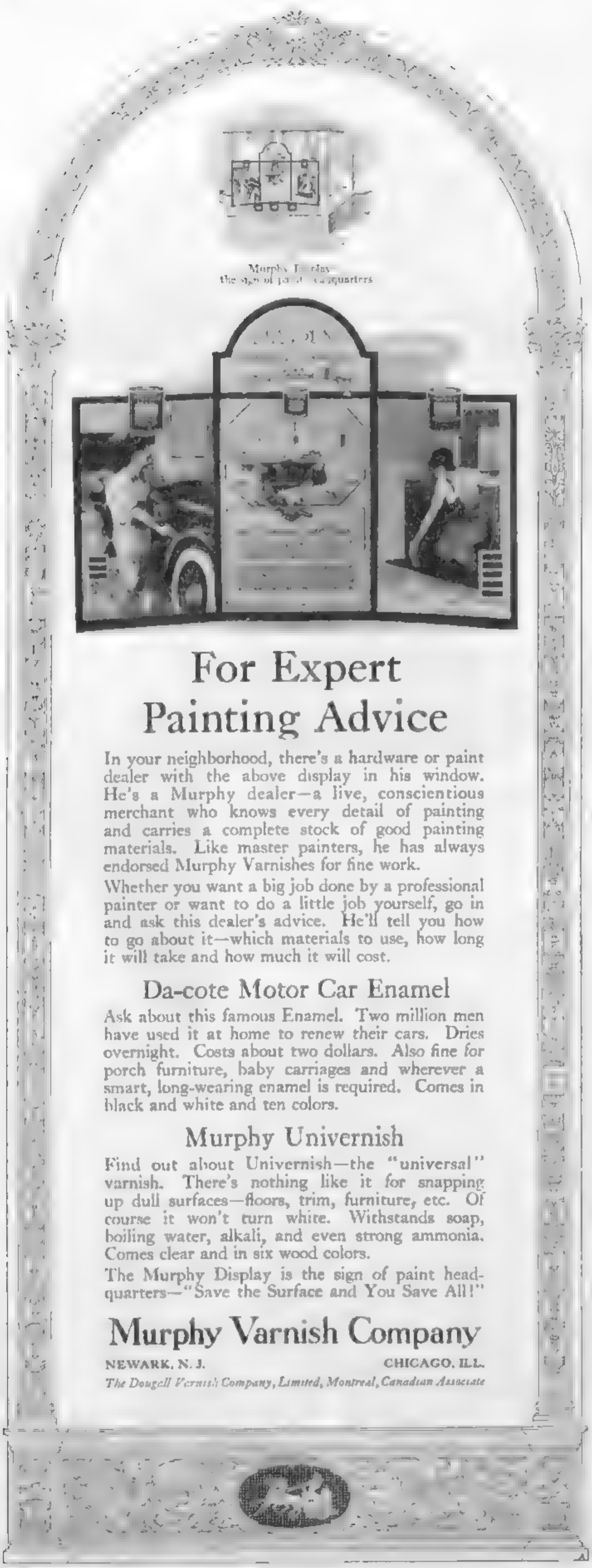

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The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 138)

around and gather us in. No use pulling a bone like that, Freddy."

She spoke pleadingly, almost timidly, and Vernon swelled with pride. His blood was racing through him in a very agreeable manner.

"Straight ahead is the way," he replied. "Straight ahead and take what comes."

"Well, if you want to take it I'll take it with you," she responded, and pressed a thought closer to him.

Who could have asked more than that? Implicit confidence—what? This child of the slums, reared and trained to defy the law, accustomed, no doubt, to the society of its desperate and blood-stained violators, this little animal who would scratch and bite like a wildcat, swear like a fishwife and drink raw spirit, respected and admired him for his virile capacity for crimes of violence. She had seen him perhaps kill one man, had heard him intimate his perfect willingness to kill one or two more if necessary, and so, abashed, awed by his superior criminality and indifference—foolhardy indifference—to danger, she now meekly acquiesced in his decisions, clung to him frankly and—had he inspired something more than this, a softer emotion?—she would share his peril and ——

"You poor simp!" she said, and giggled.

They were approaching Marcy, the wide and well-lighted street from which he had diverged when he began his walk. At that giggle Vernon stopped short and shifting the bung starter to his left hand seized Miss Power in a brutal apache strangle hold, roughly forced her chin back, and kissed her.

For a moment she lay supine in his embrace and then violently extricated herself and confronted him, her face suffused with a crimson that the powder could not hide, her black brows drawn together menacingly, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Damn your heart!" she exclaimed huskily. Then like a wind-swept mist all traces of anger vanished, and she suddenly threw both her arms about Vernon's neck and pressed her warm red lips to his.

"That will do," said Vernon sharply, and pushed her away.

"Oh, that will do, will it, Freddy?" She laughed unpleasantly.

"Come on," said he quite gruffly, and set out without giving her so much as a look.

She was not coming, though. Yes, she was, for in a moment he heard a rustle behind him and her hand slipped almost imperceptibly within his arm again. They turned the critical corner.

He heard her sigh, as if with relief, but not until he had walked nearly to the end of the block did he deign to turn his head to see if their egress had been observed. At first the street seemed to be entirely deserted; then he thought he could make out a solitary figure, too far away to be clearly distinguished, who appeared to be standing still, possibly looking after them. They walked on, and then Vernon saw another figure waiting beneath the street lamp at the corner beyond the one that they approached—or was it a mail box? It looked bad. Were they trapped? He looked back again and saw something that gave him a ray of hope, two rays, in fact—the twin lights of an approaching car, and green shaded, too, as were the lights of the limousine he had left. True, there were some hundreds or thousands similarly shaded, and it must have been an hour since he left Henry. It had seemed ages, but in actual time, perhaps —— A chance in a million, but if it should be ——

"Excuse me," he said, and disengaging himself stepped from the curb and into the radiant beam of the coming—yes, it was a limousine! He raised his hand

Incredibly the chance in a million favored him. The car swerved to avoid him, slackened speed and showed Henry's peering face as it passed. It came to a standstill. Henry jumped out, opened the door and stood imperturbably respectful with his finger at the visor of his cap while Vernon handed the lady in.

"Home, Mr. Vernon?"

Vernon gave him a perfectly savage look and then whispered to the girl.

"Have him turn back and drive to ——" She mentioned a street that Vernon had never heard of.

He tried it on Henry, and Henry luckily knew it.

"All right. Drive there then."

He got into the car and as he seated himself the girl moved away from him and looked out of the window, but he guessed that her interest was not excited by anything that she saw, for all her pretense of it. It was a movement of avoidance. The poor little thing no doubt felt embarrassed on finding herself in this luxurious equipage. Vernon spoke in an easy conversational tone calculated to reassure her.

"Rather fortunate, this, isn't it? Y'see I was on my way home when something went wrong with the engine, so I got out to walk while Henry was seeing to it. Glad it took him so long. I'd missed my way, y'know, when I heard you call."

She nodded without turning her head, and there was a tense silence of some minutes, during which the apache in Vernon seemed to evaporate.

"I'm sorry," he said gently, "if I—if you ——"

"'Sall right," she replied shortly.

"I mean—I mean to say I'm very glad that I did hear you and was able to render ——"

She laughed and looked at him directly for the first time since they had left the alley. His expression was one of great concern, and noting it she laughed again—a hard little laugh.

"Some swell boat!" she remarked, casually glancing about the car and then allowing her gaze to return to him with an idle, impersonal, top-to-toe scrutiny, under which he was decidedly uneasy. Then she turned to the window again. "We're nearly there," she said after a few moments. "Tell him to stop at the next corner."

Vernon gave the necessary instruction and when the car stopped got out to assist her to alight; but she ignored his outstretched hand.

"Ni-night, Freddy," she said lightly. "Thanks for the ride." And with that she began to walk away.

Vernon took a few steps by her side.

"I shall see you to your door, of course," he said firmly.

She stopped. "What's the big idea?" she asked. "Do you think I oughtn't to be out alone at this time of the morning? Afraid somebody might insult me if you ain't along to protect me?"

Vernon's face burned. "I—I owe you an apology," he stammered, and then was shocked to see that her eyes were wet with tears. "Oh!" he cried.

"You're a good guy, Freddy," she told him in a softened tone, and extending her hand. "You're all right, and I ain't going to forget it; but here's where you go back."

"But ——"

But Ellen was gone; flitting, batlike, into the mystery of shadows from which, to Vernon's sight and hearing, she was never again to emerge.

Vernon went back to the car. "Home, Henry," he said, anticipating the question.

It was nearly noon the next day when Vernon stirred uneasily and opened his eyes to the softened light that filtered through shades and curtains into his bedroom. Finding that even that subdued luminosity was painful he shut them again.

Urged by an early-rising, let-us-then-be-up-and-doing conscience, he presently made another effort and blinked at a high light reflected from a silver photograph frame that stood on his dressing table. The photograph was Ermyntrude's latest, and it smiled at him. A sweet face! The face, unmistakably, of a fine-natured girl of gentle breeding. To tell the truth, the absence of color in the photograph was a distinct advantage, inasmuch as Ermyntrude's coloring distracted the mind from her purely insensuous beauties of expression. Vernon had thought so. Here was the true Ermyntrude!

It all came back to him—meaning by "all," everything. Not only the late estrangement and impending parting, but the events of the night before: The homicide—possible homicide, at least, and the merest possibility would have weighed like lead upon his soul now—and following that the condoning and compounding of and actual participation in the defiance and violation of the sacred Constitution of his country! The recollection now disgusted him.

And then he visualized the powdered and painted little siren whose shrill appealing song, or singing out, had drawn him into this—this darned dirty mess. Setting aside her moral delinquency, what had his conduct been toward her, poor little thing! He groaned aloud, and at the woeful sound the round, pink, expressionless face of

Walters, the valet factotum, appeared at the opened door.

"Come in, Walters," said Vernon, and Walters glided in.

You would never have thought that he had already had quite a confidential little chat with Henry the chauffeur after Mr. Broderick Ladd-Severance got through with Henry.

"It's late, isn't it? Has my father gone to the office?"

"Yes, Mr. Vernon. He went at the usual time, and it is now a quarter of twelve. He looked in here before he went and gave me orders not to disturb you, but I fancied that I heard you call. Will you get up now, sir, or shall I bring you some breakfast first?"

The idea of breakfast was not attractive to Vernon, but he asked for tea and dry toast and the morning paper, and, in the meantime, water. His mouth was oddly dry and he had a sort of neuralgic headache, but he did not tell Walters this. While the man was gone Vernon drank the rest of the water and resumed his meditations.

Horrible conduct! And yet—and yet —— The girl was not horrible, and yet she had—unless his vanity deluded him —— He recalled his swaggering before her, his so-much-the-worse-for-him gasconade, and blushed with shame. Yet, after all, were the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady members of a great subcutaneous sorority? Might not this experience of his, rotten as it was and never to be repeated, yet be useful?

Walters reëntered with the tea and toast and the morning paper and while Vernon was occupied with them began to move quietly about the room, picking up and folding the various articles of evening apparel that Vernon had worn, no flicker of eyelid or twist of mouth betraying the slightest interest in their muddied and rumpled condition. Vernon looking up from his paper saw him with the bung starter in his hand, regarding it gravely but a little uncertainly, as if doubtful where to put it. From any appearance of curiosity that he displayed, it might have been a boot-tree.

"Oh, take that thing down with you when you go and make it up into a neat parcel and don't let me forget it when I go out," Vernon directed.

"Yes, sir. 'kyou, sir. Shall I lay out ——"

"I'm calling this afternoon," Vernon told him. "Morning coat."

"Yes, Mr. Vernon," said Walters, and proceeded to lay out the formal garment mentioned, with its appropriate waistcoat, trousers, necktie, collar, shirt and shoes. He had not quite completed this task when Vernon did rather disturb his poise by fervently ejaculating "Thank God!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Nothing," replied Vernon, laying down the paper.

But it was a tremendous something. He had not really known how tremendous until the relief came. He had forced hope and bamboozled belief that all would be well without realizing the effort of it. And, after all, all was well! Here it was:

BOOZE BEAGLE BLUDGEONED

OFFICER CORWIN MASSAGED BY MURDEROUS MOB

James A. Corwin, prohibition officer attached to Director Willis Whittlesea's justly famed and efficient organization known as the Booze Beagles, was attacked last night by a mob of infuriated dipsomaniacs armed with crowbars and sledgehammers, and suffered a painful concussion of the skull before the arrival of reënforcements from the Thirty-fifth Precinct police station put the miscreants to flight.

The officer was discovered in a dazed condition, with his bump of benevolence so enlarged that it will be several days before the swelling will subside sufficiently to fit him for duty. He was at once carried into the pool parlors of Malachi Power at 2984 Adlon Street, where, it is whispered, restoratives were administered.

Mr. Power's establishment had been raided earlier in the evening and several gallons of whisky and Mr. Power himself were discovered and removed therefrom. It is believed that revenge was the motive of the assault upon Officer Corwin, who had been left in charge of the premises and was lured into the alley by a sound resembling the cry of the white mule. The officer says that he recognized in the ringleader of his assailants a well-known clubman. He believes that the club was heavily loaded. No arrests have been made.

"Well, look who's here!"

It was Vernon, who, entering Mrs. Pallister's reception room unannounced, found that lady seated on a lounge beside Ermyntrude and regarding Mr. James Darrell with no pleasant expression. She had evidently just addressed to him some remark that conformed with her politely vicious look, and there was a certain note of relief in Darrell's tone when he called attention to Vernon's appearance. At once Mrs. Pallister's face became wreathed in a welcoming smile as she rose to give Vernon her hand and present her cheek to his salute. As for Ermyntrude, she vouchsafed no smile whatever, nor did she rise, but having blushed as she looked up, and being angrily conscious of it, she tried to look indifferent, and decidedly overdid it.

"How do you do, Ermyntrude?" said Vernon, laying a neat brown-paper package on a table.

There was something in the way he said it that caused Ermyntrude to look at him with surprise—an unwonted crispness, a strange gravity in his manner. Her surprise deepened when he turned from her after a brief glance and surveyed Darrell with a steady gaze in which there was such an implication of contempt as to cause that gentleman to redden and stop grinning. Yet nothing tangible, any more than there was in his whole bearing. It was odd, but from the moment that he entered the room he seemed, somehow, to dominate. Actually dominate!

"I—I'm pretty well, thank you," returned Ermyntrude, her self-possession disturbed the more as Vernon had continued to stare at Darrell in that discomposing way until with an uncomfortable laugh the latter shifted his eyes to the package on the table.

"That doesn't look like candy," said he.

Vernon, ignoring him, addressed Ermyntrude. "Nice of you to stay in this afternoon," he said dryly.

"I don't know what you mean by 'nice,'" she replied.

"You knew that I intended to call, didn't you?"

Question and look were as direct, as negligent of the presence of others as they could have been. Ermyntrude laughed, not without embarrassment and with an involuntary side glance at Darrell.

"How serious we are!" she said. "Did you think I would be likely to run away? What is in that package, Vernon? I'm curious."

"So am I," declared Mrs. Pallister, supporting her. "Open it, Verny."

"Yes, do, Verny," Darrell chimed in. He was beginning to recover himself.

Vernon shot a quick, keen look at him and then, after a moment's hesitation whether or not to allow the diversion, snapped the string with a nervous motion and spread the wrapping aside. There was an exclamation of surprise from the women.

"What on earth is it?" cried Mrs. Pallister. "Do sit down, Vernon. Mr. Darrell"—the politely vicious smile reappeared—"would you mind taking this chair? The one you are sitting in is Vernon's."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Ermyntrude, in proper protest against the rudeness.

But as Darrell awkwardly arose Mrs. Pallister effected the exchange with perfect calmness, and, what was more, Vernon accepted the chair, that really had been dedicated to him, quite as a matter of course. He assumed no air of triumph, but neither did he offer so much as a perfunctory remonstrance; he simply sat down and settled himself comfortably without a glance at the person whom he had displaced. Here Darrell had a fine opportunity to make a dignified exit, but whether out of doggedness or mere curiosity, he took the chair that had been assigned to him, smiling at Ermyntrude as he did so. She, however, was looking curiously at Vernon.

"Well, Verny," said Mrs. Pallister, "tell us about it. We know it must be something."

"It's a mallet, I think," said Vernon. "Looks like the thing sculptors whack their inspired chisels with, don't you know. I found it last night, or rather this morning, in a place where, I imagine, the fine arts are rather neglected; in a vile alley in a slum district inhabited by a particularly low class of people. Whatever its legitimate purpose may be, I used it to bean a bull."

If Vernon expected to create a sensation by this announcement—as he probably did—he must have been highly gratified by the amazed looks of his auditors. Vernon wandering in vile slums among low

July 22, 1921.

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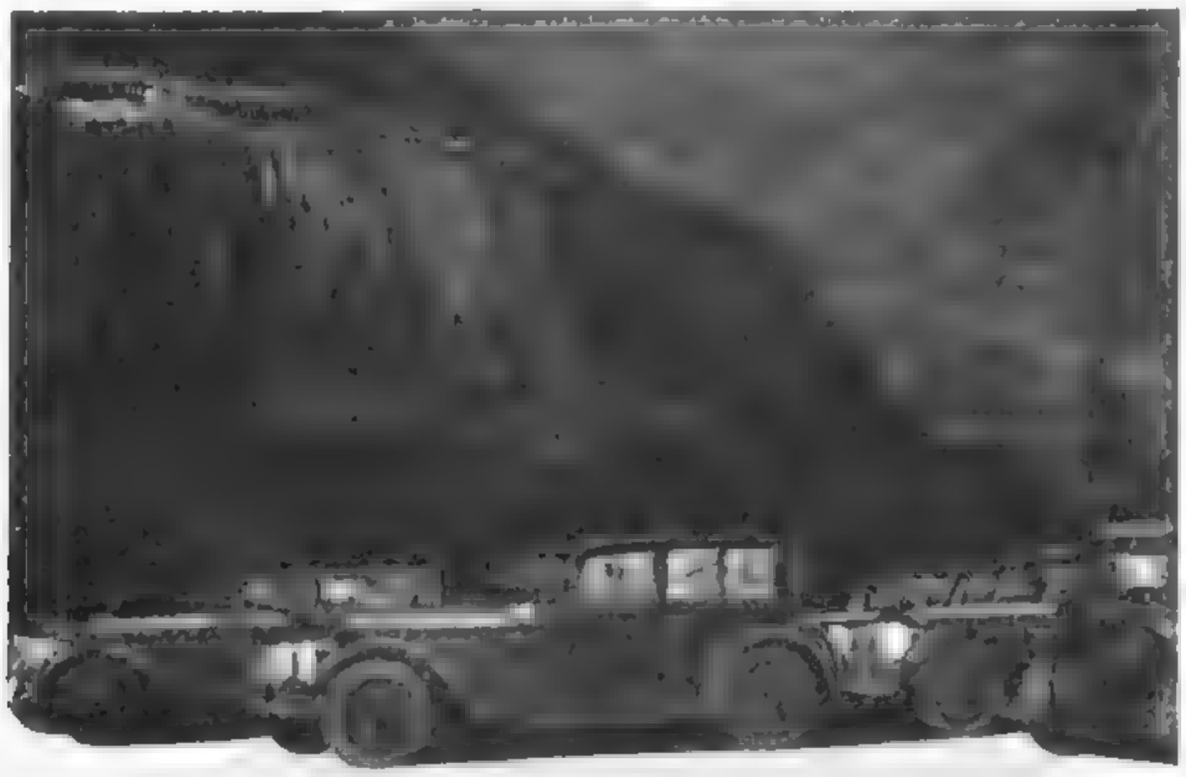

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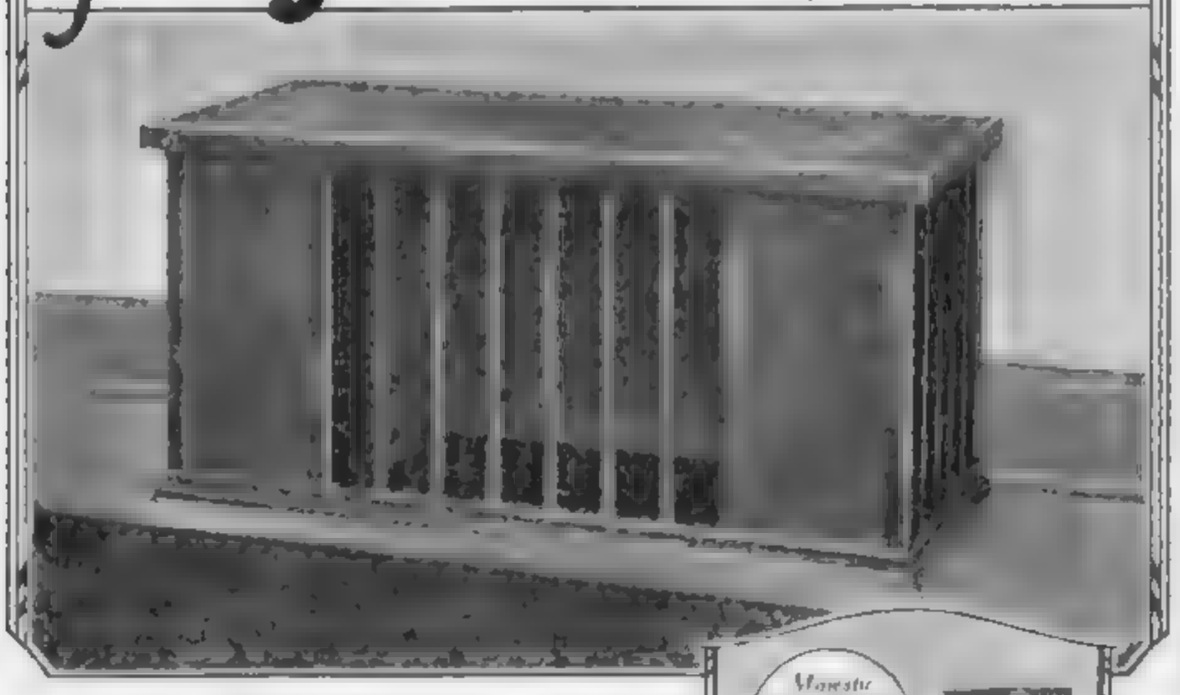

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THE MAJESTIC CO. Huntington, Ind.

people at unearthly hours in the morning! Vernon—what was it that he said he had done?

"Beaned him for fair," the hero of the exploit told them. "Put him to sleep."

"Yes, you did!" jeered Darrell.

"But 'beaned'? 'Beaned' a 'bull'? A 'bull'?" This from Ermyntrude.

She was completely mystified—the more so because in her long and intimate acquaintance with Vernon she had never known so much as a breath of exaggeration to sully the clear, clean truth in him. If he said that he had beaned a bull, whatever it was, the animal was without doubt adequately beaned.

"A cop, perhaps I should say," Vernon elucidated. "I gather that the nouns are synonymous. The verb 'to bean' has nothing to do with the verb 'to be', but means to strike violently the bean, or head, of a person. In other words, I hit a policeman on the head with that thing, and until I saw the paper this morning I was rather afraid that I had killed him."

The women cried out together: "Vernon!"

"We made our get-away, however," Vernon went on. "I forgot to say that I had a companion—a girl. We had a rather exciting flight and then a concealment in a dark room that was, in a way, thrilling. Incidentally we hid from Director Whittlesea's Booze Beagles several cases of rye whisky, which was the real stuff, I assure you—far too good for the swine. We drank some of it from a tin cup. Quite picnicky!"

Vernon's eyes never left Ermyntrude's during this narration. She had turned rather pale and, without noticing it, was ruining a valuable lace handkerchief with her plucking fingers.

"You must have had a perfectly wonderful time," she said coldly.

"A regular little devil, wasn't he?" Darrell supplemented.

"An interesting experience, at least," Vernon answered, continuing to hold Ermyntrude with his glittering eye. "Eventually we were lucky enough to intercept Henry on his way home with the car, otherwise we might have been gathered in, after all."

"Vernon, you are romancing!" exclaimed Mrs. Pallister.

"To put it delicately," Darrell supplemented.

Vernon turned on him suddenly. "I learned one thing," he said—"and that was the intense pleasure to be derived from knocking a man down."

Now as Vernon said this, rising from his chair, a very remarkable change took place in his aspect. His very features seemed to alter; the arch of his eyebrows flattened and two deep and portentous lines appeared between them; his nose, always a prominent feature, seemed to enlarge with the expansion of his nostrils and became formidable, and his mustache bristled threateningly above the revealed white line of his teeth. You might have said that he smiled, but it was not a winning smile by any means that he now bent on Jimmy Darrell. The indefinable something about him had all at once become a definite and visible menace of dangerous action. Darrell realized it and rose as he did.

"You remind me of something that I have been neglecting to tell you," said Vernon. "Just two words, and outside this room, if you please."

"Don't go, Jimmy!" cried Ermyntrude, starting up. "How dare ——"

Vernon turned his new face to her, and the words died on her tongue and she suffered her mother to draw her back to her seat.

"I really think, my dear," said the matron, "that if Vernon has anything of a private nature to discuss with Mr. Darrell he should be allowed to do so."

"Are you coming?" asked Vernon.

"Sure! Oh, I'll come," Darrell answered roughly. As they were leaving the room he added, "You're forgetting your bung starter."

Vernon without replying closed the door of the reception room and walking straight through the hall to the street door opened and flung that wide.

Then with a clear enunciation he uttered his two words: "Beat it!"

Darrell laughed. Was this shrimp trying to start rough-house? Impossible! He looked ugly enough though; ugly enough for anything. Crazy look in his eyes. Might have a gun. No, for his little handles were clenched into fists. Two-fisted guy! That was to laugh.

Accordingly Darrell laughed again.

His next definite thought was of the bottom step. He must have fumbled that step in his rapid descent. Turning, midway down, had made him miscalculate; but if his head had only hit the tire instead of the spokes of the wheel he would be in good shape to return and pound the little devil into a pulp. Who had been so infernally careless as to leave that roadster standing there in the way? Why, it was his own roadster! And what was this now sailing through the air and flopping on the pavement beside him? His own cap, to be sure! And that sound? It was the closing of Mrs. Pallister's street door.

Somebody had the thrashing of his young life coming to him; but that, Jimmy Darrell wisely decided, could be postponed to a more favorable opportunity. He therefore put on his cap rather gingerly, climbed into his car and drove away.

A hand was laid on Vernon's shoulder as he closed the street door again. It was Mrs. Pallister.

"Thank you, Verny," she said hurriedly. "It's what I've been wishing that I could do—just that way, but—Verny, that girl—I heard her call him on the telephone. Verny, you must —— Here she is!"

Ermyntrude came out and was making for the stairs, but Vernon called to her sharply. "I want to see you, Ermyntrude."

She stopped and with half turned head made the very most of her height as she glanced at him disdainfully. Her queenly pose was somewhat disturbed as her mother pushed her aside to pass, but she resumed it instantly.

"Oh, do you?" she said in icy tones.

Vernon took her by the arm by way of reply, not gently by any means, but with a repression of force that she felt would be exerted if she offered resistance. To save her dignity she allowed him to conduct her back to the reception room and pilot her to the lounge.

"Sit down," he said harshly.

She was obliged to, for he had almost thrust her into that posture; but she sat very straight and looked at him with blazing eyes.

"This is outrageous!" she exclaimed.

"I agree with you," said Vernon. "I should have stopped it long ago. You seem to be uncertain whose girl you are. I was a little uncertain of it myself not long ago; but I've made up my mind. You're mine—get that? Let me impress it on you."

He caught her roughly to him and with his palm under her chin forced her head back and kissed her savagely. Then releasing her with equally barbarous abruptness he seated himself in his chair and leaned back in it, looking at her, with the furrow between his eyes.

"But I'm not pleased with you," he said.

Ermyntrude gasped. Her cheeks flamed, but the blaze in her eyes was completely extinguished and she was gazing at him with an expression that was something between incredulity and fright.

"Encouraging that pig to come here and make love to you!" Vernon went on, his frown deepening. "Oh, lovely! What do you think of yourself—candidly?"

She lowered her eyes and her nervous fingers again busied themselves with her handkerchief. "Who was that girl you were slumming with last night?" she asked, not malapropos, but not in a tone of recrimination, either. Not at all aggressively. Her look was half puzzled, half deprecating.

"That, at present, you have no right to ask; nor shall I tell you now," said Vernon, with no relenting in his voice or in his manner.

Yet inwardly his resolution was crumbling. Something there was in her look now of the naughty little girl who once, as the culmination of a whole morning of cantankerous conduct, had slapped his face, and then penitently kissed the scarlet patch left by her tingling fingers. "You're so beastly sweet, Verny!" she had urged as her excuse. And there was something, too, of her look in the photograph wherein he saw the true Ermyntrude.

"But you may take my ring out of that handkerchief and put it on again if you like," said he. "Do you want to, Ermyntrude?"

"No-o," she answered in a low voice. "No."

She held the flashing trinket out to him, and he took it with a sinking of his heart under the oppression of defeat.

"But I—I'd like you to put it on for me again, Verny, dear—if—if you don't mind," she said.

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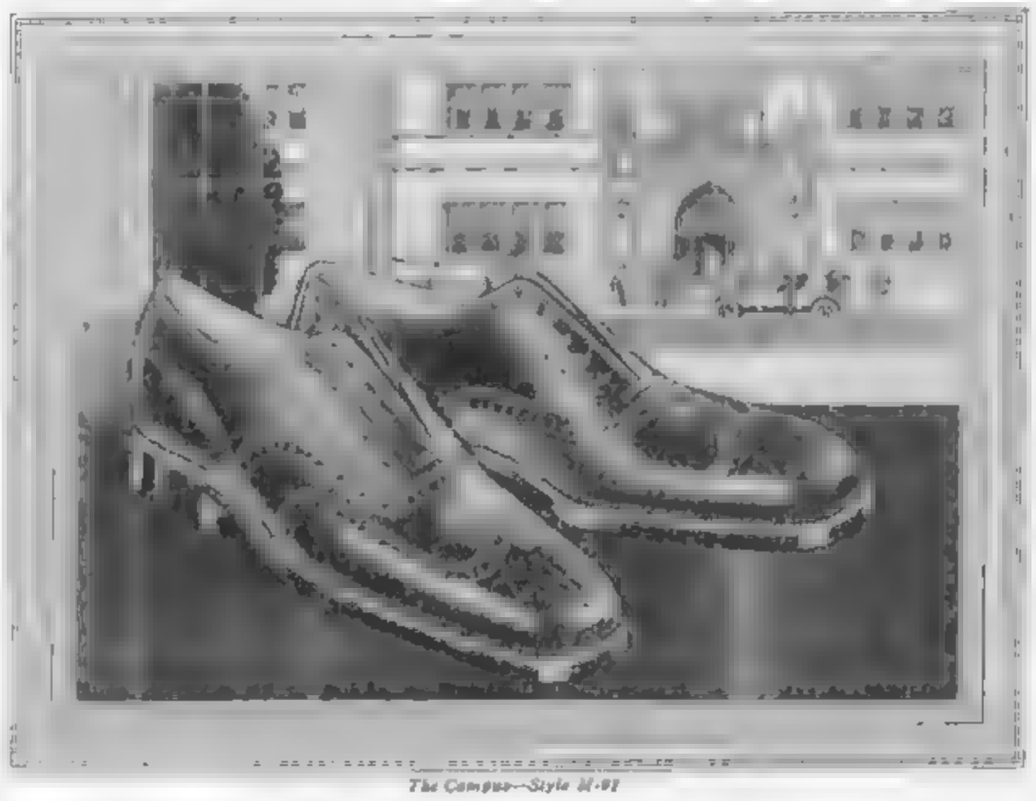

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SCOUT WONG

(Continued from Page 9

had been set right by Scout Tomasso; he had about decided that scouting, as an activity, bored him.

He came downstairs and frowned at Wong, who, in the vestibule, clutched the borrowed derby and bowed almost to the door mat. Wong was trembling.

"Well?" said Ernest Peddie brusquely.

With an effort Wong got out the words he had been saying over and over to himself on the long walk up from Chinatown.

"Me, Wong. Velly goo' li'l' China boy. Trusswordy, loy', thriffy, clean. Can be Boy Scow?"

Ernest Peddie stared at him.

"What?"

"Can be Boy Scow?" repeated Wong in a small voice.

Ernest Peddie, being human, discharged the ill temper that had been accumulating all day at the figure on his door mat that was tracing patterns there with the curled-up toes of a prehistoric pair of shoes.

"I can't be bothered with you," said Ernest Peddie shortly and severely. "The troop is too much of a mixture as it is. Sorry. Good night."

He clicked shut the door. To Wong the world went cold and black. Stunned, he stumbled down the steps, his hand gripping the rail. A few steps from the house he sat down on the curb, his head in his hands. The scoutmaster's verdict had been decisive, final; from his tone Wong felt that appeal would be futile. At last he made himself stand up, and with dragging, desolate steps went back to the restaurant of Li Tow Foo, and when Li Tow Foo reached out to cuff him Wong did not even try to dodge.

Wong's smile did not return for days, and when it did it was grim. The occasion for its return was when, in a jumble of torn and dirty books on a Bowery stand, he came across a tattered Scout Manual. From a recess in his undershirt Wong extracted fifteen cents—the savings of a lifetime—and bought the book. He took it back, hugged to his bosom, and read it in odd snatched moments between his duties of compiling and serving such delicacies as Him Sum Gi, which is sweet and pungent chicken, and Him Sum Yee, which is sweet and pungent fish. A purpose began to form in his globe of head. In that purpose shone the character of Wong. It was this: If they would not take him as a regular official Boy Scout he would be a Boy Scout anyhow. Self-appointed, volunteer he might be, but he would live up to the scout law, every word of it.

The words of the scout law he spelled out, not without a certain amount of mental labor and brain squeezing.

Be Prepared.
Do at least one good turn daily.
A Scout is trustworthy; his honor is to be trusted.
A Scout is brave; he has the courage to face danger in spite of fear.
A Scout is clean. He stands for clean speech ——

And so through the other rules. Wong at length learned them by heart, and as he moved back and forth from the kitchen with trays of tea and food his lips could be seen forming the words "A Scow is cheerful. He smi' when he can."

"A Scow is he'pful. He muss be plepare at any time to save life ——"

The other waiters noticed his moving lips and were surer than ever that all the minor devils of Hong-Moon and perhaps a major devil or two were housed in his short, full figure. So they cuffed him. And Wong, recalling Rule Eight, smiled; and, recalling Rule Eleven, did not shout "You go helly!" as once he had done.

From the Scout Manual he learned what one must know and do before one can become a scout, even of the lowest grade, which is tenderfoot. The ten knots a tenderfoot must be able to tie were a sore trial to Wong, for his fingers were short and clumsy; but in time, by persistence, he taught himself to tie them all. He learned the history of the national flag and how to salute it, for this was required too; and considering his linguistic handicaps he became able to give an almost intelligible recital of the scout law.

The day came finally when Wong felt that his period of probation and training was over. He conscientiously went through all the tests one must pass to be a tenderfoot, and by unanimous vote decided that he had honestly passed them all and was eligible to be a scout.

So one night when all the other men had gone to bed Wong stole down to the smaller dining room and there by the light of a single candle, standing amid the teak tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, he very solemnly went through the ritual whereby a candidate is invested with the title of tenderfoot scout. He was in uniform of course. To get together a uniform approximately like the one worn by regular scouts had been one of the first steps he took. Bit by bit he collected it—a shirt four sizes too large, a hat three sizes too small, a bandanna handkerchief for a neckcloth, patched, voluminous breeches, wrapped leggings made of strips of burlap bagging, for a badge a twisted, battered brass brooch he had found in an ash can.

Wong made himself a Boy Scout strictly according to ritual. The restaurant tables played the rôles of the scout patrols at attention, the ice-water cooler was the scoutmaster. Wong read all the parts of the ceremony in a low reverent whisper, concluding with the scout oath, which he repeated, as he stood with raised hands:

On my honor, I will do my bess to do my dooty to God and my countlie, and to obey the Scow Laws; to hep other people at all times; to keep mysef fizzily strong, menally awake, and morly straight.

Then, as is prescribed in the Scout Manual, he gave a cheer for the new scout, nine soft 'rahs, with three Scow Wongs on the end. He did not see how he could fulfill the part of the ceremony which called for the other scouts to shake hands with him and welcome him, and it hurt him a little to have to omit it. However, he assigned himself to a patrol and with stiff military carriage took his place in the imaginary ranks.

A fitting name for his patrol had worried Wong for weeks. He did not know the English names for many animals beyond cat and dog, and these hardly seemed in the class of rattlesnake, wolf and bear, which Scoutmaster Peddie's troop had preempted. But at last it occurred to him that there was one animal with which he was thoroughly familiar, and it seemed singularly fitting to him that his patrol should bear the name of that animal. The animal was the shrimp.

So on the night of his investiture he whispered in the dim room, lit by a single candle, "Scow Wong is assigned to Slimp Patrow."

Then, with head erect, he strode to his place in the ranks and stood at attention for a full minute, his rigid hand to his brow in the correct scout salute. Then he blew out the candle, crept up to the room full of the snores of the other waiters, fumbled off his uniform in the dark, hid it under his mattress and for a time lay smiling. But the smile faded away before he went to sleep; something was lacking somehow.

Wong was now a Boy Scout. His membership might not be recognized by the authorities, and other scouts might deem him spurious, but no scout ever lived up to the rules more faithfully or did his daily good turn more cheerfully. Of course he never appeared on the streets in his uniform, for he was haunted by a fear that his impersonation might be discovered; his scout activities took place at night, when the rest had gone to bed, in the little dining room among the teakwood tables, or, now and then, in stolen moments in the alley next to the restaurant.

The meetings of the Shrimp Patrol were orderly, serious, dignified. Wong, acting as scoutmaster, would call out in as deep a bass as he could muster "Scow Wong," and then in his own normal treble would answer "Here!" and snap to the scout salute, chest out, head high, hand raised crisply to eyebrow. His next step in scoutdom was from tenderfoot to second-class scout, and that meant learning to do many difficult and complicated things—signaling, reading the compass, bandaging a wound, cooking meat in the open with only two matches, trotting a mile—which made him stiff and sore for days—using a hatchet. He set about mastering the requirements in his slow, patient way.

Then one afternoon Li Tow Foo sent him out to buy a duck. His way led past the playground, where he had not gone for

months. He thought of hurrying past, of not looking, but the noise of boys at play made him turn his head. Rattlesnake Patrol was engaged in a spirited sham battle with Bear Patrol, while the scouts of Wolf Patrol were practicing on each other with boxing gloves. Wong, watching, felt a sudden great emptiness, a sharp pain, a great loneliness. He had been playing at being a scout; here was the real thing. He had tried to shut out from his brain the vision of the laughing, noisy boys when he, alone, was attempting to play the games he had seen described in the Scout Manual. And now he knew he couldn't do it; he raised the sleeve of his worn coat to his face to keep out the sight and turned away with heavy steps and a heavier heart. He knew now that the Shrimp Patrol could not go on.

He decided on his way home with the duck, which he brought back by a roundabout way, for he did not want to see the boys at play again, that the Shrimp Patrol would have one last meeting and would then disband forever. That meeting was held the following afternoon, and since the manual said meetings should as far as possible be held outdoors Wong went to the narrow alley by the restaurant, and in full scout regalia called the last roll:

"Scow Wong."

"Here!"

"The Slimp Patrow will now s'loot flag."

The Shrimp Patrol did so.

"The Slimp Patrow will now sing, My Countlie, 'Tiss Odee."

The patrol sang it in a quavering mixture of soprano, sob and squeak.

"Scow Wong, of Slimp Patrow, plees give scow laws."

Scout Wong, very rigid, gave forth in a comparatively clear voice the twelve commandments of scoutdom.

"Slimp Patrow will now have siggle drill, led by Scow Wong."

Wong took up the signaling flags he had made with a pair of old napkins and some catchup, and began slowly, carefully to spell out with the waving flags the words:

C-H-I-N-A B-O-Y H-A-V-E Y-E-L-L-O-W B-E-L-L-Y. C-A-N-T B-E B-O-Y S-C-O-W.

It was then that Wong became aware that a pair of eyes were watching him. His flags stopped waving and he stared at the man who was staring at him. The stranger had come a few feet into the narrow alley the better to observe the actions of the solitary member of the Shrimp Patrol. Wong saw that he was a short, wide man, with a sun-browned face, two humorous eyes, and a little spike of gray beard that thrust forward like a horn. Confused and not a little alarmed, Wong rolled up his flags and tried to slip past the man. But the man stopped him.

"Just a minute, please," he said. "Who are you?"

"Scow Wong," faltered Wong. "Slimp Patrow."

"What patrol?"

"Slimp."

"Slimp?"

There were deepening wrinkles around the man's eyes.

"Slimp," repeated Wong.

"Do you mean 'shrimp'?"

Wong nodded.

"What troop?" asked the man.

Wong had decided on a number for his troop long ago.

"Nine hundled nineteen nine," he said.

The man wrinkled his brow more deeply.

"Most peculiar," he said, partly to Wong but mostly to himself. "There is no such troop."

He looked intently at Wong.

"Who is your scoutmaster?" he asked.

Wong wanted very much to run, but the man blocked the way.

"No scowmasser," murmured Wong.

"Then you're not really a Boy Scout?"

The event Wong had long dreaded had happened: he had been caught impersonating a scout. He looked about for a way to escape, but he saw none.

"Don't you know," went on the man, "that you have no right to pretend to be what you are not? To wear that uniform, to go through that ritual? Only duly qualified Boy Scouts can ——"

"No could be Boy Scow," murmured Wong miserably. "Got yella belly."

"Just a minute," the man said. "Who said that ——"

A sharp, insistent voice in a window above cut short the man's sentence.

Li Tow Foo's seamed face was thrust from a window on a neck wattled as a turkey's, and in shrill Chinese he cried, "Come up here at once, Wong, child of iniquity! Are there not ducks to be plucked and shrimps to be shucked for to-night's feast? Come up or I'll come down and carve thy less than useless body into very small bits."

"Muss go!" exclaimed Wong urgently. "Boss he call. A scow is obedient. Rule Seven."

He pushed past the man and darted up the steps to the angry Li Tow Foo. His teeth were chattering, but it was not from fear of that ancient; indeed, it would have suited Wong at that dark moment if Li Tow Foo had carried out the oft-repeated threat to carve him into very small bits. His ambition had guttered out; the Shrimp Patrol had disbanded ignominiously, and he had incurred he knew not what penalty once the man with the spike of beard caught him.

Li Tow Foo chided him loudly.

"Offspring of some highly unpleasant minor devil"—smack—"take off those brown rags and put on thy proper garb." Smack. "Is there not much work for thee?" Smack. "To-night at seven we must have ready a special feast, with lanterns, for seven and twenty in the small room on the top floor. Go thither to prepare the feast." Smack.

As with sore and frightened heart and mournful face Wong set out the many little bowls that were to hold the rice and the chow main, he glanced now and then in apprehension toward the door, expecting at any second to see enter there the man with the spike of beard, who would expose him as a pseudo scout.

The time for the feast was set at seven, but at a minute after six the first guest arrived. It was Scout Tomasso, in full uniform, his face agleam from laundry soap. He was proud to the point of loquacity.

"'Lo, Chink," he greeted Wong affably.

"'Lo," said Wong dejectedly. "What do you want?"

"Say," remarked Scout Tomasso, "snap outa your fog. Our troop is havin' its big blow-out in this joint to-night."

Wong had not thought his cup of woe could hold another drop, but it could, and this news was it.

"They're going to make me a second-class scout to-night," remarked Tomasso, attempting unsuccessfully not to appear excited. "Me an' four others. An' the new scoutmaster's going to be here. And they're going to give Steve—Scout—Casey a medal of honor for pullin' a little goil outa a manhole she fell inta. And d' big bug is coming himself, to pin it on Steve!"

"Big bug?" repeated Wong dully.

"Sure. D'head egg of all d'scouts."

A penetrating voice inquired in Chinese where that base-born child of idleness, Wong, was, and why in the name of legions of fiends was he not tending to the shrimps. Wong hurried away to his tasks.

In the little private dining room on the top floor of the structure, a rickety old tinder box that housed the restaurant of Li Tow Foo, the scouts, very clean, a little self-conscious, and inordinately happy, sat at a long table and nudged each other's ribs expectantly. The room had been decorated for the occasion with paper lanterns of many colors, and from the metal ceiling fluttered long streamers of crêpe paper.

Wong peeping through the partly open door ran a morose eye down the row of shining, happy faces, and stopped, fascinated, at the end. There sat Scoutmaster Peddie, plainly glad that he was giving up so strenuous a movement as scouting, and his successor, a tanned, easy-smiling young man. And between them sat a figure on whom Wong's eye had stubbed. It was the short, wide man with the spike of gray beard. Wong's heart came to a full stop. To be denounced in private as an impostor would be bad; to be publicly denounced before the scouts would be unbearable. He gripped the sleeve of his fellow waiter, Long Sam Hi.

In urgent Chinese he said, "Let me stand by the dumb-waiter and hand up the dishes. You serve at table. You keep tips."

"Won't be tips," said the astute Long Sam Hi.

"I'll give you a dollar," Wong said desperately.

"Where is it?"

From a seam in his shirt Wong produced a crumpled dollar, which he had saved to buy a scout knife; Long Sam Hi transferred it to a seam in his shirt.

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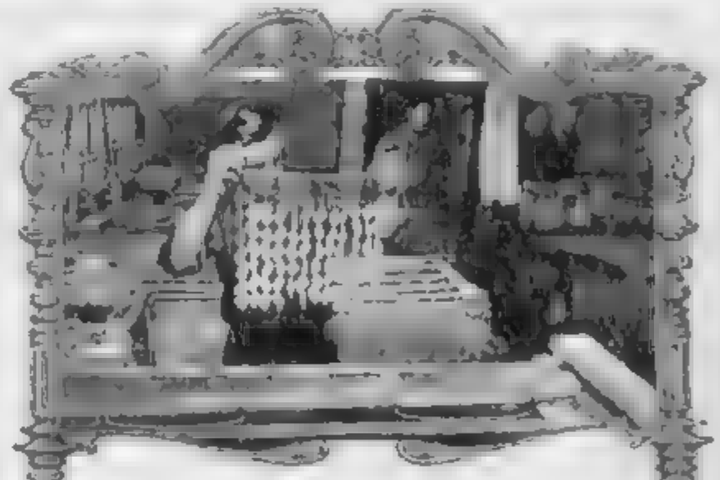

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As the bowls came up the dumb-waiter from the kitchen below, Wong took them off and arranged them on trays for Long Sam Hi to carry to the diners. It was not much of an affair, that dumb-waiter. It was a stunted, misses' size dumb-waiter, hardly big enough for a single bowl of chop suey. It appeared to be an afterthought. The opening to it was a mere hole in the wall, waist high and hardly a foot square. When not actually taking dishes from the little platform that wheezed its way up and down the shaft Wong protruded his head into the blackness. He did this because he did not wish the scouts to see him, particularly the man with the spike of beard; he did not want them to know that he was crying and that he had turned from the gay scene to let the tears follow each other over his curve of cheek to the rim of his face and from there down through the dark to the foot of the tiny shaft.

The exuberant scouts had reached the stage of ice cream and rice cakes, and the man with the spike of beard was speaking to them.

"Scouts," Wong heard him say, "I am glad to be with you on this proud occasion when some of you will receive the badges of first and second class scouts and one of you will receive the scout's medal for heroism. First, I want to introduce to you your new leader, Scoutmaster Bruce, who will ——"

He stopped abruptly. In the kitchen below something had happened. There were screams of a man in pain, loud squeals in excited Chinese, a rushing of many feet, the jumbled shouting of many voices, and then a roaring cracking sound that drowned all the other noises.

"Fire!" cried Ernest Peddie.

A puff of black smoke shot from the narrow mouth of the dumb-waiter. Wong standing there was choked by it.

The man with the spike of beard did not seem to be excited; his voice was still low and easy, but there was a new note, a note of command in it.

"Remember you are scouts," he said. "You'll go out quietly. No confusion. Scoutmaster Bruce, lead the scouts downstairs in single file."

The new scoutmaster started for the door, but before he could reach it a round figure in a black coat and white apron had jumped ahead of him and had slid shut the heavy door of galvanized iron.

"No can go that way," said Wong, standing erect and barring the way. "Stairs all fire like go-helly."

Scoutmaster Bruce swung about sharply.

"The Chinese boy is right," he whispered to the man with the spike of beard. "He shut the door just in time. The fire has begun to roar up the stairs."

"We're trapped!" cried Ernest Peddie. "That door can't keep out the flames long."

"Sh-h-h!" commanded the man with the spike of beard. "Don't show the boys that they're in danger. The door will hold back the flames five minutes. We can get out the window in less."

"But the flames will come up the dumb-waiter!" wailed Ernest Peddie. "See. It has no door."

The man with the spike of beard turned on his heel. The boys were huddling together in the corner, their faces white.

"Quick! The window!" ordered the man with the spike of beard.

Scoutmaster Bruce thrust his head out of the window and made a swift survey.

"No use," he said in a level voice. "It's four stories to the street."

"Haven't we rope?" shot out the man with the beard.

"Each scout has a three-foot length of knotting rope," reported the new scoutmaster.

"Good. Have them tie the ends together. Scouts, form a line. Tie your ropes together to make one long rope. Snap into it. Quick!"

Like automatons the boys obeyed.

"There won't be time, there won't be time!" cried a hysterical voice. It was Ernest Peddie's. "The flames will come through the dumb-waiter and catch the paper hangings. Look!"

Little tongues of flames were beginning to lick around the edges of the dumb-waiter.

"Bruce"—the voice of the man with the beard was tense—"that hole must be stopped. If the draft sucks the smallest flame into this room ——"

"I can't block it with a table; they're fastened down," snapped back the scoutmaster.

"Stop up the hole, stop up the hole!" Peddie was wringing his hands.

Smoke was coming through the aperture and filling the room; the boys were beginning to wipe their smarting eyes; their line was wavering.

"Block that hole somehow!" shouted the man with the spike of beard.

"I stop hole!" said a voice at his elbow. The man turned quickly.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "It's the Shrimp Patrol."

Stiffly Wong snapped to attention and his hand went to his eyebrow in the scout salute. Then, a sudden ball of action, he ran to the dumb-waiter. Black smoke, forerunner of flame, was pouring from the hole. Wong stripped off his coat and tried to hold it over the aperture. The smoke drove it aside as a gale drives a jib. The boys were growing wild-eyed with fright. Wong for a little second hesitated. Then he faced the hole and forced his plump body into it. The black smoke stopped coming into the room.

The scouts finished their line; one by one they slid down it to safety.

The last to go were the man with the spike of beard and Scoutmaster Bruce. Over Bruce's broad shoulder lay a small figure in what had once been an apron.

Two stalwart members of the New York Fire Department were very gently carrying into the accident ward of Bellevue Hospital a stretcher containing a small, plump, bandaged figure.

"Some noive!" remarked Fireman Dan Reardon, of Engine No. 73, to Fireman Tom Feehan, of Hook and Ladder No. 19.

"Will he live, do yuh think, wit' his belly all boined that way?" said Fireman Feehan.

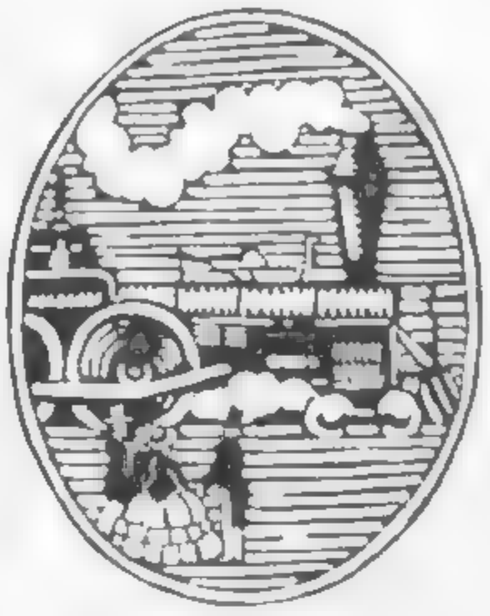
"Didn't yuh hear d'doc say a Chink has nine lives?" said Fireman Reardon. "An' he's a Chink. Some noive, if you ast me."

"You said sumpin," said Fireman Feehan. "An' him a yella-belly."

"He ain't got a yella belly now," observed Fireman Reardon. "But I'm here to speak up and say he had a noive."

"You said sumpin," said Fireman Feehan. "What's that he's holdin' so tight in his fist?"

"Aw, that's a medal or sumpin that says he's a first-class scout or sumpin," answered Fireman Reardon. "Didn't yuh see d'way d'Chink kid grinned when d'old egg wit d'chin whisker pinned it on him?"



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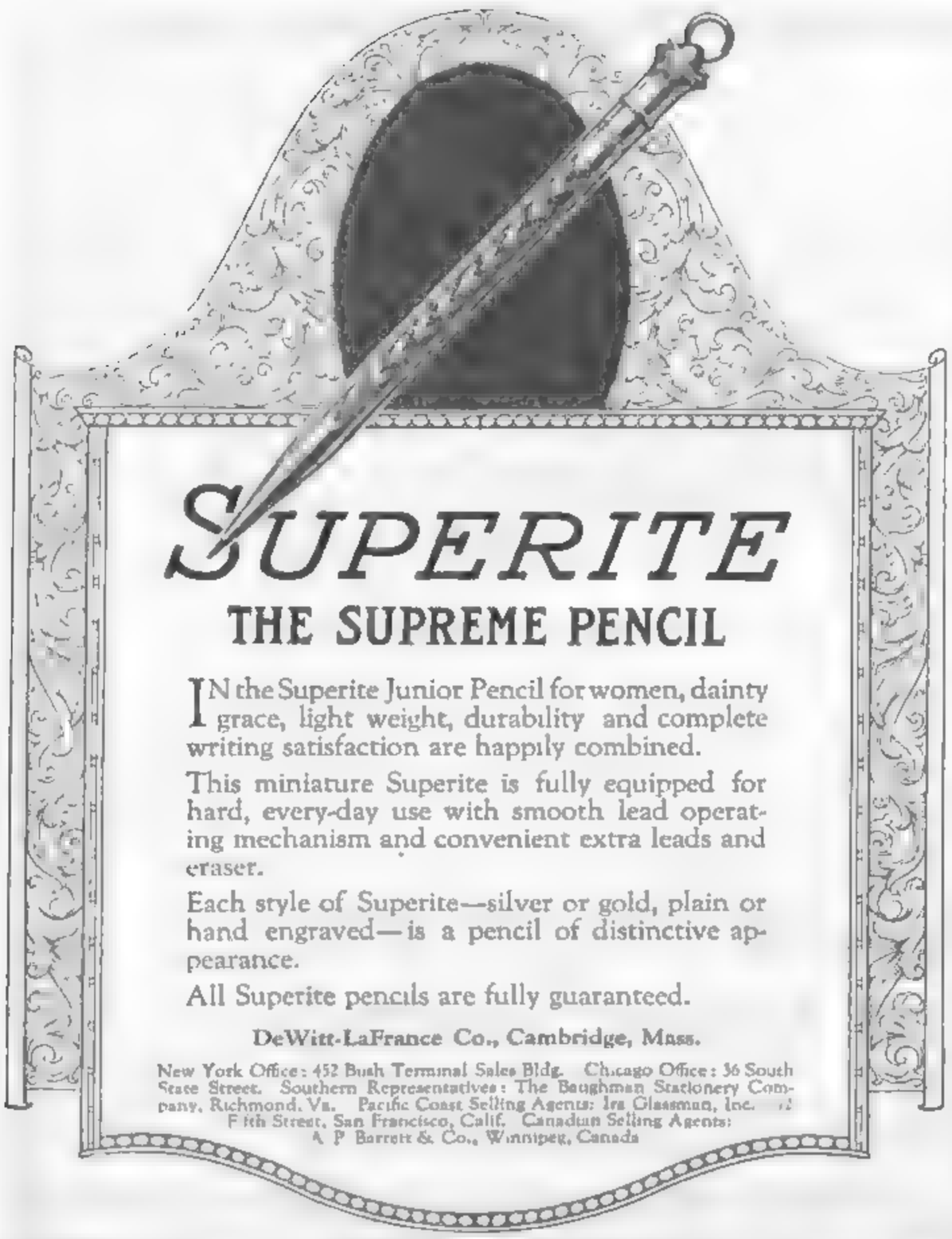

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THE WHITE COMPANY

Cleveland

21 Years of Knowing How

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE PICTURES

(Continued from Page 18.

doesn't see why you can't make the girl the daughter of a lord or something like that. She played the daughter of a lord in several pictures, and they went big, especially the ones where they had expensive sets and advertised how much the pictures cost. Anyhow, she must have clothes! And she gets them or she'll jump her contract. That is her contribution to the author's theme and message and plot and character and reputation.

Now the script editor. A man of varied functions, this, a hard-working man and a dissatisfied man. Always he has his ideals and always those ideals are being shattered. He thinks that he would prefer to produce The Sacrifice practically as written, except for certain changes and improvements of his own. However, he starts with a handicap; he must mutilate the book to please the old man and the star, darn her! So he makes the minister a young political reformer, and he makes the poor girl the daughter of rich parents of high social position. She wearies of the hollow mockery of wealth and society, and of changing from dress to dress several times a day, and leaves home to make her own way and to develop into higher and more useful things. A clever solution, because her father can still be a drunkard, and her mother no better than she should be, which is a strictly accurate reflex of smart modern society, as seen in the pictures, and not disgraceful, as such conduct would be if they were poor. Also, that gives the star a reel-and-a-half prologue of expensive sets and extravagant dress, into which prologue the editor, responding to his creative gifts, deftly introduces a polite heavy, not called for in the book, but who will develop splendidly for the dirty work when he turns up again in the next phase of the story. That's the editor's contribution, and he turns the great novel over to the continuity writer with careful instructions, but no hope.

Now the continuity writer. He's a new breed in the whole creative field, nor in the history of any art is there anything corresponding to him. He became necessary for this mechanical reason: No story can be turned into a motion picture by the process of starting to shoot the scenes in succession, posing and photographing Page 1 and then Pages 2 and 3, and so on, because Page 1 perhaps occurs in a garden, on Page 2 they walk out of the garden and go into the parlor; not until Page 45, after a trip to the city and a dozen other locations, do they come back into the garden, where we get the betrothal in the love story which was started on Page 1; on Page 132 they meet again in the garden, where the growing misunderstanding between the lovers results in a disruption; on Page 279 they meet once more in the garden for a reconciliation. Well, the garden is twenty-seven miles away from the studio where the parlor set has been erected, and common sense dictates that all four of the garden scenes be taken while they are on that location, merely stopping to change the costumes; then all the scenes which occur in the parlor are photographed, and so on, set by set and location by location.

The Itch for Authorship

It is the task of the continuity writer to break up the story into these various scenes, which are numbered and grouped. So far only intelligence is required; but the continuity writer is intrusted with changes of character and plot, privileged to build up the situations, to supply visualization of thought and emotion, and above all to create such action as will fill five or six thousand feet of film, no novel being supposed to contain enough such action as is the well-known peculiarity of the movies. Before the continuity writer the whole novel lies helpless; he can wreak his will on it! The place he loves is where the story sags because it builds character or motive or emotion, and so has nothing doing. The itch for authorship reaches its apotheosis in him as he comes to this spot, and if he doesn't put in a murder mystery it will be because some other bit of physical violence appeals to him more.

First, last and all the time he must have action, somebody doing something, preferably blood-curdling, in every foot of the film. To him, more than to any other element, perhaps, we owe the atrocities which have appeared on the screen. He should be an artist, an author, a dramatist, a person of keen susceptibilities and sympathies, one with a profound knowledge of life, and one who, in addition to all this, knows perfectly the technical requirements and the mechanical processes of picture making. All these things he should be, but is not. The continuity writers ideally fitted for the work, and now in practice of it, can be counted on one's fingers.

Next the director, the fifth successive person who has the right and the opportunity to alter the author's story at his discretion. Whatever sort of director you have, that is the sort of picture you will get. If he is of melodramatic instinct, one who sees everything through exaggerated grimace and violent gesture, The Sacrifice will turn out to be a melodrama. If he is of the type which lives and breathes and thinks seductive luxury The Sacrifice will be a sensuous parlor intrigue, redolent of perfume and aswish with satin and silk, and agleam with as much unclad human anatomy as he can safely crowd in under the sacred name of art. If he is one who goes in for photographic beauty The Sacrifice will be a sweet thing, slow and pictorial, which will roll along its even way—and never a heart-throb in it. If he happens to be, as sometimes he is, a genius, you will have a big picture—logical, appealing, beautiful, satisfying.

Building In Detail

But whether the director be great of ability or small, he is going to change the continuity. He is in the habit of doing this because continuity has been almost invariably bad. If he had time he'd rewrite it, and frequently does—but mostly he is in the grip of the industry, and must hustle along. In some factories of art he is not even supposed to alter the continuity—but he does anyhow. He is the most intelligent man in the business, and the most hopeful element for its future, but his fatal defect is this: If he has not the qualities of authorship he is seldom aware of the fact, and he will succumb to the always disastrous expedient of changing his continuity on the spur of the moment, during the making of the picture. He is prone to build detail at the expense of connectedness. For instance, in the murder scene the girl who is a witness stands back with horror-widened eyes and makes no move and no sound. It occurs to him, in the fervor of directing this dramatic situation, that it would be more effective to have the girl emit scream upon scream, and have people come running, and build up excitement. He does this, and has a wonderful scene, thrilling, gripping. But it may have been the whole backbone of the story that the girl's having made no outcry at the time of the murder is an important factor in the closing of the plot at the end of the picture. In consequence, other scenes have to be altered to correct the story distortion made by this one, and the whole thing ends in a mess. This defect has been so prevalent as to leave its stamp on many pictures.

In the case of The Sacrifice the director would probably be selected by the producer for his success in sensuousness, and from the moment he took the story in his hands the chief concern of such a director would be how best to present that great moment in Chapter XXII, beginning at Scene 201 in the continuity; and how to do it by so strong an undercurrent of suggestiveness that no amount of flat denial in the titles or elision by the censors could do away with it. There is a big art in that. A director sufficiently imbued with the love of this art can carry through that suggestiveness as a composer does the theme in a symphony, and yet never let his theme come into bare and bold expression—and that is what happens with The Sacrifice. All that is left of the soul struggle is the fall from grace! When he gets through, the continuity writer won't know the story, nor will the editor or the author; and one would think that at this point there would be no more distortion possible. Not so, however. More is to come, and worse.

Enter the cutter. The fortunate director cuts his own pictures or he has under him a

cutter who has worked with him on the set during the photographing of the scenes. But the majority of the pictures which the public pays its money to see are not cut that way. They are made on the sausage plan by a producing firm with a large factory which must be kept busy lest overhead eat it up. These producing firms are running an industry, while it lasts, and they can't afford to let a high-priced director fool around with the film. When he finishes shooting his last scene on one picture they shove into his hand the script of another, and tell him his first set is ready on Stage 4. So the cutter, who has just finished Heaven Bless Mother, tackles The Sacrifice in silence and distress. Alone in a projection room he runs the twenty or thirty thousand feet of the film from which he is to select a six-thousand-foot picture, and decides what to throw out, a task which would have staggered Solomon; so the cutter is more sinned against than sinning. Sometimes the factotum and other high dignitaries, varying with each studio and production company, assist in this delicate surgery, but mostly the cutter is left alone with his job, and his excuse for anything he does is that he must reduce footage. He decides, say, that the sequence beginning with Scene 43 and ending at Scene 61 doesn't seem to mean much to the picture—and it probably doesn't. Or maybe the photography isn't good, or there are only minor actors in this scene, or the expressions and the acting are not up to the cutter's standard. Out it comes. By hundreds of feet the glistening film flies, the shears snip, and the gaps in the story are closed with glue. Episode and sequence and scene are lifted bodily from the reels, together with theme and motive and plot and character, until at last the picture is down to almost the desired length.

Matching Up

And then the fine work begins—the trimming and matching. The cutter's mad passion is matching up. His waking moments are full of pain because in a medium shot the actor has three fingers pulling at his collar to give his Adam's apple more emotional space, and in the close-up he pulls with two fingers.

Perhaps not one person in an audience of a thousand would note that discrepancy, but it won't do for the cutter, and he simply cannot use that close-up, no matter how important the pumping of the Adam's apple may be.

And here is the place where the murderer jumped out of the bedroom window, and was seen by the butler and housemaid who were sparking on the side-lawn bench; which butler and maid, inserted by the continuity writer, appear in the last few feet of the film and clear the innocent girl by revealing the identity of the actual assassin, he being none other than the polished heavy inserted by the editor. Now the bedroom scene was made in the studio, and from the inside of the bedroom the polished heavy is shown jumping through the window. The exterior was made on location or at a house perhaps ten miles away, perhaps a thousand miles away; and here the polished heavy is shown from the outside finishing the jump to the ground. The eagle eye of the cutter discovers that the polished heavy has his hat in his left hand when he jumps through the window from the inside, and has it in his right hand when he jumps out of the window on location, a discrepancy which came about because four weeks had elapsed between the start and the finish of that jump, and nobody could remember in which hand he had held the hat. There are but two courses open to the cutter, who has his reputation to maintain: To drop either the interior scene or the exterior. The interior has been well registered, however. That's where the murderer takes off his hat. So the cutter snips out the exterior shot, and glues up, being glad to get rid of that much more footage. But in the finish, when the butler and maid rush in to save the wrongfully suspected girl, the proof fails to be convincing, because we have not seen them see, and we don't know how they know!

To be fair, this does worry the cutter, but it is so that he gets down to his length. He has now under six thousand feet where he had twenty or thirty. He has preserved all the best photography, all the best-looking action, and all those shots where the star is the most beautiful. He has a splendid shorthand of a picture, but it isn't the picture that the director meant, or anybody else.

At this point it is the cutter's picture. It is his idea of the story, changed by the director from the continuity, which was changed by the continuity writer from the editor's instructions, which embodied the editor's changes and the changes made by the editor from the book in concurrence with the changes made by the producer and the star. But not yet is the thing at rest, for next ——

The title writer. With him, indeed, comes the great transformation; here are all those things done which have been left undone, and all those things undone which have been left done. The title writer has read the book, he has read the continuity, and has thrown them away because they are now as far past usefulness as the dodo and the diplodocus. He walks into the projection room with the settled conviction that the picture he is going to see is a piece of cheese. When it has been run for him he knows that he was right. It is a terrible picture, and if it ever amounts to anything it will be because he saved it. It has no story at all, and what story there may be is totally wrong. It remains for him to throw away every conception which anybody ever had concerning this picture, and to tell a totally new story.

What can he do to make all this stuff plausible? Well, he can have the girl secretly married to the heavy before she runs away from home. There's a Christmas scene where the girl and the heavy are standing under the mistletoe, and a man standing right behind them who might be taken for a minister. A chemical fade in and out can be made on this, and a title can be inserted which will turn the scene into a hasty wedding. That provides a reason—by George, a real reason!—why the girl and the young political reformer can't marry and consequently must fall from grace. That's a stroke of genius, that secret wedding.

The only trouble is to get rid of the polished heavy when, in the finish, the title writer wants to marry the reformer to the girl. The court-room scene might be used for a divorce, but, confound it, the wrong people are in that scene. Ah, the light breaks on him! He has the cutter run through fifteen thousand feet of discard, and finds a scene where the man who looked like a minister is giving his excited testimony about the murder. He has a working title where he mouths plainly: "I saw the fellow run down the street and past the corner under the arc light!" Fine! This title can be changed to read: "I am not a minister. I had no right to marry them. I have bitterly repented!"

The Resulting Hotchpotch

Quite so. As per these principles the title writer finishes the story to his own satisfaction and puts in temporary titles, then the Board of Brains begins, on the title writer's bitterest day! Sometimes as many as five or six of them—dignitaries, functionaries and factotums—sit in the projection room with the title writer and cutter, suggesting changes as the reels roll on. Never in all the history of anything was there such a ghastly committee as this which sits in the final editing of the average program picture! Each man, none of whom has ever written a story or a play, or probably even a picture scenario, feels himself perfectly competent to suggest changes in the hinge points of a plot, to alter character and motive with a speech or an explanatory title, to marry or unmarry, to exchange the juvenile for the heavy, or commit any other dilaceration or mayhem which, on the spur of the moment, might seem pleasurable. It is a congress of the cooks, where the chef who has a humor for salt, and the one with a fondness for thyme, and those who like tomatoes, pepper, okra, onions or garlic, each tosses in handful after handful of his favorite ingredient, expecting the public to sup at the mess and like it. Why, a committee composed of Plato, Shakspere, Balzac, Hugo, Dickens and John Handshaker couldn't construct an intelligent picture on this basis; but these men are not those, and by the time they get through and sanction the making of the art titles The Sacrifice is neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring. It is nothing but just such a picture as the public has seen by thousands, and against which its stomach has begun to rebel until the producers look at each other

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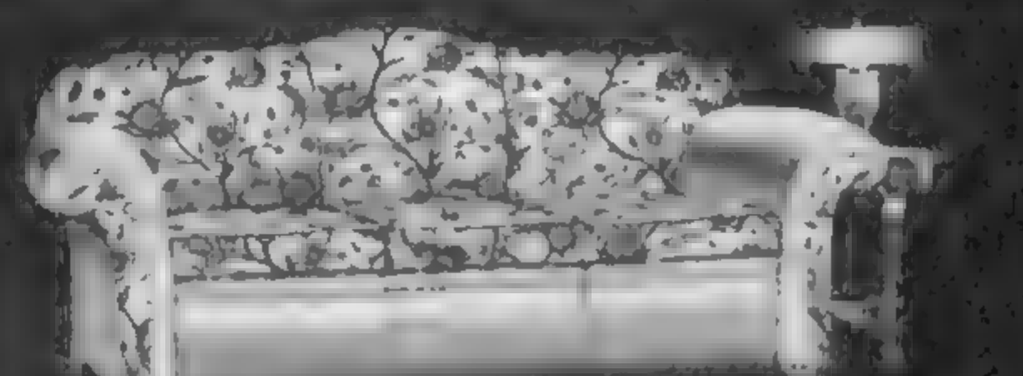

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and gasp: "What is the matter with the public? It's dropping away from the pictures!"

But the end is not yet.

The sales force. By this time anyone can call the picture a piece of cheese and get away with it, because it is. It's up to the sales force to suggest means of getting money out of this flop. The sales force has discovered that mother pictures are going strong this season. There are two mothers in The Sacrifice—the girl's mother, who is no better than she should be, and the young political reformer's mother, a sweet party who forgives all in the finish. Why weren't the mothers played up? Put in some sob stuff, that's the way to touch 'em! Give a tug at the old heartstrings.

The mother who was no better than she should be, for instance; there's a scene in the early reels where she cries after her drunken husband tries to choke her. Bring that down to the finish and make them tears of repentance, and punch in a couple of good strong titles to get a gulp.

Then there's the main title, The Sacrifice! What does that mean? Nothing! You can't sell that to the exhibitor. That isn't the kind of stuff that pulls 'em in. You'll have to rename it. Her Thrilling Sin—how's that, eh? Or how's this: Can He Forgive? They reach a compromise. They settle on Love or Sin. That's really a splendid title. Most any exhibitor would buy it without looking at the film, because he knows that title will crowd his house. So the lithographs are made, and the picture goes out as Love or Sin, adapted from Whoozis Author's best-selling novel The Sacrifice. It's finished, but it's not yet ready for the public.

More Garbling

The censors. From afar they detect the odor of guilt in this title, and with devoted purpose they go through the film to protect the public against the salaciousness which must be there. There's a title which says "She had loved not wisely but too well." Anybody knows what that means, and out it comes. There's a scene where a girl crosses her legs, and her knee shows. That comes out. The drunken father comes out. He's in violation of that other censorship, the Volstead Act. The peppy society scene where he chokes his wife, that's out. There's a beautiful bit in the bedroom, not the fall from grace, but where the pure and innocent girl lies bathed in moonlight, revealing one shoulder; and the polished heavy looks in through the window. That's out. But all the underlying salaciousness and suggestiveness which the public can read into the picture remains because at no time does it lift its head and betray its fangs. There is a good word to be said for the much-abused censorship; its conscientious intent is beyond doubt; so it is dollars to doughnuts that the censorship, abiding by certain rigid rules it has made for the detection of the letter rather than the spirit of vice, will take a few episodes out of Love or Sin, alias The Sacrifice; and to exactly the extent of their eliminations they will alter the already garbled story.

Now the exhibitor. A blithe and gay process has he! He runs a two-hour show. The material he has bought for this present week would run two hours and forty minutes. Naturally, something must be clipped from wherever the clipping can be done, and the great chance is in the feature. Fifteen minutes he elects to come out of Love or Sin; more than a thousand feet. That's arbitrary; and the way to cut it out is to take a pair of shears, remove a few hundred feet from each reel and join up the ends.

Sometimes the manager attends to this himself, sometimes the operator, sometimes somebody else around the place who has an itch for authorship; but the havoc is interesting, because, given two thousand exhibitors, they will each cut the picture to a different length and cut it in different places. It would be plausible to conceive of one exhibitor, or a dozen exhibitors, who might have a delicacy of feeling and a story-telling perception sufficient to enable him or them to decide what elements to lift bodily from a tightly told story, but it is beyond reason to imagine two thousand exhibitors out of two thousand who are competent to do this, to say nothing of twenty thousand out of twenty thousand. How many book sellers would you trust to select and tear ten chapters of Dombey and Son out of the book, so as to make it thin enough to go in your pocket? Yet the exhibitor performs these last solemn obsequies for many of the pictures that you see; and thus what is left of the author's theme and motive and plot and characters—and reputation—comes at last to:

The public! Careless housekeepers have themselves to blame for a plague of flies. There has been a great cry raised about the demand for better and cleaner pictures. There is one way to get them, and that is to support them, and them only. The picture manufacturers, those who are in the industry for profit and for profit alone, whose sole thought is to pay dividends on their stock, or to make profits which might be or might have been paid as dividends on their stock, or to show profits which will let them sell more stock, will give the public whatever it will buy in the largest quantities and at the best prices.

This is as true as that two and two make four. If the public flocks to unclean and salacious pictures, or stupid ones or overadvertised bunk, or enriches the man who makes such pictures, the public will get plenty more of the same, and scarcely anything else. If the public will shop for its pictures, will patronize only those which are good clean entertainment, the public will have done more for motion-picture art and motion-picture betterment than all the authors, producers, directors and censors put together.

Better Pictures on the Way

Personally this writer believes in the clean picture, and is convinced that it can be made just as profitably as the other kind, which other kind, by the way, he has never made and never proposes to make. Personally he also believes in the general wholesomeness of the public; but personally also, in spite of such belief, he stops in front of a motion-picture house now and then, where the public is bursting the ropes to get in to see a picture founded on the basest and most worthless instincts in human nature; and at such times he vows and declares that one of the greatest and most potent causes, if not the greatest and most potent cause for rotten pictures is the public!

However, cheer up; for better pictures are on the way. Every year sees an increase in screen productions which are wholesome, logical, artistic, and splendid entertainment. Some have come through the motion-picture industry; some are coming through the rapidly increasing number of independent producers. They are, for the most part, authors, dramatists, artists, directors and actors who have recognized that they cannot produce good pictures under the old system, who have seen that a motion picture, like a painting or a piece of sculpture or a book, must be a one-man job! The pity of it is that these creators must also be business men, and finance themselves. Yet more and more of the independent producers are being financed, are making better pictures, are making pictures which pay! For the public is supporting them!

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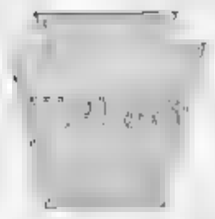

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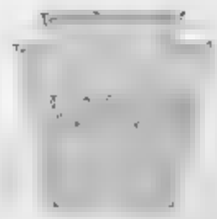

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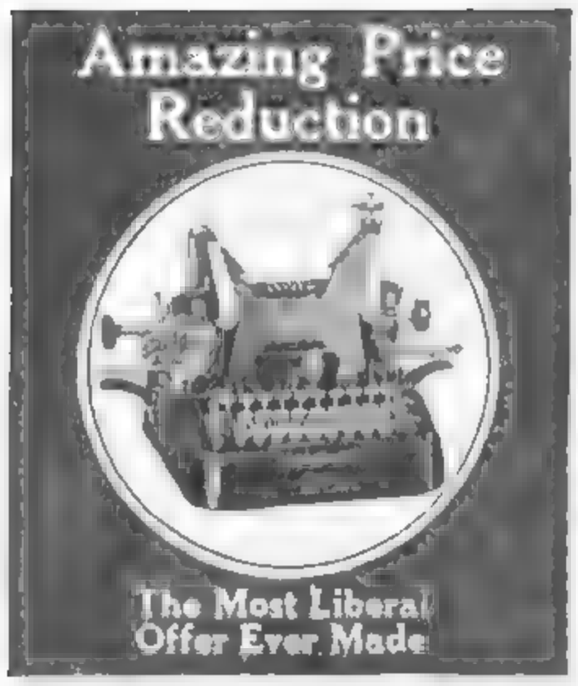

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THE VINTAGE OF 1922

(Continued from Page 27)

up, but either through lack of trade or ability to get good liquor or fear of raids their lives are usually very short.

Now in the same newspapers wherein observations like those of Lord Northcliffe are printed there is usually an editorial, a cartoon of a pious-looking old hypocrite labeled Prohibition, or perhaps a news story bristling with resentment at the idea of man being deprived of his former constitutional rights.

At one of the literary clubs a cattleman from Texas was being entertained. He had been drinking a bottle of real beer, the first he had tasted in a year or so. He was enjoying himself immensely, when one of the party, exhibiting one of these cartoons, began to orate on what a terrible thing it was to have our personal liberty abridged and how New York resented it.

"Just a minute," interrupted the Texan, somewhat surprised and genuinely puzzled. "Let me get this thing right. If prohibition is not being enforced, and you fellers can get all the licker you want, as you say and as that paper says, what are you kicking about?"

That stopped the argument. There was no ready answer. Someone mumbled something about the principle of the thing, but the general effect was a hole shot right through the argument.

The Texan had not so intended his question. He was really curious to understand the viewpoint.

Yes, what were we kicking about?

Yes, if New York, officially admitted to be the wettest state in the Union, can get all the liquor it wants, why all the violent protest? Why the frequent scenes of public resentment?

The answer is, of course, that it can't do any such thing. Right now there is less drinking in proportion to the population in New York than there was when the old settlers got the Indian chiefs tea'd up and talked them out of Manhattan Island for something like a shilling.

In spots the drinking is unusually heavy, particularly among that class of well-to-do men who in the old days could afford to buy champagne. Among the wage-earning people there is a positive conviction that the governor of North Carolina, in his historic remark to the governor of South Carolina, had it right. It is more than a long time between drinks. In many cases it is permanent.

Hooch Getting Scarcer

The fact is there is not enough liquor to go round, and it is getting scarcer all the time. Aside from moral restraint, which doesn't cut much figure in New York, the average man is either unable to pay the price or he is afraid to take a chance with bad stuff. A week in a blind tiger would either kill or cure the most stubborn.

Public records show that whisky is being withdrawn from bonded warehouses at the rate of 972,000 gallons a month now, as against 8,000,000 gallons a month prior to prohibition. The present available supply of real whisky, therefore, is about 12 per cent of what it used to be.

There are no statistics on moonshine, hooch and stuff smuggled across the borders. Students of the situation say, though, that all of that could not possibly equal the 972,000 gallons drawn from warehouses. But assume that it does. Then a total would show that the country is getting only 24 per cent of the liquor it formerly got. In other words, whether we like it or not, the consumption of whisky in the United States has decreased 75 per cent. It isn't here to consume.

That's what the boys are kicking about—not the principle of the thing, but the lack of liquor. The tighter the shoe pinches the louder the holler.

One prohibitionist thinks it might be a good idea to let them draw all the remaining supply of whisky in one month and get it over with. With that gone, he says the country will be 99 per cent sober. The hooch makers would never be able to supply more than 1 per cent.

New York is the last of the big cities to discover that we are getting close to the bottom of the barrel. An inkling of it came New Year's Eve, when fashionable bootleggers were unable to fill big orders for private dinner parties at the hotels. Formerly they had done this by sending it in trucks, the cases wrapped like commercial packages.

Just the same, New Yorkers dug deep into the available supply and made a night of it—a last stand. This occasion is always looked forward to in Manhattan as the one grand drunk of the year, the one hilarious celebration. This time it was hilarious all right, but there was a noticeable undercurrent of resentment, of abandon, as if it were the last gasp and they knew it. It was nothing like the wild and happy send-off given John Barleycorn two years ago.

On the former occasion the sport along Broadway consisted of throwing confetti and tickling passers-by under the chin with small feather dusters. This time the street revelers carried mean whisky in pocket flasks. A form of conveying glad tidings was to hurl empty bottles through the glass windows of passing taxicabs. In many parts of town the streets were strewn with broken glass. As a further token of disgust at prohibition apartment dwellers threw empty gin and whisky bottles out of their windows. The crowds on the street, though, were not nearly so large as before.

In the hotels, even where respectable people dined, the scenes were just as riotous and resentful. Wealthy people came there with suitcases filled with expensive whisky, gin and champagne. They came there to drink it all, and drink it they did. The uniformed doormen openly frowned on people who tried to come in without a suitcase or some form of carrier.

Bacchanalian Revelries

The enforcement officers raided a few places, but their efforts as a general thing were futile. They merely made what the South American armies used to call a demonstration.

In one fashionable hotel there was a club dance in which 500 couples participated. Most of these were young people—boys and girls from eighteen to twenty-two years old. Practically every one of these young pop-squirts, as the head waiter referred to the boys, carried flasks. Dozens of the young swains had to be taken away, leaving their partners unescorted. A few of the young girls even were plainly drunk.

At this fashionable party one lad of about eighteen or twenty became very noisy. The head waiter tried to restrain him by quiet advice. The boy grew very angry and hurled a quart bottle of whisky across the ballroom. It struck near the feet of a girl seated at a table where no liquor was being served. Though no one was hurt, the whisky splattered over a dozen evening gowns, throwing the exclusive young set into a panic.

To one living outside New York it is difficult to imagine a scene like that among the youth of a law-abiding people whose family trees go back for many generations.

But the crowning bacchanalian event of that evening occurred in a public dining room in which sat men and women of political and social distinction. A young matron sat at a table with a party of ten. Just before twelve o'clock, when hilarity was at its height, this young woman climbed on top of the table and with a glass of champagne in her hand tried to dance. Failing in this, she drank a toast to the New Year, and swinging her arms around her head lost her balance and fell to the table, where she lay stretched across it, laughing immoderately. She shook her head at an offer of assistance.

That gave the party an idea. They arranged empty bottles around her form, placing one filled with champagne at her head and one at her feet. Then grasping hands members of the party formed a circle about the table, playing ring-around-the-rosy. Others joined the circle, while more conservative diners sat at their tables and applauded.

That the people of Dadeville, Alabama, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Kennebunk, Maine, and Dover, Delaware, may not misunderstand, let me reaffirm that these revelers were representatives of our wealthy fast set. Such scenes of abandon were far in excess of anything observed among the better class of people in prohibition days.

What did it mean?

To reporters and visitors who saw only such scenes it meant naturally that New York had no respect whatsoever for the prohibition law.

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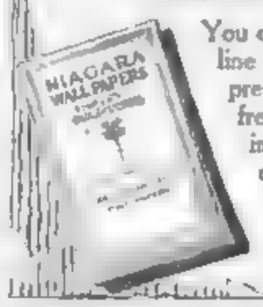

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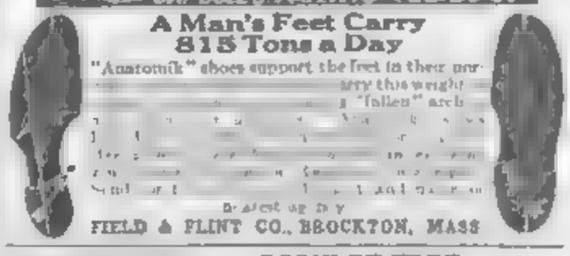

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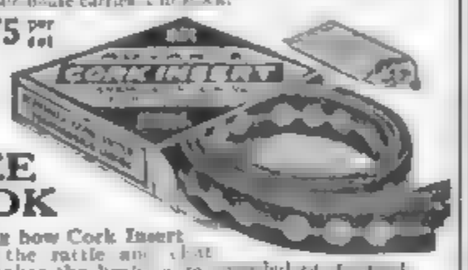

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"It shouldn't bring about a disrespect for the law," reasons a well-to-do temperance-loving farmer from out in Kansas. "It should bring about disrespect for the fast rich by the honest working people."

That is logic, but it isn't exactly true.

"It's a fine law," bitterly remarked the old taxicab chauffeur who took us home, "that allows rich people to carry on like that when I can't have a bottle of beer with my dinner, a thing I've had all my life."

This man had no thought of disrespect for the wealthy lawbreakers. He blamed the law.

That feeling is typical of New York—that part of New York City known as the Roaring Forties, and the only part the average visitor ever sees. It is the one nagging problem that constantly confronts the prohibition leaders. It will remain so until the hard liquor is exhausted and money won't count, they say.

But such scenes and such a feeling of resentment are not typical of all New York. Surprising as it may strike some outsiders, New York is largely inhabited by quiet, home-loving people who rarely visit that part of town and who honestly believe the death of John Barleycorn a great thing.

In the outlying suburban sections we saw many churches lighted that night, and on the way home passed a residence where a large party was gathered in the sun parlor, drinking grape-juice lemonade and cider and playing childhood games.

After seeing how they cut into the 972,000 gallons in the Roaring Forties one can readily calculate how little of it was left for the rest of the five million people. There are thousands of men in New York who would look a drink of Scotch whisky in the eye a long time before paying seventy-five cents for it.

But the trouble is the Roaring Forty folks have an idea that they are the five million.

A majority of New York newspapers are against prohibition. It is but natural that they should give prominence to incidents showing ineffectiveness of the law. Besides, there is little news kick in the smooth working of any law.

Most any man you tap on the shoulder on Broadway will tell you instantly how many people are drinking. He reads that in the newspapers. Rarely is he informed on the percentage of nondrinkers. That is why the visitor to the gay life of the Great White Way usually gets a wrong impression. He never hears about the 75 per cent who, perforce of supply and price, have turned sober. But the gossiping New Yorker doesn't bother to tell you about those who have stopped drinking, because there is nothing thrilling or startling about that. He dotes on telling about young boys who are carrying pint flasks on their hips and of the young matrons, formerly teetotalers, who now shake a mean cocktail mixer on the slightest provocation. "Mean" is right. Those cocktails may have started some novices, but they have stopped many an old regular.

To those who know a real drink these concoctions are variously referred to as Lighted Lamps, Roman Candles, Block and Tackle and Mule's Heel.

Synthetic Makings

Moral suasion is not needed. Fear, price and scarcity are stopping the old guard.

People may be for or against prohibition, and it may or may not be rigidly enforced; but the fact is getting mighty prominent that it is here. As has been shown, the masses are not drinking so much as they did, simply because there is not so much whisky to drink. For direct results the law of supply and demand is beating the statute law all hollow.

A few wealthy and farseeing men have some of the old stuff left in their cellars, but they've been careful to take their numbers out of the telephone book.

Due to so many deaths from wood alcohol and violent illness from other chemical concoctions called whisky, the average man is getting afraid to take a chance in a blind tiger. On top of that there are mighty few working men with families who can continue to pay seventy-five cents for a thimbleful of Scotch whisky or fifty cents for rye.

Nine out of ten times the drink one is able to buy turns out to be what is commonly known as synthetic whisky or gin. That is to say, it contains the chemical elements of either whisky or gin, but is put together by formula. It may not be poisonous, at least not more poisonous than raw alcohol; but it is not real whisky or gin.

Any number of respectable households in New York and other cities cherish recipes for making synthetic gin. It is a mixture—with dangerous possibilities—of the essence of juniper berries, grain alcohol, glycerin and distilled water. But the novitiate matron usually pays little attention to the proportions.

"I'll give this quite a kick," she'll say cutely, and she'll shoot in another dash of raw grain alcohol.

Mixing cocktails with that kind of stuff as a base has come to be quite a fad among our modern hostesses. If they were young men—if I may be forgiven for ungallantry—we would call them smart-Alecks. Their product accounts for so many guests nursing that feeling of having swallowed a lighted lamp or a belief that they could spit out varicolored balls of fire like a Roman candle.

The poorer and wiser man, who still thinks he should have a little liquor of some kind, goes home for his. There he makes beer or wine. A few of them attempt a little distilling occasionally, but that is not so popular. His wife can't look after it so well when he's away. Many a good upstanding citizen now telephones in the afternoon to remind his wife to skim the beer. Leaving his office he goes straight home, knowing that she will have on the table a bottle of home-brew or a glass of trick wine. He'll drink anything that is red or amber and firmly believe that he is enjoying it. But even the prohibition-enforcement officers say that it won't do him any harm so long as he wants to play that way.

The mother of a New York artist was very intently skimming the beer and testing it with a thermometer when we got to his home one night. A few years ago she was a leading temperance advocate, an avowed enemy of strong drink—always called it the demon.

An Old Lady's Views

"I know," smiled the old lady when she was reminded of this; "but this isn't strong drink. I think it good for Tom. It's just like giving a baby a pacifier when he's first weaned. They'll all get tired of it when they find they are going to stay weaned."

But that home-brew has more of a kick—is more of an attraction—than the old lady knew.

As soon as it became known that this artist had good home-brew he never lacked for dinner guests and for parties dropping in while on automobile rides. Instead of staying out late, as had been his wont, Tom was always eager to get through his work and get out to the place.

"You may deride prohibition all you please," the old mother said to us one night, her eyes twinkling; "but it certainly is going to make this a home-loving nation."

An odd feature of this home-brewing around New York is that nobody feels that he is breaking the law. In some sections of the Middle West and in the South it is considered a crime. Men are arrested and convicted for it. There has never been an arrest made in New York for home-brewing unless the stuff is actually made for sale. One old woman was arrested in Brooklyn for distilling whisky for her husband, but she was set free, even for that, when there was no evidence to show that she had been selling it.

In some sections of Long Island, Connecticut and New Jersey home-brewing of wine and beer has added greatly to social activities. On bottling nights or brewing nights neighbors gather for a good time as they did in the old days of corn husking and housewarming. Nine out of ten of these home-brewers say they would vote for prohibition—particularly the women. Their general viewpoint is that it is a happy solution of the old saloon problem which gave them so much misery. Ten out of ten of the men are irrevocably against the saloon.

My personal observation is limited to New York, New Jersey and Connecticut; but I have the word of a leading prohibitionist that the same feeling prevails in some other sections of the country. I met this man at lunch on a train between New York and Washington.

"As soon as the saloons and whisky are gone," he said, "there won't be any trouble, simply because those two things are the seat of all the troubles."

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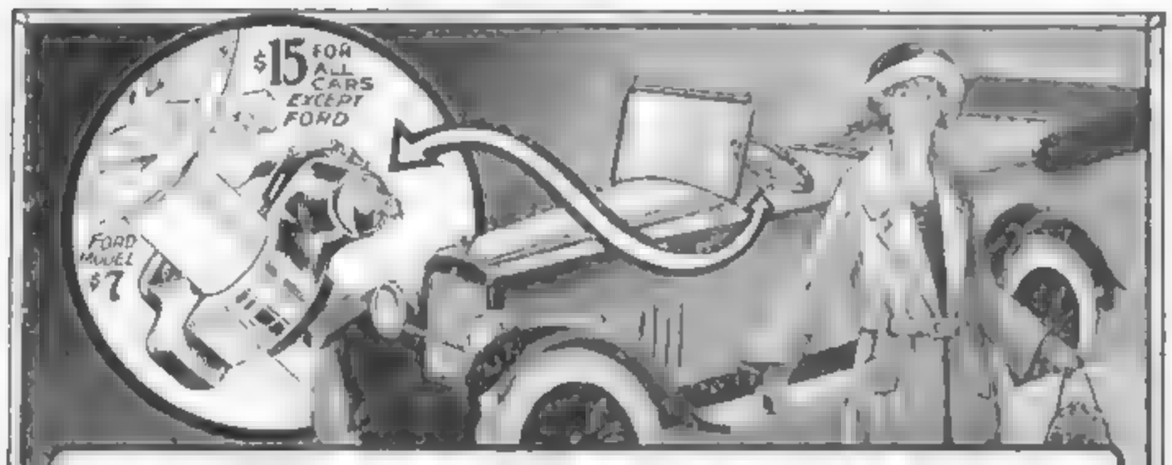

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He laughed and went on: "I have never been able to understand why a man is considered a hypocrite because he believes in the principles of prohibition and at the same time will take a drink. You might just as well say that a man who didn't believe in war was a hypocrite because he joined the Army.

"Do you realize that it was drinking men who really brought about prohibition? The first chance you have, get an honest opinion from a group of drinking men and find out how they would vote on prohibition. Yes, I used to drink whisky also, and I know all about what it does to a fellow and what he will do to get it. I know—and I think you do—that it was the real curse of this country.

"Why, whisky drinking was becoming unpopular among men who work for salaries long before prohibition! Even the railroads wouldn't hire a man who drank; neither would you nor I if we could just as easily get a sober man."

Prohibitionists are not limited to men who look like stage parsons wearing long black coats and funny-looking hats, and who constantly keep the tips of their fingers together in an attitude of hypocritical piety. In appearance there is a well-assorted variety.

A businesslike Antisaloon Leaguer came to a Long Island village not long ago for a conference with leading citizens and a lecture on enforcement.

He didn't know it, but his audience was made up almost entirely of home-brewers who sagely nodded agreement with everything he said. This man went away feeling very much gratified. The audience went home for a laugh.

"I hear a good deal about home-brewing," this speaker had said, "but I don't put much stock in it. People who put that kind of poison in their stomachs are nothing more than fools—just a little above the imbecile type."

There were more solemn nods of approval. Most of the audience spent that afternoon boiling hops and washing bottles.

Prohibitionists like that man, who have no sense of humor or of human nature, furnish much ammunition to the opposition.

Remembering the suggestion of the prohibitionist met on the train to get an expression of opinion from old-time drinkers, I discussed it with the proprietor of a well-known billiard room, his place a great gathering center for men who knock around town.

"Why, the old guy is dead right!" he said. "I've sold whisky at my bar for fifteen years. I stopped cold when prohibition went into effect. I do a better billiard business than ever before. Most of these fellows who denounce prohibition are kidding themselves. They denounce it just to agree with some loud-talking fellow, but they don't think that way at home. I'll lay even money that if it comes to a vote New York City will go for prohibition."

Practical Effects

There was a lively discussion over this, a former whisky salesman leading the opposition.

"All right, now let's be on the level," suggested the billiard-room keeper. "We'll vote secretly on a piece of paper and put it in a hat. Nobody will know how the other voted. Be on the level now!"

Ten, all former drinkers, voted. The count showed eight to two in favor of prohibition. It was honest, too, but the whisky man kicked.

"Don't tell me that's on the level!" he said. "You fellows are trying to kid me."

"Just a minute!" the billiard-room keeper snapped him up. "It's not these fellows but the old whisky sellers like you that are kidding themselves. See that fellow over there at the billiard table—know him?"

He pointed to a man that we all knew to be a copy reader on one of the papers.

"Sure, I know him—one of our old gang."

"Looks pretty good, doesn't he? You don't see any more of those red blotches on his face, do you? He hasn't been drinking for a year."

"Well, what of that? He could have gone on the wagon in the old days if he'd wanted to, couldn't he?"

"Yes, but he didn't. And you know as well as the rest of us how often he failed to show up for work, and how we had to stall for him over that telephone there. Another thing: I've often heard you say that when you were a whisky salesman you took twenty-five or thirty drinks a day. Now you don't take four a day, and you're looking good."

"I ain't sayin' that too much licker don't do a guy any harm," still argued the whisky man, "but I'm sayin' it's a bad law that says I can't take a dozen drinks if I want to. That's my own personal business."

"And," said the billiard-room man to the group leaning over his former bar, "that guy'll go right on thinking that way as long as he lives. He'll make that speech in some crowd and rather than argue with him they'll all agree with him. I see it here every day.

"He'll go away swearing and believing that everybody is against prohibition, and that if the people had a vote on it they'd show these Antisaloon Leaguers something. But take it from me, when it comes to a showdown the people will vote just about like we did a few minutes ago.

"I used to loan money to fellows who've now got money in the banks and who are buying things for their homes. They don't stay around here late at nights either. They are not kidding themselves."

The bootleggers are fully awake to the supply situation. They are cleaning up as rapidly as possible, preparatory to going out of business. Already the demand for their wares since the introduction of bad moonshine is falling off.

"We simply can't get enough whisky to supply our trade," one of them said to me the other day. "I have some stuff here, but I wouldn't recommend it to a gentleman. I deal with gentlemen exclusively, and I certainly would not sacrifice my reputation selling it to them. To get good whisky into New York is practically impossible. I have just been in touch with a man who said he could deliver me a hundred cases of good rye at Bridgeport, Connecticut. I told him that for practical purposes I had just as soon he delivered it in England. We can't get it here."

Scotch at a Bargain

Conversations with this bootlegger and several others brought out a rather unusual situation—a queer twist to that inexorable law of supply and demand. Whisky is very scarce in New York, and at the same time the price is going down. The only answer to that, as the bootlegger pointed out, is that there is a limited number of old drinkers who want good whisky badly, while the mass is either afraid or unable financially to buy it at all.

"To give you an idea," he explained, "there is a certain friend of yours to whom I furnish Scotch whisky through his grocer. For that he now pays $115 a case—twelve bottles. A year ago he was paying $150. It is good whisky, but we must hurry and unload. I suppose you saw in the papers where a restaurant was raided the other day and over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of whisky and wine was confiscated.

"I have a pretty fair rye here—watered a little of course. For that I am asking seventy-five dollars a case. At that, I can't sell it. The price, the fear and the trouble one has to go to to get whisky delivered have caused many of my former customers to quit altogether. I guess they are making home-brew."

A few nights ago some men at one of the theatrical clubs were invited to the apartment of a returning traveler, who tipped it off impressively that he had some wonderful stuff. It was, indeed, wonderful stuff—genuine old Scotch. He had bought a case of it in Southern Florida for forty dollars, and had carefully packed it in a sample trunk after destroying all marks of identification. He had taken a chance on checking this trunk and it had come through without mishap.

"You can get all the good Scotch you want in Florida for forty dollars a case," he said, "but what good is it? You've got to drink it right there, or take an awful chance, as I have done. Whisky like that would sell in New York for $125 a case if one could get it here in quantity."

This whisky, it developed, was brought over from a little British island within a day's run from mainland by motor boat. It is often brought over in aëroplanes, he said. But that does the bootlegger in New York no good. To deliver whisky in bulk north of Washington is a tough job. Any New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore bootlegger will tell you that all this talk about

(Continued on Page 166)

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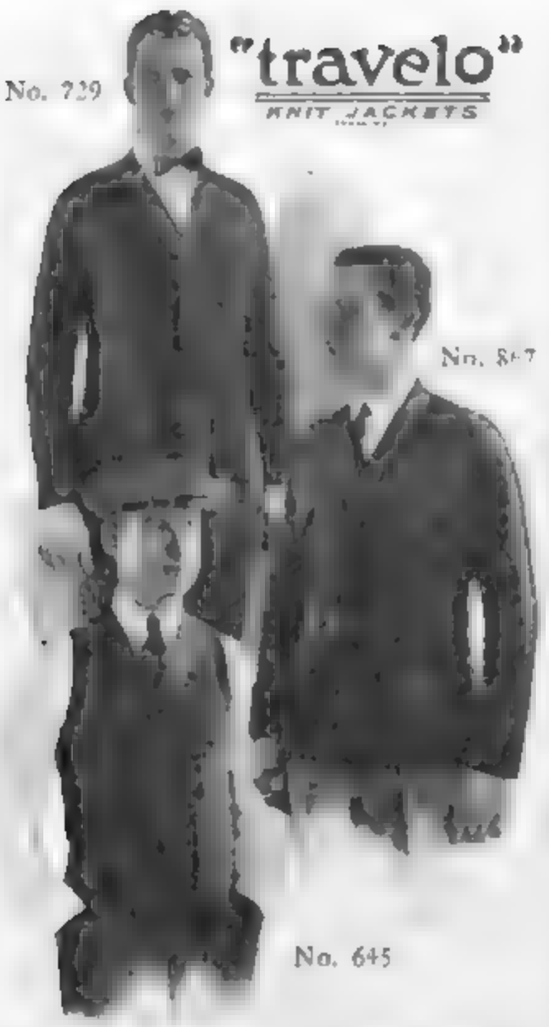

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Continued from Page 154

truck trains of booze is pure bosh. A car occasionally gets through with a few cases, but that is all. Practically all the whisky sold in Baltimore and Philadelphia comes from government warehouses, by either legal or illegal withdrawals. The manufacture of hooch in those cities amounts to practically nothing.

Even the limited amount of whisky and brandy smuggled in by the crews of European liners—supposed to be of fine quality—has not only been cut off materially but the stuff itself is under grave suspicion in the minds of the drinker.

Around Christmas time a squad of enforcement officers raided a ship just in from an English port. In capturing and confiscating many cases of whisky and brandy they uncovered a still, fully equipped. Further evidence brought out the fact that the crew had been making hooch on the way over to sell to Americans as fine old stuff. Following this lead, it was found that a large percentage of the liquor from other ships, so fondly cherished by New Yorkers, was nothing more than ship-made hooch.

That has dampened our ardor and is another contributing factor to the general depression in the bootlegging market.

A group of hotel men and others who had large stocks of barreled whisky in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York chartered a ship and sent 2500 barrels to Bermuda for storage prior to prohibition. The foresight of these business men, who are not lawbreakers, has not proved profitable. That whisky is still in the warehouse, losing slowly by evaporation, and so far they have been unable to do anything about it.

The hotel man who has been shouldered with the job of legally disposing of this big store of whisky laughs dryly when told of the ineffectiveness of the enforcement laws. He estimates that the 2500 barrels now contain almost 100,000 gallons of the best rye whisky ever made in the United States. Considering current prices, it would be cheap at thirty dollars a gallon. Just the same these business men have been unable to dispose of it at three dollars a gallon. They have taken the matter up with whisky concerns in England, where it could be disposed of legally, but there is no market. They quoted a price of three dollars to the English dealers, but the reply was that English people did not drink rye and that it was not wanted. No other country except Canada, outside of the United States, likes rye whisky.

Bermuda's Sensible Stand

"Now," said this hotel man the other day, "I have read that good rye whisky is bringing from eight to ten dollars a quart retail. That would make our stock worth around three million dollars. We do not purpose to deal with bootleggers, and we are not going to break the law; but we will sell that whole lot just as it lies for $300,000. That looks like a chance for somebody to get rich. Still, there is no market. We don't regard prohibition as a joke."

The island of Bermuda has adopted very stringent regulations for the export, import and barter of whisky—American whisky. There was a fear that the island would soon become nothing more than a bootlegging and drinking port. The citizens are determined to protect its reputation as a pleasure resort of refinement, and they have done so. Bermudians know just as well as anybody that unlimited drinking has never added to the quietude and respectability of a community.

I dined with two brewers, whose former products were well known throughout the United States, who sensed this idea.

"The trouble with all the arguments against prohibition," one of them said, "is that they are negative. No one has ever been able to show where whisky drinking did anybody any good."

This brewer called attention to the number of deaths recently due to poisoning from wood alcohol. This he attributed to a flaw in our laws which permits anyone to buy the deadly wood alcohol and at the same time prevents him from getting pure grain alcohol except on prescription.

"Anyone, even a child," he said, "can go to any store, garage or shop and buy all the wood alcohol he wants at seventy cents a gallon. I bought two gallons this morning for the radiator of my car. Despite all the warnings in the newspapers there are many people who don't know the difference. Many foreigners cannot or do not read newspapers. The more ignorant ones have an idea that the poison marks on wood alcohol are only a joke. Only last week some workmen tapped a drum of wood alcohol on one of the piers, mixed the stuff with sugar and water and drank it. Four died within three days.

"There will be many more deaths before people learn that they must not tamper with wood alcohol. There will also be many deaths due to the drinking of bootleg or moonshine whisky. I have had some of the stuff analyzed. Any person who drinks it is taking a chance with his life."

Hospital statistics are picked up and ripped apart every day in New York, the conclusion of the ripper depending upon whether he is for or against prohibition. A well-known food expert, for instance, told me a month ago that while reports show crime to be decreasing—crime that was formerly attributed to whisky drinking—there is an increase in crime due to the use of narcotic drugs.

He was a wet. His idea was that the whisky drinkers had shifted to drugs and that a balance was thus struck in the responsibility for crime.

Commander Booth's Opinion

There are a few facts, though, that stand out against all whipsawing of figures and official reports.

Institutions devoted to the practice of what is often called the oldest profession in the world, the police say, have perished.

Gambling houses are gradually becoming extinct as quasi-public institutions.

"Mighty few grown men," observed an old police captain in New York, "would go to either of these institutions unless drunk or drinking."

The annual Boozers' Day of the Salvation Army is no more. For years this organization picked up all the drunks from public parks, railway stations, docks, and so on, on Thanksgiving Day and gave them a dinner.

There weren't any homeless drunks last year, and the day was given to the poorest children in town.

Commander Evangeline Booth said recently, "To me the most significant result of prohibition so far is that in the future we shall have less to do with the grave and more with the cradle."

Other charitable institutions and mission hotels, including the Mills Hotel, report that drunkenness among the applicants for food and shelter has about disappeared.

Another thing that has disappeared from city life, one that occasions much wonder among old-timers, is the barroom pest. What has become of him? You remember, don't you, the fellow who used to waylay all comers with discussions of some scientific problem or the story of his life?

By the nature and training of his calling it doesn't seem possible that a pest of reputation could stop so suddenly. There must be some field in which he can exercise his peculiar art. Where are his present feeding grounds?

The chances are he has joined the 75 per cent and they are too busy to notice him.

Like the rest of us, this pest has probably realized that he is 75 per cent sober whether he is in favor of prohibition or not. The drinker who is being sobered up, regardless of his views, faces the diminishing supply something like a young lieutenant who had been transferred to a new command.

This young shavetail, all sharpened up as to uniform and very fresh, reported to his new colonel, answering every question with exaggerated snap.

"That will be all," finally said the veteran commanding officer.

"Well, colonel," glibly remarked the young man, "I can see that we are going to get along wonderfully."

"I know damn well we are," said the colonel, "and, young man, you are going to do most of the getting."

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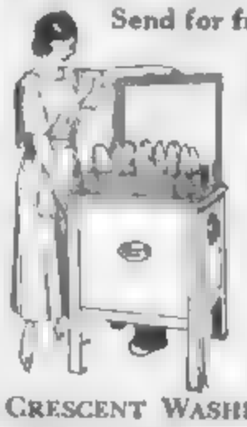

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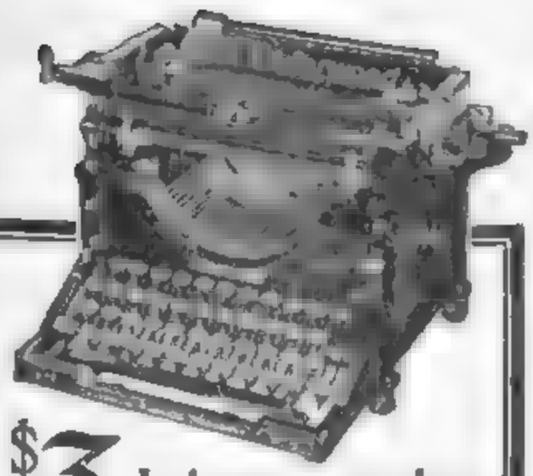

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THE SECRET PARTNER

(Continued from Page 32)

went to the bat on both sides, contending manfully, clinching his points with a "Do you see that? Well, call that Reason A. Now let's look at Reason B," while Celia, chin in hand, her eyes blue as cobalt, listened with profound attention, dissented or agreed. At the close of the day Pink was somewhat hoarse, and Celia had achieved a sunburned nose; but they both agreed, with high seriousness, that it was indispensable to go into those problems occasionally and think them straight through to the bitter end.

"I loathe these vague, fuzzy-minded old dunderheads who never check themselves up," declared Pink.

"So do I," affirmed Celia. "That's why I came out here to the ranch—to think things thoroughly through."

"That's why I went off yesterday," contributed Pink. "I wanted to think." Celia did not comment on this, and after a momentary wait he continued, laboring slightly: "You see, I've got to get back on my job. So I've decided to beat it to-morrow night on the ten o'clock Overland."

He paused and turned to look at her, but she had averted her face and he could see only the profile.

"And so yesterday you were saying good-by to your friends, the mountains?" she asked with cold carefulness.

"No"—his voice sounded sober, even strained—"no, I went off to decide something."

"And did you?"

"I did."

"I hope you decided—wisely?"

"Oh, wisely!" His laugh was unsteady. "I'm not so sure about that. I'll be able to tell you better in ten years."

"You mean something about your plant?" she questioned softly, still looking carefully away from him.

"No, more important than that."

"Mr. King then?"

Her face had swerved around so that he could obtain a three-quarter view of it, and the marble of her mouth seemed trembling toward a smile.

"No, far more important than King—though he's in it. That's what makes it such a mess."

Celia now looked straight round at him in open surprise. They had risen and stood facing each other.

In justification of the base trick which Pink now played upon Celia it should be said that all day he had been vainly striving to jockey the conversation around to a point where he would have an opening, an opportunity, to say with simple, unstudied grace, ease and sincerity the thing he desired to say. But each time such an opening occurred his mind shied away from it as a timid horse shies away from a scrap of white paper in the road.

It was glowing twilight, just paling out into night. The red and naked sun, like a huge coppery disk, had sunk behind the somber rampart of mountains. The sunlight disappeared. There had followed a momentary vast flare-up of magnificent fires, slowly extinguished, and then came on the dark. And the dark was the ally Pink was waiting for. He tilted back his head with a fine show of unconcern and gazed at the clear, pale zenith.

"Look up!" he murmured with laughter in his voice. "Right overhead—the first star!"

Of course, as even the veriest dabbler in astronomy knows, first stars do not come out in the zenith where the light lingers longest, but farther down the twilight steeps of the sky. But this was Pink's own private constellation, and he had manufactured it for a particular purpose.

Celia, who had been watching the crimson cloud streamers change to an ensanguined purple, to vivid rose, to pink, and then to dun smoke which faded into night, turned to him unsuspiciously, tipped back her head and sighted rather carefully along the line of his index finger. The pure oval of her face with its aureole of pale gold was directly beneath his. Her head just touched his shoulder, sending live little electric thrills racing up and down his arm. Pink bent his head. He caught a flying glimpse of her gleaming eyes, dark pools of mystery, and sensed rather than saw the palpitating whiteness of her throat before he felt the softness of her lips.

"I don't see your little old st——"

Celia had just begun to frame the word when her mouth was sealed by another descending squarely on her own. Her startled gasp apprised him that possibly he had erred in his plan of attack. But he was in so deep now that he recklessly decided he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, for Celia would certainly hang him anyway. And so he stood away, laughing, excited, and said, "That's it—st—ar! It's my st—ar! I made it—with a crack in it!" Her indignant silence warned him he was on the extreme knife edge of danger. He possessed himself of her hand and held it to give him courage while he plunged, still laughing:

"Don't mind me, Celia! I don't mean anything! I mean that I mean everything. Don't mind my laughing. I'm one of those laughing fools—laugh at everything—laugh when I'm sad—laugh when I'm glad. Teacher used to lick me for laughing, and the harder he licked the harder I laughed. Laughing just now because I feel as if I'd swallowed a case of—no, not a case—whole Atlantic Ocean, and found it Pommery Sec. Laughing because you kissed me!"

"I didn't!" cried out Celia. "Oh, how—outrageous! Mr. Sloane!" She struggled to wrest away her hand.

"One moment! Let's get this straight. You say you didn't; I say you did. It's not the sort of thing a man's apt to be mistaken about. One may be mistaken about some things, but not ——"

"Mr. Sloane! This—this"—she struggled with her breaking voice and took a fresh start—"you are—impossible!"

"No, no! Highly improbable, but not impossible! Slightly disfigured, but still in the ring! Then you didn't ——"

She was flying all the storm signals now, her lips pressed hard together, her color blazing.

"You know I didn't! This is—why, you know very well you—you took me by surprise. I was just starting to say st ——"

"St—ar? H'm! Not so sure that's the way you start to say st—ar. Say it, Celia, slowly—and smile when you say it. St—ar! My st—ar—but Celia went and cracked it!"

"Let me go, Mr. Sloane!" she panted.

"No, no!" declared Pink. "I've not even begun yet. Celia," he implored, "listen to me! Let me explain! Been trying to for days. Never proposed to a girl like you before. Do it better next time. Every time I looked at you something inside of me said, 'Do it now, my boy. Get the thing off your chest!' Tried—couldn't. Felt like one of those naked, shivering little shavers on the bank afraid to take a high dive. Thought I'd write it—couldn't. Words are clumsy things. Not yours, though. Love to hear you talk. Managed to chop off some jazz stuff about that:

"'Tis true, words may be clumsy things,
But not the kind my Celia sings!
May twilight through young apple trees,
The music of the twilight breeze—
My Celia's words are such as these!

"But you'd not call that a proposal! Well, I just couldn't do it! Every time I even started to think of saying it my heart would race like a mill wheel. Thought of myself going on and on until I got to be an old, old man, white-headed, still shivering on the brink, with that silly palpitation of the heart. And I thought: 'You've got to do something radical, my boy! Something that'll startle her. Something that'll break this infernal deadlock.' So finally I doped out this practical project of proposing to your mouth in the dark."

He broke off suddenly, feeling very tired, as if he had been lifting a dead weight.

"Celia!" He peered into her averted face, but could make nothing of her expression.

"Celia! Look at me! Say something!"

Slowly Celia turned her head, and he beheld a glowing girl with a laughing mouth and deep shining eyes.

"What do you want me to say?"

The look in her eyes seemed to warrant him in discarding her hand and taking her in his arms. Pink heaved a deep, chest-lifting sigh like a swimmer in wild waters who gains the shore.

"Oh, any old thing!" he murmured. "Let's take off with st—ar."

Walking back to the dude ranch beneath the crowded glitter of real, uncracked constellations which by now spangled the black velvet dome of the sky, Celia suddenly stopped, disengaged herself and said seriously: "Pinkney, I want to tell you

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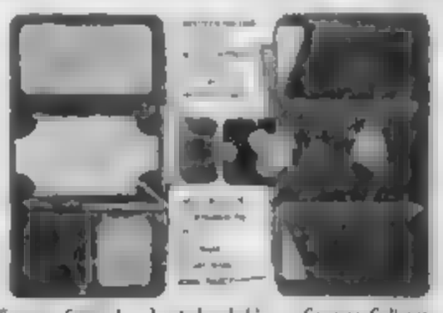

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That, remember, is his *average*, not his *maximum* earnings. Again he says: "Two hours of work from door to door enabled me to obtain fifteen subscriptions"—which brought him profits of about $8.00. "Curtis work," he adds, "pays more than any other work I have done."

"I would advise others, even in my own territory, to take up Curtis work."

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something—something very important. I—I've deceived you."

"What? As bad as that?" he cried with a laugh, and he bent down to kiss her.

"No," said Celia firmly, standing away. "This is serious."

"Very well," he replied resignedly. "But who ever heard of a girl wanting to be serious right after she was engaged? We'll make a bargain. If I'm serious with you for five minutes, will you promise to be strictly and exclusively unserious with me all the rest of the evening?"

"Will you listen?" she entreated.

"Oh, all right. Shoot if you must this old gray head—but why don't you wait until morning? That's the time to catch a man deadly serious. And suppose," he concluded teasingly, "that I know your old serious stuff anyhow?"

"You couldn't!"

"Couldn't, eh? What'll you bet that I don't know to an absolute cold dead certitude what's hanging this minute on the tip of your tongue? It's a sentence. A sentence of five words. Wait a minute! I'll whisper it in your ear."

She bent her head doubtingly, and Pink put his lips to her ear and hissed in a fierce, melodramatic undertone: "My father is Klaggett King!"

"Why, that's right!" cried out Celia, opening her eyes wide. "How did you know?"

But Pink only laughed the harder as he said, "Are we through being serious?" His hand lit upon her waist, clasped it, and they moved on into the night. And then he elucidated:

"When a girl holds an open letter from another man, whose handwriting you recognize, within a foot of your nose, and when that letter begins, 'My dear Miss Celia: Your father has had another bad attack and is off on his yacht,' it doesn't take a Miltonic imagination to put two and two together and make four."

"I see," remarked Celia thoughtfully. "Mr. Pym's letter."

"Correct!" said Pink, and he gave her waist a squeeze. "I believe," he said, still meditatively unserious, "that you're what the French call *faussé maigre*, which means that you're fatter than you look. I bet that you weigh—well, let me see—I really ought to lift you."

"And so that is the reason you shot off that day like a catapult?" continued Celia, who had a consecutive mind.

"That was the reason. I don't like to mix politics and religion, or business and love. But why didn't you tell me your father was Klaggett King? I'll have to keep a watch over you like Othello if you're going to deceive me like that."

"I was afraid," stated Celia with candor.

"Of what?"

"That it might mix you up."

"It darned near did," admitted Pink. "It was only after I slid off that granite apron and shaved eternity by the width of a small pine that I decided parents didn't count."

"That's what I decided too," agreed Celia.

At this juncture they became strictly unserious, and continued so, with rare lucid intervals, up to the moment when Pink boarded the east-bound train. Celia evolved a new adjective for him. She said he was a more-ish man; and although that word was not in the dictionary, Pink understood it instantly, and declared he was not only a more-ish man but a more-and-more-ish man, and he demonstrated it on the spot.

During their brief intervals of sobriety it was decided that Celia should remain at the ranch for another month, which gave Pink time to arrange his business with Mr. King. And when his salvage company had blossomed forth into full-petaled success he was to be free to speak to King about his daughter, but not before. They had disagreed flatly over this question of secrecy, Pink strongly objecting. But Celia said she knew her father, and in the end she had her way.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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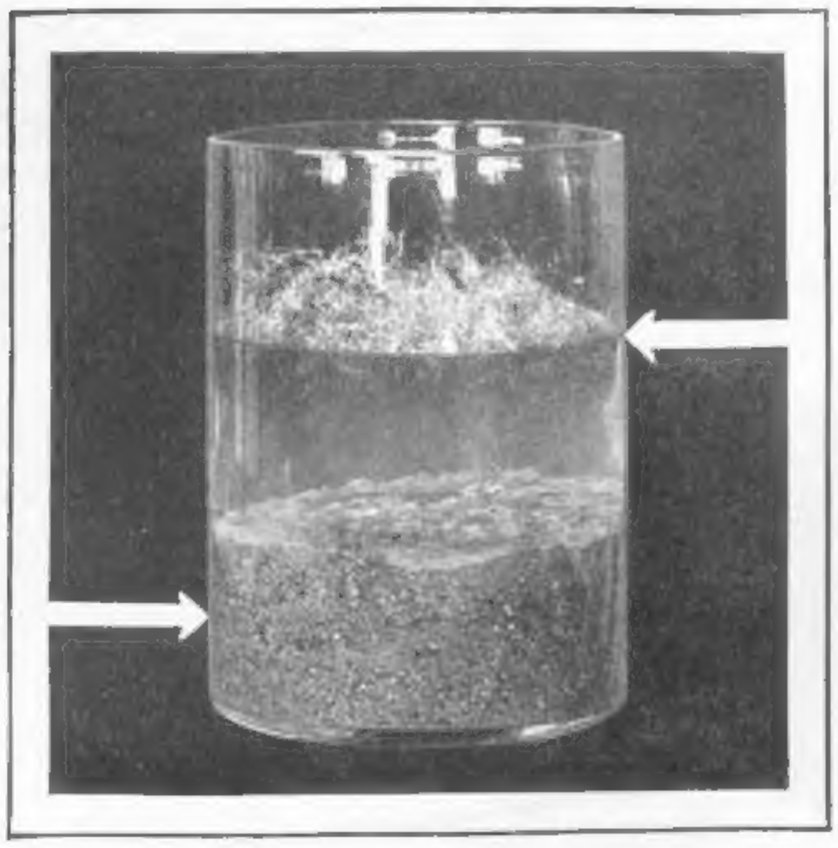

EMBEDDED DIRT

SURFACE DIRT

There are two kinds of dirt that spoil your rugs

Your rugs cannot be really clean unless your cleaner thoroughly removes BOTH kinds of dirt

THE photograph above shows the two kinds of dirt which settle *in* and *on* your rugs.

Notice first the small amount of dirt floating on the surface of the water. That is surface dirt, the lint and litter which collects *on* your rugs.

Now notice the large amount of dirt in the bottom of the jar. That is the embedded dirt which is *in* your rugs. Much of it is finely divided grit, which gradually "cuts" the fibres of your rugs. Embedded dirt is also extremely unsanitary; it forms a germ-breeding bed.

Almost any cleaning device can remove surface litter. But can it get the embedded dirt?—*that* is the real test of a suction cleaner.

Why the Royal method gets this dirt

To take out all of the gritty, germ-laden dirt embedded in your rugs, a cleaner *must* do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. It must create a *uniform* suction all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted "directly"* to the rug surface.

You will find the Royal meets these three needs. The suction is not only powerful but actually *increases slightly with use.* Because of scientific design, the Royal creates an amazingly *uniform* suction along the entire 14-inch nozzle length. And with the *patented* Royal adjustment screw, the *powerful, uniform* suction is applied *"directly"* to the rug surface.

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Mrs. Joseph O'Meara, 4318 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago, Ill., agreed to let the Royal Man clean an 8 x 10 ingrain rug with the Royal. This rug had just been "thoroughly cleaned" in the usual way.

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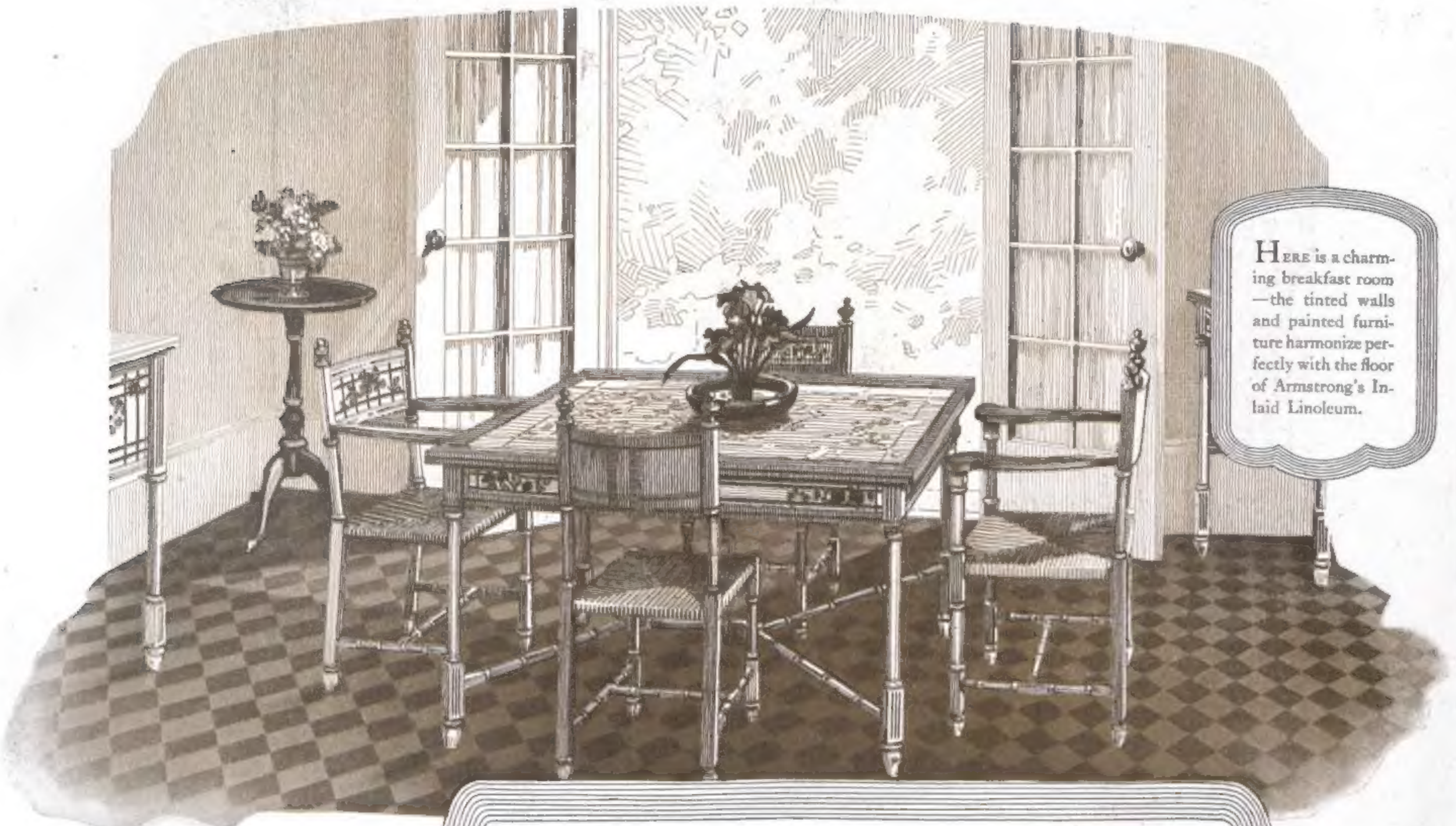

HERE is a charming breakfast room—the tinted walls and painted furniture harmonize perfectly with the floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum.

How Interior Decorators Are Using Linoleum

IN THIS breakfast room the floor is Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum. It blends harmoniously with the painted furniture, adding a definite note of charm to the decorative scheme.

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